NATVRES EMBASSIE: OR, THE WILDE-MANS MEASVRES.

TO THE ACCOMPLISHED MIRROR OF TRVE worth, S^r. T. H. the elder, knight, professed fauorer and furtherer of all free-borne studies: continuance of all happinesse.

When the natures of men are cleere peruerted, then it is high time for the Satyrist *to pen somthing which may diuert them from their impietie, and direct them in the course and progresse of Vertue: vpon which consideration, I, (as the meanest* Menalchas *that is able to play vpon an oaten pipe) began presently to describe the nature of* Men, *made so farre good by obseruation, as my weake and immature iudgement could attaine vnto; meaning to make the Poets verse an Axiome:* Scribimus indocti, doctiq; poemata passim. *This thus discussed and weyed, I was long in doubt to whom I should dedicate this vnfruitfull vintage, rather gleanings, or who I should*

flie vnto for sanctuarie, if the sinister Reade
(as who euer wrote without his Detractour
should carpe at my labours. Wherefore standing
longer in suspence then the matter required,
picked forth your selfe, most able to weaue a
Apologie for your friends defects. Let not there
fore the maleuolent censures of such men whos
thiefest eye-sores be other mens workes, and
whose choicest content is to blemish them with
imperfections, receiue the least countenance
from you, whose iudgement by giuing these my
labours approbation, shal be a greater argument
of their merit, then their partiall censures shall
argue their want. Hiparchion was graced as
well as Musæus, though the best of his measures
was but piping to the Muses. For the paines of
well-affected Authors neuer faile of patrons
(at least amongst ingenuous men) to protect the
of fauorites to second them, or guardians du-
ring their minoritie to foster them. And such is
your integritie and true loue to learning, that
the meanest sheepheard if he flie for refuge un-
der your shelter, shall be accepted aboue the mea-
sure of his deserts, or meanes of his hopes. For
without question, if your acceptance did not far
exceed the height and weight of my Discourse,
Quid hic nisi vota superfunt? there would no-
thing remaine for me, but to fall to my prayers,

in

in beseeching the kind & vnkind Reader (like your penurious pamphlet Orator) to commiserate my Treatise, and in stead of a narration, to make a publike supplication: but being protected by the singular care and prouiding eye of your fauours;

—Maior sum quàm cui potuit fortuna nocere.

I haue penned this short Discourse, interwouen with history as well as poesie, for two things summarily, and especially for the first thereof. The first is the iniquitie of this present time wherein we liue: so that Nature *had either time now to send an* Ambassage *or neuer: since*

* Mulier formosa superne
desinit in piscem—

* Atq; hominem prodigia rerum maxima.

Such is the course of degenerate Nature, *that in a conceipt of her selfe she thinks she can mend her selfe by being adorned with vnnaturalized ornaments, which* Nature *neuer apparelled her with. The second reason is the motion of a priuate friend of mine, whose pleasure may command my whole meanes, yea my selfe to the vttermost of my abilitie. These reasons haue I alledged, lest my Preface should seeme naked of Reason, which were ridiculous to the reasonable Reader, and to you especially, whose maturitie in arguments of this Qualitie, hath gained you a deserued Opinion, enabled by Iudgement, of power to counteruaile the censures of others lesse iudicious.*

iudicious. Thus tendring you the fruites of m
Reading compiled, and in manner digested, n
out of selfe-conceit, but time to publique goo
intended, I rest. From my studie. May 24.

Yours to dispose

Richard Brathwayt.

The distinct subiect of euery Satyre, contained in either Section: with an exact ſuruey or diſplay of all ſuch Poems, as are couched or compiled within this Booke.

1. DEgeneration, perſonated in *Nature.*
2. Pleaſure, in *Pandora.*
3. Ambition, in the Giants.
4. Vaine-glory, in *Craſus.*
5. Crueltie, in *Aſtiages.*
6. Adulterie, in *Clytemneſtra.*
7. Inceſt, in *Tereus.*
8. Blaſpemie, in *Caligula.*
9. Beggarie, in *Hippias.*
10. Miſerie, in *Taurus.*
11. Hypocriſie, in *Claudius.*
12. Exceſſe, in *Philoxenus*; with three funerall *Epicedes*, or Elegiack Seſtiads.

The ſecond Section.

1. Sloth, in *Elpenor.*
2. Corruption, in *Cornelia.*
3. Atheiſme, in *Lucian.*
4. Singularitie, in *Stesichorus.*
5. Dotage, in *Pigmalion.*
6. Partialitie, in *Pytheas.*
7. Ingratitude, in *Periander.*
8. Flatterie, in *Terpnus.*
9. Epicuriſme, in *Epicurus.*
10. Briberie, in *Diagoras.*

In-

11. Inuention, in *Triptolemus*.
12. Disdaine, in *Melonomus*.
13. Idolatrie, in *Protagoras*.
14. Tyrannie, in *Eurysteus*.
15. Securitie, in *Alcibiades*.
16. Reuenge, in *Perillus*.
17. Mortalitie, in *Agathocles*.
18. In *Nasonem* Iuridicum.

Mythologia.

Two short moderne Satyres.

Pastorall tales, or Eglogues.

Omphale, or the inconstant shepheardesse.

ODES.

1. The Trauellour.
2. The Nightingale.
3. The Lapwing.
4. The Owle.
5. The Merlin.
6. The Swallow.
7. The fall of the leafe.

With two concluſiue Poems, entituled *Britans Bliſſe*.

And an *Encomion* to the *Common Law*: or, Aretenomia.

The first Argument.

NAture the common mother (to vse an Ethnicke induction) breedeth diuers effects, according to the constitution of each particular bodie, being composed and compacted of that *Matter* whereto we shall returne, being *Earth*. Now though *Nature* (as with the Morall Philosopher I may say) neuer is deceiued, as she is considered in her owne *frame*, bringing forth alwayes men able to the performing of humane functions, faire in proportion and state of their bodies, apt for the atchiuing of anie matter either publike or priuate: yet notwithstanding, manie times by euents and accidents, diuers deformities & blemishes appeare, which by *Nature* were not decreed to be: and like are the maleuolent affections arising from the distempered qualitie of the minde. And whereas many in the corruption of their erring opinions and reasonlesse arguments, haue auerred how *Nature is the primarie moner, conseruer and preseruer*, yet Seneca will tell you, that it is God that worketh these things which we ascribe to a fained Deitie; and that *Nature differeth no more from God or God from Nature*, then *Annæus* from * Seneca: * Vide Epist. ad Lucil.

as he speaketh in his naturall Questions, and in his bookes of Benefiting. But this was the opinion of such as had not the supreme light of deuine knowledge to them reuealed, but such as worshipped whatsoeuer they thought was a guider or director of them, or by custome (how ridiculous soeuer) was traduced to them. So we may reade in the ancient historians, of the Egyptians who adored whatsoeuer they thought comely, as the Sunne, the Moone, the starres and inferiour lights. Others worshipped trees, stockes, stones, and venimous serpents. Thus did the brutish affections of vnnaturall men shew their Gods by deciphering an heauenly power or influence, in Branches and such workes of Nature. But these though in no wise excusable, may admit some reasonable defence, forasmuch as their conceipt could reach no further. For as *Zenophanes* saith, *If beasts could paint, they would pourtray God to their owne shape and feature, because they could conceiue no further.* And this is the cause why the Heathen adored their plants, starres, and such creatures, inasmuch as they could not reach nor attaine to the knowledge of an higher Deitie. But to conferre them, that is, the Heathen and prophane people with the now-being Christians, it will seeme wonderfull, if I make manifest by relation had to their liues, how the depraued conditions of our Christians now adayes (whose knowledge giues them assurance of Eternitie) walke in as great blindnesse and palpable darknes as euer the Heathen did. And since the matter is most apparent,

Vide Episto. Alexand. de situ & statu Indiæ.

Zenophanes.

The occasion of this Treatise.

high time it is for *Nature* to send her *Embassie* to this *Age* for her *Reformation*.

THE FIRST SATYRE.

THou wicked lumpe in a deformed guise,
Tripping like Hymen *on his wedding day,*
Nature thy former Insolence *desies;*
Saying thou errest from her natiue way:
*For all thy foolish wayes are baits to * sin,*
Where vertue droupes, and vice comes dancing in.

Doth not thy habite shew thy wanton mind,
Forward to all things but to vertuous life:
Passing those bounds which Nature hath assign'd,
Twixt Art and Nature by commencing strife?
I tell thee, Nature sends me to represse
Thy foolish toyes, thy inbred wantonnesse.

But thou wilt say, Nature hath made me faire,
Should I rob Beautie of her proper due?
*Should I not decke her with * embroidred haire,*
And garnish her with Flora's *vernant hue?*
I must, I will, or else should I disgrace
With a rent mask o the beautie of my face.

But I will answer thee for all thy beautie:
*If thou wilt be an Ape in gay * attire,*
Thou doest not execute that forme of dutie,
Which Nature at thy hand seemes to require:
Which not redrest, for all thy goodly port,
Thou must be stript, and whipt, and chastisd for't.

*Prima est qu[illegible] si titillato de[illegible] lectationis in[illegible] corde, secund[illegible] consensio, te[illegible] tium factum e[illegible] consuetudo. *Aug. Serm. 44.*

* Venustas [illegible] bujus à natur[illegible] corrumpitur a[illegible] arte.

Nature hath sent me to forewarne thy woe,
Lest thou secure of thy distresse, reioyces
If thou wax proud, then where so ere thou go
Thou shalt decline: this resteth in thy choice,
Whether to die branded by Infamie,
Or to preserue thy life in memorie.

This thou obserued, wilt thou yet be proud?
And grow ambitious, bearing in thy brow
The stampe of honour, as if thou hadst vow'd
No grace on thy inferiours to bestow?
Proud minikin let fall thy plumes, and crie
Nature, *I honour will thy* Embassie.

It was a good time when Eue *spun her thread,*
And Adam * *digg'd to earne his food thereby:*
But in this time Eues *do their paunches feed,*
With daintie dishes mouing luxurie.
That was the golden age, but this is lead,
Where vice doth flourish, vertue lieth * *dead.*

This therefore is my message penn'd by Truth,
Erected to the honour of Dame Nature,
Inueying gainst Pride, whose aspiring growth
Disfigureth the beauties of the creatures.
Thus haue I spoken that which Nature mou'd me,
Directed to thee, for Dame Nature lou'd thee.

The

* Sequitur superbos vltor à tergo Deus.

* Pastinatio deuinum opus. Hesiod.

* Damnosa quid non imminuet dies? ætas pudicitiæ pejor fuit nuis, &c.

The Argument.

HEſiod reporteth how *Pandora* was ſent from *Iupiter* to deceiue mankind, at leaſt to make triall of his frailtie, by the free proffers of her bounty, ſending her full fraught with all Pleaſures, to the end ſome thereof might enſnare and inſenſate the minds and affectiõs of the then liuing and inhabiting *Arcadians*, to whom her meſſage was principally addreſſed, as appeareth in the firſt booke of his *Opera & dies.*

This *Pandora* is voluptuous, (though her name ſignifie munificence, or an vniuerſall exhibitreſſe of all gifts) ſent to enthrall and captiuate the appetites and affections of men, to the intent they might yeeld themſelues vaſſals and bondſlaues to all ſenſuall deſires, foments of impietie, or agents of immodeſtie. And *Pandora* ſeemeth to make this ſpeech or oration vnto them, as an introduction formally handled, for their pleaſure & delectation. Louing Arcadians, if this ſpacious world now ſo ſpecious (whilome an indigeſted *chaos*) were firſt ordained for a place of libertie, do not you make it a cage of reſtraint. It was the will of Nature, who not onely founded but diſpoſed of this vniuerſe as you ſee, that *Men* the hope of her loines and ioy of her life, ſhould liue deliciouſly, and not be enfeebled by ſtrict & rigorous abſtinence the

Mother of diseases, feeding and nourishing many grosse and malcuolent humours, whereby the health seem to be empaired, and the whole state of your bodies dissolued. Wherefore *Iupiter* as your common prouider, foreseeing those miseries which were incident before my coming to all mankind, hath now appointed *Me* as *Deputie* to bring this message vnto you, that from henceforth you should wallow in pleasures and delights according to your owne desires and affections. Let not fruitlesse *Abstinence* be a meanes to restraine you, or *Temperance* a chaine to withhold you, but like *Talassios* companions bid continencie adieu, and make haste to lasciuious meetings: for to make recourse to the principall delight of a knowing man, *Contemplation*, is it not tedious to spend a mans time in studie or endlesse speculation? Yes certainly, nothing can be worse then to waste mans life, like *Epicletus* lampe; nothing better then to cõsume mans daies in *Polixenus* cell. And though *Epicletus* may say, *-Semper aliquid discens senesco*, alwayes learning I grow aged, yet *Polixenus* may auerre a matter though of lesse consequence, yet a practise of more self-forgetting chearfulnesse, *-Semper aliquid bibens, nihil extimesco*, alwayes drinking I am cheered. So that nothing can abash *Polixenus*, nothing can dismay him; for his daily practise exempts him from meditation of griefe, being as remote from danger as he stands secure for honour, making euery day his owne prouider, and standing as respectlesse of posteritie as he is careless in hoording Treasure.

He

He is happie, and free from dangers menacing abroad, or aspiring thoughts (Ambitions subtilest traines) vndermining at home. But *Epictetus* feare proceedeth from the height of his knowledge, fearing Death the abridgement of knowledge: yet feareleſſe of Death it ſelfe, for it is nothing; but the iſſue of Death making his knowledge nothing. *Polixenus* none can diſturbe; for his minde is fixed on that obiect which is placed before him; ſince Nature hath alotted him meate, drinke and apparell, he reſpects no more. Yet as rich as *Bias*, for he can ſing, —*Omnia mea mecum porto*. But ſimple *Epictetus*, who repoſeth ſo great truſt in his Contemplatiue part, whereto auailes his ſtudie? whereto tendeth this Speculation? ſince Art hath made him no wiſer then to make no difference betwixt wine and water. Neither hath Art made him any thing the richer: for his *Lanterne* is of more value then all the reſt of his ſubſtance. Then as you will haue regard to your eſtate, or to the health of your delicate bodies, ponder the effect of my Oration, and reape thoſe ſenſible delights made yours by fruition, in contempt of Stoicke and ſtrict contemplation.

When *Pandora* had made this plauſiue Oration, mans minde (by an inbred appetite to what is pleaſant) was ſoone addicted and inclined to the premiſes; exclaiming with *Herodian*, that it was a difficult thing to ſubdue a mans affections. Wherefore no ſooner was *Pandora* gone, but preſently they began to caſt off the reines of diſcipline, expoſing themſelues to follie and all recreation.

Now see into the Morall hereof, how Man is most addicted to that which in it owne nature is most depraued, alwayes saying with *Medea* in the Tragedie,—*video meliora proboque*
Deteriora sequor.

Such is the crooke dnesse of mans nature, that he is prone to the worse part, and consequently like fooliſh *Epimetheus* readie to receiue *Argicida's* rewards, subiects of impietie and lasciuious desires, as *Hesiod* reporteth of him. *Iupiter sent cunning Argicidas to Epimetheus*, with intent to ensnare his affections with the faire shew of such pleasant rewards as he brought with him; namely tempting obiects like *Athalantaes apples*, whereby she was deluded, her speed fore-slowed, becoming a prey to *Pomuis* that subtile courser as he himselfe wished.

* Ad Epymethea Iupiter misit inclytum Argicidam, munera ferentem deorũ celerem nuncium, &c.
* Floremiuuentutis non deciduum.

Such are the gifts of Nature, which oft bewitch the mind of the receiuer. So that *Elpenor* was neuer more deformed (whose feature became the prodigie of Nature) then *He* who suffereth his minde (the light of his body) to be by these gifts besotted. For first he takes a view of them; then he desires them, and after the desire he entertaines them. Which receit is no sooner made, then *Cyrces* with her Cup, or the Syrens with their voyce, inchant these poore companions of *Vlisses*: but he who *Vlisses*-like stands firme, and not to be remoued by any fond allurement, carrying with him that **Moli* or herbe of grace by which all charmes are frustrated, shall be a spectator of his Companions misery, in himselfe secured while they are split-

* Homerus in Odiſſ.

splitted, which I, in this second Satyre briefly and compendiously collected (as well by reading as obseruation seconded) haue by a morall inference in some sort declared.

THE SECOND SATYRE.

Pandora the inchantresse.

PAndora, *shall she so besot thy mind,*
That nothing may remaine for good instruction?
Shall she thy mind in chaines and fetters bind,
Drawing thee onward to thy owne destruction?
Be not so foolish, lest thou be ore-taken,
And in thy shipwracke liue as one forsaken.

For though that Nature which first framed thee,
Seeme to winke at thy crimes a day or two,
Yea many yeares, yet she hath blamed thee
For thy offences, therefore act no more.
Though she delay assure thee she will call,
And thou must pay both vse and principall.

She smileth at thy locks brayded with gold,
And in derision of thy selfe-made shape,
Who would beleeue (saith * *she) this is but mold,*
Who trips the streets like to a golden Ape?
Nature concludes, that Art hath got the prize,
And she must yeeld vnto her trumperies.

For I haue seene (saith Nature) what a grace
Art puts vpon me, with her painted colour:
How she * *Vermillions ore my Maiden-face,*

Now

* Bella es nouimus & puella, verũ est: & dines: Quis enim potest negare? Sed dum te nimium fabulla laudas, nec dines, neque bella, nec puella es. *Martial. in Epigram.*

* Nonne vulgatum est bonas formas cerussa deuenustare? *Pic. Mir. in Epist.*

Now nought so faire, though nought before was fouler,
Indeed I am indebted to her loue,
That can giue mouelesse Nature meanes to moue.

Thou black-fac'd Trull, how dar'st thou be so bold,
As to create thy selfe another face?
How dar'st thou Natures feature to controle,
Seeking by Art thy former to disgrace?
By heauens I loath thee for thy Panthers skin,
Since what is faire without is foule within.

Indeed thou art ashamed of thy forme:
And why? because of beautie thou hast none;
Nay rather grace, by which thou may'st adorne
Thy inward part, which chiefly graceth one;
» *Complaine of Nature (graceless) and despaire,*
» *Since she hath made thee foule, but others faire.*

* Talis ornatus non est Dei.

*But yet thou wilt be faire, if * painting may*
Affoord thee grace and beautie in thy brow:
Yet what auailes this fondling? for one day
Painting will ceasse: though painting flourish now;
» *Itch not then after fashions in request,*
» *But those that comeliest are, esteeme them best.*

Yet for all this, I pittie thee poore soule,
In that Dame Nature hath not giuen thee beautie:
Hang downe thy head like to a desart Owle,
Performe in no case to her shrine thy dutie:
Vnto her altar vow no sacrifice,
Nor to her deitie erect thine eyes.

Thou

Thou hast good cause for to lament thy birth;
For none will count thee smiling at thy feature,
But prize thee as the refuse upon earth,
Since on my faith thou art an vglie creature,
Yet all mine's good when it is in the caske,
And thy face faire ore-shadow'd with a maske.

O be contented, with thy forme, thy feature,
Since it is good enough for wormes repast,
Yeelding thy due vnto the shrine of Nature,
The fairest faire must yeeld to death at last!
Thinke on thy mould, and thou wilt seriously
Receiue the charge of Natures Embassie.

The Argument.

IF I should intreate of such affaires as rather conferre vnto a warlike discourse, then reforming of the multiplicity of errors raging & reigning in this Age, strangely depraued, and in the vniuersall state of her body distempred, I might seeme to make an vnprofitable messenger in this weighty Embassie: but to that end haue I chosen such matter as may be a motiue for the furtherance of this mine assay. When this — *indigesta moles*, this vnseasoned peece of matter had first receiued some forme or fashion, then presently as it increased in yeares, so it began to adorne it selfe with a comely pre-

sence,

sence, attired modestly without affectatio, seemely without curiositie, simply without the vanitie of Art, knowing what was shame without an artificiall blush.

So that those dayes well deserued the name of —golden Age: for —*redeunt Saturnia regna*. But afterward by a degenerate, rather vnnaturall course (as what is not corrupted in time, if we consider her originall puritie) *A certaine kind of people*, as extraordinarie in proportion for their greatnesse, so of vnbounded mind for their ambition and boldnesse; began first to wage battell with the gods immortall: till the gods perceiuing their stout and aspiring natures, ouerthrew them in their own practises: for they did—*Imponere Pelion Ossæ*. Tumble mount *Pelion* vpon *Ossa*, whereby they might reach euen vnto heauen: but the gods made those mountaines the Giants sepulchers; where they lie (vnder those vast hils) and euery seuenth yeare, as the Poets faine —*Sub tanti oneris immensa mole corpora subleuantes, & eorum operam perperam aggressa execrantes*, they lie vnder the weight of so great a burthen to giue them a sensible touch of their former ambition. Not without an excellent morall inclusiuely shadowed, and fitly applied to such ambitious heads who are alwayes aspiring high, till with the Giants they be cast downe, leauing no other monument to posteritie, saue dishonour, the due guerdon of their impietie. And surely who shall but consider the diuerse singular ends and purposes wherto those pregnant fictions of the Poets were addressed, wittily and emphatically

The Giants. Cæus, Iapetus, Typhæus.

cally expreſſing *their* ſeuere and impartiall iudgements, iuſtly inflicted on offendors, ſhall ſee in them a wonderfull inuention, and a continuall diſcourſe, proceeding forward without any alteration, tedious digreſſion, or materiall difference in the relation. Againe, to obſerue the reuerence which euen the Pagan Authors vſed toward their gods, beginning no worke of what conſequence ſoeuer, without inuocation of their fained deities, would moue in vs a more ſerious admiration. So that as *Valerius Maximus* ſaith, —*Ab Ioue optimo maximo etſi ſunt priſci oratores: The ancient Orators vſed alwayes to begin their works* in their forme of pleading, with an auſpicious *Iupiter*, whereby their workes might haue good ſucceſſe and proceeding. So may I ſay, by a preſent application had to theſe times, *that as our beſt-promiſing labours became fruitleſſe, vnleſſe the Almighty proſper and giue them ſucceſſe: ſo by neceſſarie conſequence*, whoſoeuer falleth into contempt and deſpiſing of God immortall, ſhall haue his purpoſes defeated, and vtterly vanquiſhed with the forenamed Giants. Wherefore my third *Satyre* ſhall inueigh againſt ſuch as in contempt of God (giantlike) practiſe not onely to pull him from his *throne* by violence, but blaſpheme him through a forlorne and godleſſe inſolence, and as though God had not the power to reuenge, will extenuate his power and leſſen his maieſtie.

THE

THE THIRD SATYRE.

THou wicked Caitiffe proud of being nought,
Wilt thou prouoke thy God to strike thee down
Since he with care and labour hath thee sought,
And diuerse fauours in his mercy showne?
Do not draw downe the viols of his ire,
Lest he reward thy sinne with quenchlesse fire.

Thou sillie worme compact of slimie mud,
Which shalt returne to earth from whence thou cam
Thou which conceiued was of corrupt blond,
Thou wormlin, how dar'st thou reuile his name?
Farwell thou gracelesse Impe, thou saplesse branch,
Borne to contemne thy God, to cram thy panch.

Thou Epicure, that liu'st in liuing ill,
Liuing by loning to stretch forth thy gut,
Taking more pleasure thy deepe panch to fill,
Then in thy maker confidence to put:
Thou for thy feeding shalt receiue thy food,
Amongst such vipers as shall sucke thy blond.

It is the nature of the viperous brood,
To be the author of their parents death;
Like an Hyrudo they do sucke their blond,*
And take away that breath, which gaue them breath
Thou viperlike disclaimes thy parents name,*
As though to vtter him thou thought it shame.

Shame on thy naming, if thou wilt denie
Him, who first gaue thee breath and vitall spirit,

Him

* *Horse-leach.*

* Vipera viperæ mortem adfert. Plin. in natur. Hist. dum pario, perio. ibidem. Præmorso Maris capite parit vipera.

Him, who can giue thee true tranquillitie,
Him, who will shew thee meanes how to inherit;
Leaue off thy foolish fantasier, be wise,
Lift vp thy eyes to him who gaue thee eyes.

But if (ongratefull wretch) thou feele his grace,
Yet wilt not yeeld him thanks for all his loue,
Be sure he will auert his diuine face,
And all his wonted mercies cleane remoue;
So thou the swine that breakes the acorne shell,
Regardest not the tree from whence they fell.

Be warn'd by Ceus, who with Giants power,
*Thought with his fellowes to * clime vp to heauen,*
But vanquish'd by his power doth all deuoure,
Vnder the ruggie mountaines are laid euen;
Therefore beware, aspire thou not so high,
Lest thou lie low, where those same Giants ly.

* Saying with Tiridates in Tacitus: Suâ retinere, priuatæ domus, de alienis certare regia laus est.

Thou art a shadow, God the substance is,
Yet insubstantiate, whose Deitie
Doth comprehend all things, for all are his,
*Yet he is not * contain'd most certainely,*
For he is infinite in qualitie,
Endlesse in loue, bounDlesse in quantitie.

Auicen. Thom. in quæst. Aug. in Pelag.

* Continet omnia tamen non continetur ab aliquo.

As for his presence, it is euery where,
*On * sea, on land, and in the depth of depths,*
His prouidence in euch place doth appeare,
His mercie is for generations kept,
Wilt thou (fond foole) contemne his heauenly power,
Who comprehends thee, point, moment, minute, houre.

* Terræ Marique Deus est, nec terræ Marine homo est, qui nouit vbi Deus non est.

What

What though so many will entice to euill,
And in plaine tearmes denie the Deitie!
Let them remaine as fuell for the dinell,
Confesse thou still his power effectually:
Looke in the Planets, and the starres, whose light,
Giues record of his power, signes of his might.

If thou looke vpward, bodies there be manie,
Yet trouble they not one anothers motion,
If thou looke downward, there the Sea doth moue then*
Beating the shores, while shores beate backe the Ocean
Looke to the earth, and thou wilt wonder there,
To see a Ball so firmely hang in Aire.

But if these motiues limit not thy will,
Then I'le endorse this in thy forlorne brow,
How with thine owne hand, thou thy blood doest spill,
The fruites whereof thy punishment shall show.
Denie not him who neuer did deny,
For thy default vpon the Crosse to die.

* Threaning earth with inundations, yet bounded in with her banks as with a girdle.

The Argument.

IT is reported of *Crœsus*, that he sent for *Solon*, well perceiuing that he was esteemed the wisest in Greece: to the intent he might see him placed in his maiestie, pompe, and great solemnity. When *Solon* was come, he demanded of him, whom he thought

thought to be the happieſt man in the world; not doubting but he would conclude him to be the happieſt, conſidering the magnificence of himſelf, the admiration of his attendants, & the ſecurity of his ſtate, grounded on ſuch powerfull alliance. *Solan* (contrary to his expectance) replyed, He could iudge none truly happie before his death, — *Neminem ante obitum felicem eſſe arbitror.* Yet *Cræſus* would not let him go ſo, but demanded further; whom he thought then liuing to be the happieſt; whereto anſwered *Solon*, *Tellus*; & who next ſaith *Cræſus*? Next to *Tellus* do I eſteeme *Cleobis* & *Biton* (who died in the very performance of parentall obedience:) & ſo forward without the leaſt mention made of *Cræſus* felicitie. Whereby it ſeemed that *Cræſus* was much offended, though he cõceale his anger for that preſent time, leſt the fooliſh conceipt of his ſelfe-eſteemed happineſſe ſhould become palpable. But within ſhort time afterward *He* found *Solons* ſaying moſt true: for being taken priſoner by *Cyrus* the Perſian king, he was grieuouſly puniſhed, & reſtrained by ſtraite ſeuere impriſonmẽt, till ſuch time as a day was appointed for *Cræſus* death: & being to be ſet vpon the fagot, & ready to ſuffer death, he cried forth: *O Solon, Solon, vera ſunt quæ dixiſti neminem ante obitum felicem*: *Cyrus* hearing theſe words, and enquiring the meaning of them, preſently deliuered him, anſwering: *& ea quoque mihi euenire poſſunt.* Conſidering the ſtate of mans life to be vncertaine, and that none ought to plant his hopes vpon that ſtabilitie of fortune in terrene affaires, as to promiſe

himselfe security in his state, or continuance of succesſe for one victorie atchieued: seeing her wings are not clipped, that her flight should be restrained, nor to any Prince so particularly engaged, that he onely should be by her attended. In briefe, as the onely hope of the vanquished consists in the expectance of all extremitie: so is it the principall glory of the Conquerour, to moderate his fortune by a mild and tempreate bearing of himselfe to the conquered. Hence also haue wee sufficient argument of reproofe, towards such as take pleasure or delight in their abundance, as *Cræsus* did, so as their minds become drowned, hauing no respect to the eternitie promised. The reason is, they repose their beatitude and felicity in things transitorie and vncertaine, not looking vp to the Author of all blisse and happinesse, who is the director and protector of all men, disposing them to the line and leuell of his blessed will, by expecting them foreflowing, inuiting them resisting, recalling them wandering, and embracing them returning: without whose aide our strength is weakenesse, without whose light our sight is blindnesse, and without whose grace our endeuours are fruitlesse. For alas, what is mans direction but distraction, what is his knowledge but imperfection, and what is the best of his resolution but confusion, wanting his gracious preuention that giueth to each worke a happy period and conclusion? Especially in this curious and intricate Labyrinth of mans life, wherein many Cymmerian windings (to wit, priuate seduce-

ments)

ments) are framed and cunningly contriued by that subtil-winged *Dedalus*. So as miserably are we forced to erre and stray, vnlesse by *Ariadnes* threed, that is, the heauenly light of Gods illuminating Spirit, we be directed and conducted in this vast Theatre of intricacy, to the *flowrie Eden* of endlesse felicitie. For without that all working power, we are ouerwhelmed with darknesse, not able to attaine to the comfort of our soules, to enioy the fruition of eternall consolation in the life to-come.

To shew you the worthie intendments and resolutions of the *Ancient*, would but make a flourish without effect: as by way of illustration examplefide in mortification, to shew you how *Origen* made himselfe an Eunuch, *Democritus* put out his owne eyes, *Crates* cast his monie into the sea, *Thracius* cut downe all his vines. Seeing then that to examplifie a mans writings in these daies, is but to beate the aire, vnlesse inuection or a bitter Satyre moue it, I will make haste to runne into my former reprehension, since with *Iuuenall* I may well conclude,

Spite of our teeth when vice appeares in sight,
We must the Satyres play, and tartly write:

Where a good Poets greatest difficultie, is to restraine himselfe from Satyricall poesie; for impiety like a tetter vniuersally spreading, is such, as no man but he will either be a gamester or a spectator in gaming: either wanton or a fauourite of wantonnesse: therefore now or neuer:

—Rumpantur Ilia Codri,
Inuidia.

Now to our Satyre.

THE FOVRTH SATYRE.

THou happie Crœsus in thy heapes of gold,
Erect thy selfe a God vpon thy throne,
Let it be framed of a purer mold,
Then of the Pumice, or the marble stone:
Let it be honor'd euen in Crœsus name,
Since golden Crœsus did erect the same.

Wilt thou indeed, be honour'd for a god,
And with the starres aray thy Princely head?
Be sure ere long to feele an iron rod:
To crush thee downe, and thy accursed seede.
* Qui in Deum delinquit, eum relinquit. *For if thou do deme* thy God his right,*
He will depriue thy power, abridge thy might.

Art thou a crauling worme, a feeble creature,
And yet dost thinke thy selfe a god on earth?
Canst thou so easily transforme thy nature:
Chang'd to immortall, from a mortall birth?
Poore simple gull, a cockhorse for this god,
* Homines cum hominibus sanguinem & genus miscent. *No god but* man, whose sinnes deserue Gods rod.*

Star-staring earthling, puff'd with insolence,
Conceipted of thy selfe without desert,
Comparing with the Deuine excellence,
For which thy follie, thou shalt feele the smart;

Do

Do not * thinke God will suffer thee to raigne,
That sleights his workes, and takes his name in vaine.

And as for Crœsus, if he liue for aye,
Then will I thinke he is a god indeed:
But he ere long shall haue a dying day,
And be inclosed in an earthly weede.
Therefore fond Crœsus, thinke but of thy gold,
As rusticke people of the vilest mold.

Yet thou mayst * vse it Crœsus, to thy good,
So thou repose no confidence therein,
So thou abuse it not, it is allow'd,
Abuse, not vse, is Author of the sinne.
Be not deceiu'd through any false pretence,
To hoord vp coine, and hurt thy conscience.

This is a simple traine, a net for fooles,
Not able to deceiue the * wiser men.
Fishes be sooner catcht, in glistring pooles,
Then in a troubled cremse, marsh or fen,
But wisest fishes, neuer will appeare,
Where they perceiue the smallest cause of feare.

Thus is the forme of wisedome well explaned,
Euen in a Christall glasse most eminent,
Wherein our distinct natures are contained,
As in a Table aptly pertinent,
How that bewitch'd we are in seeming good,
And that proues poyson which we tooke for food.

* Quicquid à vobis minor extimescet, Maior hoc v bis dominus minatur.

* The differen betwixt the po wanting, and rich not vsing, by these two e pressed, the ow carendo, the ther non fruc do.

* Sapiens ipſ fingit fortuna ſibi.

Lucan. in bell Phar.

This is my Satyre, Cræsus which I send thee,
To th'end thou mayst admonish'd be of this;
I hope my Satyre will in time amend thee,
And draw thy mind from earth-opinion'd blisse.
Wherefore farewell, and if thou wilt be blessed,
Flie from this rust, by it thy mind's oppressed.

The Argument.

TRogus Pompeius relateth in his generall Historie, how *Astyages* dreamed that there sprong a vine forth of the wombe of his daughter *Mandanes*, whose broad-spreading branches ouershadowed all Asia, wherefore to take away the ground and foundation of his feare, hauing vnderstood by the *Magi*, that by the vine was intimated *Cyrus*, who should ouershadow all Asia with his victorious and conquering hand, he commanded *Harpagus* one of his priuie Counsell to take the babe and slay it, that whatsoeuer his dreame imported, might by this meanes be preuented: but *Harpagus* more copassionate then *Astiages* (though too remorcelesse) exposed it to the crueltie of sauage beasts, where (so carefull is nature of her owne) it found more pittie in the wild forrest, then in his grandfathers Pallace, being for some dayes nourished by a she-wolfe or bitch,

bitch, (whence Nurſes to this day reſerue the name of *Spacon*,) and after found by one *Fauſtulus* a ſhepheard, was deliuered to his wife to be brought vp and nurſed: which ſhe, delighted with the chearfull countenance of the child, did accordingly, till in tract of time *Cyrus* came to the vnexpected height of an Empire, and fullfilled thoſe predictions and Prophecies which were formerly ſpoken of him. This *Argument* haue I culled, to the end my Satyre, vſing the liberty of ſo materiall an *Argument*, may inueigh againſt ſuch as ſeeke by all wayes to dilate and propagate the borders and bounders of their kingdome, (not reſpecting the meanes, ſo they may attaine the end) or ſtrengthen the continuance of their vniuſt claime by ſiniſter meanes: not vnlike to *Polynices* and *Eteocles* in the Tragedie; who though they were brethren, euen the hapleſſe children of wofull *Oedipus*, yet could they not content themſelues with their peculiar ſhares ſeuerally limited, and mutually allotted, but muſt crie: — *Aut Cæſar, aut nullus:* wherefore they enioyed the fruites of ſeldome proſpering deuiſion, *a ſhort reigne, attended on with perpetuall infamie after death.* Wherefore that is the beſt labour or traueil, where they do* — *Proponere laborem vt cum virtute & iuſtitia coniungant. This is the beſt ſtrife, the beſt contention, which (in a glorious emulation) is conuerſant about vertue*, not entertaining an vniuſt practiſe to gaine a kingdome, but euer to conclude with *Aurelius Sextus:* — *Ex peſſimo genere ne catulum:* Man that is wicked in his proceedings; getting an Empire by bloud (with-

Heſiod. in operi & die.

Polynices & Eteocles monomachia de regno decertantes mutuis vulneribus concideruntibid.

* Vide Ethicorum axiomata & eorum præcipua ratiocinandi argumenta, quorum certiſſimis principijs fundamenta virtutum innixa ſunt.

out regard of election or descent) may liue, and for a while flourish, but he shall die without an *Heyre*: therefore this Satyre is purposely directed to *such*, (with an equall reflex from superiour to inferiour) as respect not the meanes how to obtaine a kingdome, so they may haue a kingdome, agreeing with that in the Poet; *Regam, modum regnandi non quærens.* I will gouerne, though I seeke not the meanes how to gouerne well: or thus: *I will gouerne, though I regard not the meanes whereby I come to gouerne.* Thus much for a wicked *Amulius*, who will gouerne though it be by the death or deposing of his brother *Numitor*, or an impious *Pigmalion*, who will murther *Sychæus* his brother to be enioyer of his treasure, or a faith-infringing *Polymnestor*, who betrayes the trust of a Protector, in praying vpon the Orphane *Polydore*. Of these my Satyre shall intreate, and brand them with the marke of an iniurious possession.

* Polidorum obtruncat & auro vi potitur. *Æneid.*

THE FIFT SATYRE.

THou helliſh brood, borne to thine owne offence,*
Thou that wilt run into a ſtreame of bloud,
Yet cries againe; It's in mine owne defence,
Hauing no care of vow-tinckt brotherhood;
Be thou thine owne deſtroyer, thine owne foe,
And may thy conſcience fret where ere thou goe.
What doeſt thou get, by getting of a crowne,
Depoſing him, that is the lawfull heire?

* Et ſatu terra nefando.

But

But cares and feares, and sorrowes of thine owne,
*With * gastly visions, motiues to despaire?*
Lament thy raigne, dominions got by wrong,
May floure awhile, but last they cannot long.

* As it is written of Augustus that he had broken sleepes and vsed to send for some to passe the night away in telling tales or holding him with talke. Tit.Liu.dec.3.

Though Numitor *depos'd be by his brother,*
Fate hath her stroke, some Romulus *will spring,*
Or if not Romulus, *there will some other*
Depose his greatnesse, make himselfe a king.
*Thus as he got his kingdome, shedding * blood,*
He of his blondie purchase reapes small good.

* As Mithridates was said to plant his kingdome on an indirect foundation, Blood. Appian. Alexan.

Where Iurisdiction is obtain'd by might,
Without apparent right vnto the crowne,
Shall soone extinguish all her former light,
And change her forme like to the wanning Moone.
For such vsurping kings as aime at all,
Shall misse their aime, and with their Scepter fall.

And thou Pigmalion, *who art neuer fil'd,*
But euer gapes for riches and for gold,
Till thou with might thy Brothers blood hast spil'd,
Or till thy yauning mouth be stopt with mold,
Either repent thy wrong, or thou shalt heare,
A thousand Furies buzzing in thine eare.*

De cæde fraterna vberiori modo exarata vid. Virgil. 1. Lib. AEnead.

* A Tergo Nemesis.

Foolish Astyages *that meanes to raigne,*
And plant thy throne on earth eternally,
I tell thee (doting King) though thou disdaine,
Cyrus *should raigne, he will part stakes with thee:*
No, he'le haue all, thou art his subiect made,
And with his vine all Asia's shadowed.

Though

Though thou do marry, and assure to wife,
Thy faire Mandanes, *to a countrey* * *squire,*
That her meane marriage might secure thy life,
A king shall spring from such an homely sire.
It is in vaine to plot, when gods resist,
Who can defeate our proiects as they list.

What Polynices, *wilt thou fight, with whom?*
With thine owne brother deare Eteocles;
Will you contend, since you be both as one?
* Cleon *will neuer fight with* Pericles;
Then why will you, the children of one sire,
Against each other mutually conspire?

Fie on you both, what sauage crueltie,
Hath thus possest you in your tender age,
Brother gainst brother most inhumanely,
To shew your selues as Men in beastly rage?
Farewell vngodly Twins, borne for debate,
When Ruine knocks, Repentance comes too late.

Farewell Astyages, *that reignes for aye,*
And thou Pigmalion, *who do'st gape for wealth,*
Amulius *too, who learning to obay,*
Perceiues how Realmes decline that's got by stealth.
Farewell, and if my tart lines chance to spite ye,
My Satyre sayes, A dead dog cannot bite me.

The

* Cambyses.

* 2. Brothers.

The Argument.

Clytemnestra Agamemnons wife, forsaking her owne husband *Agamemnon*, ran to the vnchast bed of *Ægistus*, where she prostituted her selfe; regardlesse of her birth, and neglectfull of her honour. This *Agamemnon* perceiued, but through the exceeding loue he bore her, seemingly couered this her apparent dishonour, labouring to reclaime her rather by clemencie then rigour: but she persisting in her hatefull lust and vnlawfull affection, perswaded *Ægistus* by vrgent solliciting to continue in his former adulterie, without regard to *Agamemnons* loue, or the infamie of her owne life. And hauing not as yet spun the web of her mischiefe, she seconds her lasciuious attempt with a secret practise, conspiring with her fauourite *Ægistus* her husbands death, which was afterwards effected, but not vnreuenged. This instance shall be the first subiect vnto my Satyre; wherein I meane to display the impudencie of such, as out of a godlesse securitie, vsually auouch and iustifie their wicked and sensuall pleasures with *Phædra* in the Poet, writing to her sonne in law *Hyppolytus* after this manner.

* *Vt tenuit domus vna duos, domus vna tenebit,*
Oscula aperta dabis, oscula aperta dabis.

* *One house hath held, one house shall hold vs twaine, once did we kisse, and we will kisse againe.*

For such incestuous *Phædraes*, let them driuert their eyes

eyes to the ensuing Satyre, and then answer me whether they do not blush at their decyphered follie, which more apparent then light will shew it selfe to euery eye: for the retiredst angle or corner cannot giue vice a couer, whose memorie may be darkned, but not extinguished: nor can the wide wombe of the earth find her a graue wherein to interre her, being like *Pasyphaes* issue,* euer a shame, to the Parent. And as *Hecubaes* sonne portending* destruction to the Troian Citie, was thought fit to be casten forth, lest the euent thereof should be answerable to the Prophesie: so shall this accursed issue, this execrable Progenie shew it selfe, and be fitter for casting forth then preseruing, since *Clytemnestra* shall feele the edge of cruelty, and the scourge of deuine furie.

* *The Minotaure.*

* Per somnum ardentem facem se pepetisse sentiens.

THE SIXT SATYRE.

WHat Clytemnestra, *com'd so soone abroad,*
Forth of Ægistus bed thy husbands foe!
What is the cause thou makest so short abode,
Is it because thy husband wills thee so?
No it's because he's weary of thy sinne,*
Which he once sought, but now is cloyed in.
What's that thou weares about thy downie necke?
O it's a painted heart, a Iemell fit,
For wanton Minions who their beauties decke,
With garish toyes, new Suiters to begit:
Thou hast a painted heart for chastitie,
But a true heart for thy adulterie.

* Quæritur Ægistus quare sit factus adulter in promptu causa est, desidiosus erat. *Ouid.*

Speake

Speake on Adultresse, let me heare thy tongue,
Canst varnish ore thy sin with * *eloquence?*
Silence; such sinnes should make the sinner dumbe,
And force his speech to teare-swolne penitence;
Do not then shadow thy lasciuious deeds,
For which the heart of Agamemnon *bleeds.*

* Insipiens eloquentia, vti gladius in furentis manu, nō obesse maxime non potest. *Mirand. in laud. Herm.*

Leaue of (foule strumpet) keepe thy husbands bed,
Thou hast no interest in Egistus *sheetes:*
Infamous acts, though closely done are spred,
And will be blaz'd and rumour'd in the streetes.
Flie from this scandall, lest it soile thy name,
Which blemisht once, is nere made good againe.

Is not thy husband worthy of thy loue?
Too worthy husband of a worthlesse whoore,
Then rather chuse to die then to remoue:
Thy chast-vowd steps from Agamemnons *boore?*
He's thine, thou his, O * *may it then appeare,*
Where ere he is, that thou art onely there.

* *Vsing the words of that chast Romane Matron: where thou art Caius, I am Caia.*

But for Hyppolitus *to be incited*
By his step-mother, O incestuous!
And to his * *fathers bed to be inuited:*
What fact was euer heard more odious?
But see (chast youth) though she perswade him to it,
Nature forbids, and he's asham'd to do it.

* *Theseus.*

* *The Application of the Moral.*

You * *painted Monkies that will nere restraine,*
Your hote desires from lusts-pursuing chase,
Shall be consumed in a quenchlesse flame,
Not reft of griefe, though you were reft of grace,

* Quis fucum in proba virgine non damnet? Quis in vestali non detestetur? Pic *Mirand. in Epist.*

Bereft

Bereft of grace, and buried in shame,
Regardlesse of your honour, birth, or name.

I can discerne you by your wanton toyes,
Your strutting like Dame Iuno *in her throne,*
Casting concealed fauours vnto boyes:
These common things are into habits growne,
And when you haue no fauours to bestow,
Looks are the lures which draw affections bow.

Trust me I blush, to see your impudence,
Sure you no women * *are, whose brazen face,*
Shewes modestie ha's there no residence,
Incarnate diuels that are past all grace;
Yet sometimes wheate growes with the fruitlesse tares,
You haue fallne oft, now fall vnto your prayers.

* Si puellam viderimus moribus lepidam atq; dicaculam, laudabimus, exoſculabimus: hæc in matrona damnabimus & perſequemur. ibid.

The Argument.

WHosoeuer will but consider the fortune, or rather misfortune of *Tereus* for his wickednesse, shall behold as in a glasse or transparent mirror, the fruite of adulterous beds. For his licencious and inordinate lust contained within no bounds, but continuing in all prohibited desires, and now pursuing with an incestuous heate *Phylomele* his wiues sister, hath transformed himselfe into a reasonlesse creature; for now *Tereus*

reus in *Vpubam* changeth his former nature and condition, becoming in ſhape as odious, as his life was impious, as the Poet teſtifieth:

Vertitur in volucrem, cuiſtant pro vertice criſtæ.

Thus may adulterous want-graces looke into *Tereus* fall, and then apply his ruine to their preſent ſtate. I gather theſe Arguments out of fictions and Poeticall inuentions, yet are not theſe fables without their deuine Morals; for ſuch men as are touched with this crime or the like, ought to be aſhamed of their follie, ſince the very heathen Poets, whoſe beſt of ſacred knowledge was the light of Nature, could exclaime againſt them, and pourtray the forme of their liues in a fained inuention. For to exemplifie ſpeciall puniſhments inflicted on particular ſinnes, *Thoſe birds* which ſtill frequented *Phineus* armie, and annoyed him with ſuch a filthy ſent, that euen vpon ſhipboord they would come flocking to his Nauie, and bring a loathſome ſtench, whereby they vſed to infect his meate, neuer departing from him either morne or night, but would — *E ſcopulis exire, & vniuerſam claſſem teterrimo fœtore inficere.* Wherefore was this, but foraſmuch as by the perſwaſion of his ſecond wife *Idæa*, he put forth the eyes of his children had by his *firſt wife? of which in the latter part of this Satyre I meane eſpecially to inſiſt, declaring by way of aggrauation the wickedneſſe of ſuch *Iniuſtæ Nouercæ*, who will tyranniſe ouer their ſtepchildren, reſpectleſſe of *Phineus* puniſhment or *Ideas* vexation. And though ſome obiect, that theſe Arguments be but fruitleſſe

*The Harpyes.

*Cleopatra.

leſſe inuentions hatched forth of Poets braines: yet muſt they of force confeſſe ingenuouſly, that their Morals conferre no leſſe benefit, then if deriued from a truer ſubiect: for whoſoeuer will not beware of *Ideas* fact, ſhall vndergo *Ideas* * puniſhment; let them therefore auoyd the fact precedent, or let them expect the puniſhment ſubſequent.

* Quem fecere parem crimina, fata parem. *Ibid.*

* Par tibi culpa fuit, par tibi pœna ſubit. *alib.* Nec culpa eſt leuior, nec tibi pœna minor.

THE SEVENTH SATYRE.

HOw now fond Tereus, *whither rid'ſt ſo faſt,*
To Progne or to Itis? O, it's true,
Thou goeſt vnto thy ſiſter, made vnchaſt,
By thy enforced rape, for ſhe nere knew
What luſts-embraces meant, till thou hadſt taught her,
Which gaue her cauſe of ſorrowing euer after.

Come backe againe, go to thy chaſt wiues bed,
Wrong not the honour of a ſpotleſſe wife,
What fruite yeelds luſt when thou haſt ſurfeted,
But wretched death, drawne from a wicked life?
Returne fond luſtfull man, do not diſhonour
Poore Phylomele, *for heauens eyes looke on her.*

* Fortitan & narres quam ſit tibi ruſtica coniux.

It may be thou alledg'ſt, * *ruſticity*
Appeareth in the faſhions of thy Deare;
Is this a cloake to liue licentiouſly?
No, if her breeding more vnciuill were,
Theſe ſhould not be occaſions of thy ſhame,
For in diſcretion thou ſhouldſt couer them.

Thou

Thou art that Rusticke, shee the modest flower,
Not seeking for to grow with other plants
Then with thy selfe, though thou *for euery boore,*
Suites thy affection, yet affection wants:
She loues, thou lusts, thine is a borrowed name,*
For shame-fast loue need neuer blush for shame.

Amor perennis coniugis castæ manet. *Senin Octau.*

How now Prince Phineus, *where's thy childrens eyes,*
Are they put out, who mou'd thee to offend?
Was it Idæa, *whom the gods defies?*
Whom neither heauen nor earth can well commend.
It was Idæa, *she the Step-dame cries,*
Haste Phineus *haste, pull out thy childrens eyes.*

He'le do it for thee, there's no question why,
To faire Idæa, *chast Queene to his bed,*
He should the murdring of his soule deny,
Much lesse to cause his childrens blood be shed;
See step-dames see, how hatefull is your guilt;
When to raise yours, anothers blood is spilt!

Murder thy children, put out Orphans eyes,
God cannot salue their extreame heauinesse:
He cannot heare them when they make their cries,
Nor can he comfort them in their distresse.
Yes, he can heare and see, and though he come
With a slow pace, he will at last strike home,

Then grieue, but let not griefe driue to despaire;
Trust, but let Trust breed no securitie,
For crying sinnes when they presuming are,
Oft wound so deepe they find no remedie.

Farewell Idæa, may my Satyre heare,
For each bloud-drop th'ast shed, thou shedst a teare.

The Argument.

THe Argument of this Satyre shall be against all wicked *Iulians*, all godlesse Apostates. And though in the third Satyre I haue touched this Argument briefly: yet now more amply meane I to deblazon the forlorne condition of these vnnaturall monsters. For to produce the Authorities & Opinions of the very heathen Philosophers; they haue generally concluded, not onely a God, but a Trinitie, *Three in-beings or persons coessentiall*. As first the Platonists, who haue concluded a *Minder, Minding, and a Minded*, but the chiefe hereof the *Minder*. From the Platonists let vs descend to the Pythagorians, amongst whom *Numenius* most worthie for his learning (insomuch as *Porphyrie* a man of ripe iudgement and preguant conceit, albeit a profest enemie of Christ, wrote many seuerall Commentaries vpon him) speaketh thus: Touching the Indiuiduate essence of God, it is compact of it selfe in one, subsisting of none, in and of himselfe alone, not to be contained or circumscribed within any limits or bounds, being euer during in time, before time, and without time; incomprehensible in his works, indiuisible,

The Pythag. Numenius.

in his substance insubstantiate. The Academicks in like sort conclude the same, yeelding to an omnipotent power, working according to the diuine will of the worker; wherein they giue excellent instances and similitudes in the* Sunne, and the heate proceeding from the Sunne, drawing from thence a singular argument to proue *the diuine Trinitie*. *Zeno* the father of the Stoicks, acknowledged the *Word* to be *God*, and also the *spirit* of *Iupiter*. Thus Academicks of later times, Stoicks, Pythagorians, and Platonists, confesse this heauenly power: and shall we who are borne in the dayes of light and truth deny the same? *Hermes* can conclude, how — *Radij deuini sunt eius operationes miræ, Radij mundani sunt naturæ & rerum similitudines variæ, Radij humani sunt artes & scientiæ*. And shall we confesse the later, but not the first, from whence the later be deriued? *Plato* in his 13. Epistle to King *Dennis* writeth thus. When I write in earnest, you shall know hereby, that I begin with one God; but when I write otherwise, then I begin with many gods. *Aristotle* likewise that serious inquisitor in the secrets of Nature, could say: — *Ens entium miserere mei*. Thus are our Atheists conuinced by Pagans; for neither *Orphuus* whose inuention gaue that opinion of pluralitie of gods first footing, nor *Diagoras* the Athenian, who denied that there was any God, were exempted from seuerest censure, the one hauing his opinions publickly refelled, the other for his contempt of the gods, expulsed. For such nouell opinions as Antiquity had not traduced vnto them,

The Academ.

**The Sunne, beames, and heate alluding to the blessed Trinitie.*

Stoicks.

Hermes his description of the diuerse workings.

13. Epist. to King Dennis. vid. Sene. in Epist. ad Lucil.

God was not made at any time, in as much as he is euerlalastingly vnbegotten. Galen.

them, but seemed repugnant to what they beleeued touching their gods, were esteemed perillous, and the founders of them worthie due punishment. And how much more ought we reuerently to obserue and carefully retaine what Sacred authoritie, grounded on better warrant then Pagan Antiquitie, hath commended to vs, where euery clause, euery syllable, sentence and title are full of sententious sweetnesse, and diuine fulnesse? As for the palpable blindnesse of such as see not, or wilfull ignorance of such as see but will not, the time will come when *He*, whom they denie shall reueale himselfe in furie, and those grosse opinions which with such asseuerance they maintained, shall be testimonies against them to conuince them. And though, as *Suetonius* witnesseth, there be some, who like *Caligula* will threaten the aire, that she shall not raine vpon his publicke games or stately spectacles, shewing himselfe so peremptorie, as though he would cope with the immortall Gods, yet would he — *ad minima tonitrua, & fulgura conniuere, caput obuoluere, ad vera maiora prorripere se è strato, sub lectumq; condere solebat*: at the noise of thunder or lightning winke hard, couer his head, and stop his eares, to take away the occasion of his feare: yea more then this, he would leape out of his bed and hide himselfe vnder it. Thus did he contemne *him* whose works made him tremble, derogating from his power, yet astonished with the voice of his thunder: and though in his time and his predecessor *Tiberius* there flourished a * worthie Philosopher, who all-

Vid. Sueton. Tranq. in vit. Calig.

* *Phylo the Iew.*

beit

beit a Iew by nation, yet frequent amongſt the Romanes, had great iudgement in matters diuine, and ſpake profoundly of the things which belonged vnto the expectation of Nations: Notwithſtanding all this, they continued without the leaſt acknowledgement of a Deitie, and in contempt of the diuine power, threatning the heauens if they ſcouled or frowned vpon the Romane gameſters, as I haue before mentioned. Whereby it ſeemes they repoſed ſuch confidence in the height of their preſent eſtate, as they imagined ſo firme a foundation could be ſhaken by no Superiour power; for indeed worldly pompe makes men for the moſt part forgetful of their duty towards their Creator, thinking (as men in a fooles Paradiſe) that this preſent Sunſhine of their ſeeming felicitie ſhall neuer ſet. Yet no ſooner ſhall hoarie age draw neare, then — *friget æſtus honoris*, and their former chearefulneſſe enfeebled with all infirmities, ſhall with lame limmes and a queaſie voice crie out,— *Non eadem eſt ætas:* then ſhall the cureleſſe itch of honor by the brine of age be allayed, youthfull ſports abandoned, and a quiet life rather deſired then magnificence of eſtate. Concluding with *Seneca* the Phyloſopher, inueying againſt the tyrannie of *Nero* to this effect:

Petitur hac cælum via.

Well did I liue, when I from enuie rid,
Was pent vp 'mongſt the Rocks of th' Corſian ſea,
Where if I ſtill had liu'd as once I did,
Well had it gone both with my ſtate and me.

In the Tragedie of Agrip.

For whoſoeuer ſhall but ſeriouſly conſider the ſtate and courſe of mans life, which is intangled

with so sundrie and manifold perills, shall call it with the Poet, *mundum vitro similantem*, where life is an exile, the passage a perill, and the end doubtfull. Thus farre of those who either with successe of fortune puffed, or height of honour transported, or through a carnall libertie benummed, trust so much in the arme of flesh, as they wholly denie the power and maiestie of the onely God (or soueraigne good) preferring a momentanie delight before a celestiall reward. Now to my Satyre.

THE EIGHT SATYRE.

NOw stout Caligula *that dar'st the gods,*
Saying, they must not frowne vpon thy pleasure,
Thou and immortall powers are still at odds,
Whose gold's thy god, whose deitie's thy treasure.
Thou'lt feele the smart hereof, when thy estate,
Founded on frailtie shall be ruinate.

* Modo auaritiæ singulos increpans, & quod puderet eos locupletiores esse, quã se. *in vit. Calig.*

Thou wilt not feare him while thou liues on earth,
Though life and power, and all be in his hand,
Thou'lt fight with him (poore worme) that giues thee breath,
And with the breath of flesh checke Ioues command.
Vnhappie Prince, though thou the happiest seeme,
This reigne of thine is but a golden dreame.

Petitur hæc cænum vis.

And when this dreame is past, and thou awake,
From thy soule-charming slumber thou must on,

Ta-

Taking thy iourney to the Stygian lake,
Or flame exhaling quenchlesse Phlegeton,
Where poysoned Adders shall infect thy tongue,
Which did so impiously her maker wrong.

* Sperent te tartara regem.

Flie from the horror of thy damned soule,
For sure ere long thou shalt be punished.
See how thy soule deformed is and foule,
Soiled with sinne, with errours blemished.
O * *wash them then, some hope doth yet remaine,*
But now unwasht they'le nere be white againe!

* Christus lauacrũ est animæ, canalis gratiæ: Lauacrum, in quo anima immergitur & lauatur, Canalis, à qua omnis gratia animæ deriuatur.

Art not asham'd for to denie his *power,*
Who giueth life vnto each liuing thing?
To heauen, to earth, to sea, and to each flower,
He giueth meanes, for by him all things spring.
Who will not then, and knowing this, account
The earth's the Lords, and he's Lord Paramount?

Doest thou not see the fabricke of this earth,
And all the plants which flouriſh in their kind,
How by his power each creature bringeth forth,
As if indeed they knew their makers mind:
Where th'very earth-worme that's endu'd with sence,
Is not excluded from his * *prouidence?*

* The very hedghog is not excluded from his prouidence. Aug.

Then leaue this damn'd opinion, Iulian,
Be not too confident of earthly rule:
Remember still thou art a mortall man,
And in his power who can the seas controule.
It's he can make this earths foundation shudder,
Whose Empires reach from one Sea to another.

Yet thou Caligula canst threat the gods,
If they descend but in a winters showre,
And saist in scorne, Thou'lt beate them with thy rods
If they hold on, upon thy games to lowre.
Yet cowardize constraines thee for to flie,
At euery flash, and like a Babe to crie.

Thou'lt menace death vnto Eternitie,
If they obey not thy imperious pleasure:
Thus gods themselues must feele thy tyrannie,
Enioynd to dance attendance at thy leysure:
Yet for all this, if thou but Thunder heares,
Thou pulls thy cap downe ore thy frighted eares.

So euery false Apostate will be stout,
Before he feele the Viols of Gods wrath:
But when he tasts thereof he gins to doubt,
And calls to mind how he * forsooke his faith.
His fall from which, confessing with his tong,
His tongue is speaking, but his heart is dombe.

* But see, being in the way of doing well, shame holds him from the faith from which he fell.

Dumbe shalt thou be, for heauen will haue it so,
Since thou applies't thy tongue to wickednesse,
Abusing that, gainst him who did bestow
All that thou hast, this's thy vnthankefulnes.
Yet but relent, and doubt not to obtaine,
That heauenly grace, which else thou canst not gaine.

Graceless beware, and feare the power of heauen,
Who can destroy thee in a minutes space,
He who can make, the * steepest mountaines euen,
Whose footstoole's earth, & heauen his dwelling place.

* Excelsa humiliando & humilia exaltando.

Feare

Feare, graceleſſe feare, and thou ſhalt liue for euer,
For feare giues life to death, health to the liuer.
Liue thou ſhalt neuer, if thou do not care
To ſhew reſpect to th'ſupreme Maieſtie,
He whom we feare, who tenders our wel-fare,
And guides vs in this vale of miſerie.
Pagan thou art, vnleſſe thou do amend,
*Whoſe endleſſe ſinnes expect a * wofull end.*
Therefore as thou regardſt thy ſweete ſoules health,
Or honour of thy Maker, now reclaime
Thy breach of faith ſtain'd with the worlds filth,
If thou a ſonne of Syon meanes to raigne.
Fare well or ill; if well thou meanes to fare,
Vnto the Temple of thy God repaire.

* *Iulian and Felix had both miſerable ends: while Iulian that impious Apoſtate continued in his blaſphemie:* Ecce quam ſumptuoſis vaſis filio Mariæ miniſtratur! vid. *Venerab. Bed. 3. lib.*

The Argument.

Hyppeas that worthy Grecian, who ſtroue for the games in the Olympiads, wore no other apparell ſaue what with his owne hands (being a generall Artiſt) he had framed, hauing not ſo much as the ring of his finger, or bracelet about his arme, but were made by him, yea & the ſhooes of his foote, which with his owne skill he made likewiſe. This *Hyppeas* hauing gained the chiefeſt prizes by meanes of his actiuitie; and now returning

ning in the triumph of a Conquerour with a Coronet of flowres empaled, to receiue the proposed reward: the publicke Notarie of these games came (according to the wonted custome vsually obserued) to demaund the best raiment or choycest particular ornament the Conquerour had about him. Now this fellow, whom continuance of time had made impudent, seeing the bountie of the conquering *Hippeas*, according to the manner, receiued the best raiment the Victor wore: and scarce contented therewith, (like an infatigable suiter) begged farther his stockings, and *Hyppeas* denied him nothing. So long he continued in begging, and he in giuing, till *Hyppeas* went naked forth of the Olympiads, hauing nothing wherewith he might shew his friends any semblance of conquest or victorie, saue his naked bodie, which he presented vnto them, vsing these words vnto the Notarie: — *What I haue giuen thee, I would haue bestowed on my professedst enemy, for such motiues of vaineglory should rather moue me to loath them then loue them, leaue them, then liue with them, remembring, how*

The sage Eutrapelus *expresly bad,*
His foes should haue the choycest robes he had,
Wherein he found by proofe this speciall good,
To make himselfe more humble, them more proud.

The name of this begger was *Myntbos*, who hauing thus polled & spoiled this worthy Conqueror of all his apparell through his importunacie in demanding, presently thus answered one by whom he was sharpely taxed: *Nemo est quin aliqua in*

arte

arte præclarus eſt, ego autem in præmia & veſtimenta comparando, palmam & gloriam adeptus ſum, meque diuitem ex aliorum paupertate feci. This ſhall be the Argument of this ninth Satyre, touching impudent crauers: *Theſe —Iri egentes*, of whom the Poet ſpeaketh, who make themſelues rich by their ſeruile baſeneſſe, and as Vultures feede beſt vpon the ſtinkingſt carrion, ſo they vpon others riot, prodigalitie, and diſſolution, ſucking like the *Sangui-ſugæ*, who feede themſelues with bloud till they burſt. Reaſon haue I to inuey againſt them, ſince Iſrael the elect and ſelect people of God were not to receiue them — *Let there be no begger in Iſrael.* Time was not then for Paraſites to currie fauour, when none was to haue reliefe but by his labor; ſo expreſly was euery one enioyned to apply his vocation, that * *he who would not labour ſhould not eate.* And may theſe inſatiable *Mynthes* taſte the like fare, being deriued from as baſe beginnings as they are oftimes aduanced without merit to great meanes and poſſeſſions, yea compoſed of as ignoble and degenerate minds, as they are ſprong of ingenerous bloud.

* *Gen.* 3. 19. 2. *Theſ.* 3. 10. *Prou.* 5. 15. 1. *Theſ.* 4. 11.

THE NINTH SATYRE.

HYppeas, your cloake I craue, that is my due,
Your ſtockings too, and ſuch like toyes as theſe,
Free to beſtow a Bountie were in you,
And yet a debt, for you do know my fee's.
But Debt to mention I do think't vnfit,
When Bountie is ſo neare to anſwer it.

And

And yet I want, and yet what can I want,
When He *of whom I craue's so prone to giue?*
When store by Ioue *is sent, there is no scant,*
All famine leaue, and all in plentie liue.
See what thou wants then Minthos, *and but craue it,*
Hyppeus *is stor'd, and thou art sure to haue it.*

Belt, Beuer, Buskin, view from top to toe,
See what thou wants his Wardrope will supply,
And laugh at him when thou hast vs'd him so,
And bid him triumph in his victory.
Let him go nak'd, and boast what he hath done,
Whileſt thou enioyes the Booties he hath won.

The true deſcription of a Paraſite.

Yet tearme him Prince of bountie, and requite
In ſeeming Proteſtations, and in vowes,
Yet care not for him when he's out of ſight;
For thoſe thriue beſt who can make faireſt ſhows:
In ſpeaking much, but little as they meane,
And being ſuch, but not the ſame they ſeeme.

* Satis domi talium ſalutatorum habeo. *Plut. in vit. Tiber.*

I would I could, thus maiſt thou bring him on,*
I could extend my wealth vnto my will,
I would erect to ſhow what you haue done,
Some Time-outliuing Monument, to fill
The world with amazement, when they heare
What you haue bene, and what your actions were.

And then impart thy want, how fortunes are
Vnequally deuided, yet to ſuch
As He *whoſe Bountie giues to each his ſhare,*
Though much he hath, yet ha's he not too much:

And

And then with cap in hand beſeech his worth,
Be good to thee, *that's borne of obſcure birth.*

Indeed thou ſeemes to be an obſcure Aſſe,
A ſpacious Beggar, *begging euery where,*
Who wilt not ſuffer a patcht boote to paſſe,
But thou wilt beg it for thy leg that's bare.
Indeed too bare thou art, too impudent,
That with thy owne ſtate canſt not be content.

Peſant like Baſtard, hate thy Beggarie,
Liue on thy owne, not on anothers ſtate;
Thou that deſcendeſt from baſe penurie,
Wilt by thy Begging *liue at higher rate?*
Numbred thou art amongſt ſuch men as begs,
The ſmoke of Chimnies, ſnuffes, and Vintners dregs.

Thou art defam'd, for all deride thy kneeling,
Thy capping, cringing, and thy temporizing,
As if thou hadſt of modeſtie no feeling,
But from anothers razing drew thy riſing.
Well, for thy begging *we will beg for thee,*
The Pattent of diſgrace and infamie.

So with thy wallet as a beggar *ſhould,*
Be not aſham'd to ſeeme that which thou art,
Sowe patch on patch, to keepe thee from the cold,
And ſhew thy want in each ſeame-rented part:
But do not reare thy fortunes on mens fall,
For ſuch baſe Beggars *are the worſt of all.*

Vid. Perſ. in Satyr.

Vid. Iuuenal. Saty.

Qualis es, talis appare.

Vulcum verba decent. *Horat.*

I write not to thee in a ſublime ſtile,
Such is vnfit thy errors to conuince;

A Satyres native Rhetoricke.

Satyres though rough, are plaine and muſt reuile
Vice with a Cynicke bluntneſſe, as long ſince

* *Eupolis, Ariſtobulus, Ariſtea, &c.*

**Thoſe graue iudicious Satyriſts did vſe,*
Who did not taxe the time, but times abuſe.

And yet I wiſh my pen were made of ſteele,
And euery leafe, a leafe of laſting braſſe,
Which might beare record to this Commonweale,
When this Age's paſt, to Ages that ſhall paſſe.

Debemur morti nos noſtraq;.

*But * theſe as others muſt, ſhall loſe their name,*
And we their Authors too muſt die with them.

Yet well I know, I ſhall Characterd be,
In liuing letters, proning what I write,
To be authenticke to poſteritie,
To whom this Ages vices I recite.
Which, much I doubt, as they're ſucceſſiue ſtill,
By courſe of yeares, ſo they'le ſucceed in ill.

For vice nere dyes inteſtate, but doth leaue,
Something behind, to ſhew what it hath bene;
Yea canting knaues that hang on others ſleeue,
Can charge their heires ſtill to purſue the ſtreame,
Where Iohn *a ſtyle bequeathes to* Iohn *a noke,*
His Beggars *rags, his diſh, his ſcrip, his poke.*

With which Ile beg; *no, with my ſoule I ſcorne it,*
Ile rather carrie tankards on my backe;
Yet th'trade is thriuing, true, but I'ue forſworne it,
Nor would I beg, *though competent I lacke.*

Before

Before I should make congies to a swayne,
I would forsweare to take my legs againe.

I am but poore, and yet I scorne to beg,
To be a Bastard to my Progenie,
*Yea I will rather with** Sycites *feg,*
Receiue my death, then get me infamie.
I'le be a galley-slaue in Turkish ship,
Rather then scrape my crums out of a scrip.

Bias *was poore, and yet his wealth increased,*
All that he had he carried still about him;
Bias *is dead, his goods by death are seised,*
Mydas *is poore, his goods were all without him.*
Bias *and* Mydas *both agree in this,*
Earths blisse when we're in earth quite vanish'd is.

[a] Candaules *he was rich, yet he was poore,*
Rich *in his coffers rammed downe with gold,*
Yet poore *in this, his wife did proue a whoore,*
Showne naked vnto Gyges *to behold.*
Collatine *poore, yet rich, his wife is chast,*
Both these agree in this, by death embra'st.

[b] Irus *was poore, but* Crœsus *passing rich,*
Irus *his scrip differs from* Crœsus *boord,*
Yet now compare them and I know not which,

* *Poyson.*
Sycites fig, a Prouerbe.

Vid. dict. Cretensium.

a Candaules in primo libro Iustini, Qui ostendens eam Gigi (depositaveste) tantæ insaniæ pœnas luit, à Gige enim confoditur mira virtute annuli cooperto. Vnde Poeta; coniugis vt nudam speciem monstrasset amico: Dilectam speciem perdit, amicus habet.

Quasi silentium damnum pulchritudinis esset. *ibid. Vid. Cic. de off. 3. Lib. Plato. de leg. l. 1.*
b Irus, qui in domo Vlissis post reditum suum, ab Vlisse, pugna nimirum eius, peremptus est; Irus qui Scrinio suo & Obba in plataeis Greciæ mendicare solebat, superbia quadam (aut spe suauioris lucri) affectus, in Penelopem, inter Penelopis socios, (vt nuncius potius quam procus) accedere ausus est; —— Dignum supplicium pertulit, quia tanta animi audacia (more procacis mendici) in lares consularis dignitatis viri procedere ausit. *Vid. Hom. Ili. interp. Calab.*

Is

Is better furnish'd or the worser stor'd?
For see their fates, they both in one agree,
Since by pale Death they both arrested be.

Priscillaes *purse*, * Demosthenes *his hand,*
Do differ much, the one is alwayes shut,
The other open, for rewards doth stand;
Yet if we measure either by his foot,
That close-shut purse, and that receiuing hand,
*Haue equall shares made by the * Sextons wand.*

* Demosthenes an Orator of Athens.

* Virga sepulchralis. *Vari.*

Yet Beggar, *thou that* begs, *and hopes to gaine*
Store of rewards, for to relieue thy need.
Or surfet rather, tell me what's thy aime,
*When those * thou feeds, shall on thy carkasse feed?*
For then where's the Beggar *now become,*
Whose shame's too great, to hide with shroud or tombe?

* Pascentur à nobis quæ pascuntur in nobis. *Vermes.*

Take these rude Satyres as compos'd by him
Who loues his state farre better then thy trade,
For * Beggars *lose more then they seeme to win,*
Since their esteeme for euer's blemished:
Liue at a lower rate, and beg *the lesse.*
I'le liue to write, if thou thy fault redresse.

* Expos'd to shame, and infamie betraid.

Amicus non Mendicus.

The

The Argument.

TAurus * a rich Iuſtice, ſeemed to carrie great port and ſtate in his countrie where he liued, though more feared then loued: *for the proud miſer ſeldome liues to be inheritour of a friend:* but afterward his miſery was moſt apparently known by his deſolate houſe, as vnacquainted with hoſpitality as an vſurers heire with frugalitie, hauing onely a caſe for a man, a *blew-coate* I meane without a man, a ſhadow without a ſubſtance. In this Satyre next enſuing is deſcribed the miſerable nature of ſuch, as notwithſtanding their outward port, glorying of more then euer their vnworthie minds could reach to, be the very pictures and *Idæas* of *miſery*, as I may well call them: where deſire of hauing ſo much ouerſwayes them, as care of reputation lightly moues them. This Argument is ſhort, for the Satyre will ſhew her owne meaning without any further illuſtration.

* Raptus abiit media quod ad æthera Taurus arena, non fuit hoc artis ſed pietatis opus. *Martial. in Epi. in Amphythe. Cæſa.*

It is a great ſhame for a man to haue a poore heart and a rich purſe.

THE TENTH SATYRE.

TAurus * *a Iuſtice rich, but poore in mind,*
(Riches make rich-men poore through miſerie,)
Had long time liu'd as one in hold confin'd,
With gates cloſe-ſhut from hoſpitalitie:

* Cornua Vibrando, neſcit ſua cornua Taurus; *Whereto it was ſhrewdly anſwered:* Cornua dum cernit, retrahit ſua cornua Taurus.

E Meanes

Meanes without men he had him to attend,
Leſt what he ſpar'd his Retinue ſhould ſpend.

One time a Traueller chanc'd to repaire
To Taurus *houſe, to quench his vehement thirſt,*
But he poore man could find no comfort there:
Drinke could he get none, if his heart ſhould burſt;
Men he ſaw none, nor ought to cheare his want,
Saue a Blew-coate without a cognſant.*

* Signa dat Hoſpiti, ſed habentur in Hoſpitis vmbram.

The Traueller conceited in diſtreſſe,
*Straight thus diſcours'd, his * paſſion to allay:*
This Iuſtice is a Seruing-man I gueſſe,
Who leaues his coate at home when he's away:
Therefore I was deceiu'd and did amiſſe,
To ſeeke a Iuſtice where a blew-coate is.

* *As quicke conceits will paſſions beſt allay.*

But as the Traueller went on his way,
He met the Iuſtice in a ragged ſuite,
Who in a Bench-like faſhion bad him ſtay,
Saying — He ought a Iuſtice to ſalute:
The man at firſt perplex'd, and now awake,
Tooke heart of grace, and did this anſwer make.

Sir, if I haue forgotten my regard
Vnto your place, forgiue my ignorance,
My eye could not diſcerne you, till I heard
*Your ſelfe report your owne preeminence,**
Whoſe name is Terror, and whoſe awfull breath,
Is meſſenger of furie, and of death.

And great Iheare's endowments you poſſeſſe,
But worthie greater then you do enioy,
Witneſſe your open houſe, *which doth expreſſe*
The care you haue your fortunes to employ
In bounties ſeruice: your good beere doth ſhow it,
Being kept ſo well, as none can come vnto it.

Taurus *he ſtamp'd, cald his attendants knaues,*
And ſo he might, for none could be offended,
Where art thou Tom (*quoth he*) Iack, George, *out*
Faining their voyces, All ſhall be amended. (*ſlaues,*
Then anſwers he himſelfe, Let none depart,
But entertaine all with a thearefull heart.

The Traueller *t'hough he conceiued all,*
Seem'd to admire the bountie of the place,
Till th' badge-leſſe coate that hung within the hall,
Forc'd him to laugh the Iuſtice *in the face.*
Why doeſt thou laugh (*quoth he?*) *I laugh to note,*
For want of men, what ſeruic's in a coate.

The Argument.

CLaudius a Romane, for his approued honeſty reſpected for the moſt part, gained no leſſe

good opinion with the Conſcript fathers in the Senate-houſe, then popular loue in the Cities for his grauitie was ſuch, as none could detect him of the leaſt imputation, hauing alwayes in the whole courſe of his pleading ſuch pithie, ſententious, and ſelect diſcourſe, that it yeelded no leſſe admiration to the hearers, then a generall eſtimation to himſelfe, at that time reputed one of the hopefulleſt young Orators: but moſt eſpecially for his deuotion and religion to the gods, then, amongſt the Romans adored and worſhipped. This *Claudius*, after this generall report and good liking which all had of him, vpon a ſolemne night appointed for the ſacrifizing to * *Mars* in behalfe of a battell which was to be made againſt a Prince of Numidia, (in which holy rites there were appointed *Augurs* for the coniecturing of theſe things) ſeeing the opportunitie of the *Augures* abſence, renewed the familiaritie which he of long time had with one of the *Augures* wiues. Now the *Augur* hauing left behind him his Oſcines or Propheſing birds (a neglect of ſuch importance as it diſcouered his owne ſhame,) came to his houſe where he detected *Claudius*, who had long * time counterfeited puritie.

* Et feſta ſolennia Martis. *vid. Varr. & Ouid. de faſt.*

* *The fiſh Sepia is betrayed by a blacke colour which ſhe caſteth out to couer her, ſo theſe counterfets by the cloud of a prepended holineſſe, which ſhall be as a cloud of witneſſe againſt them.*

THE ELEVENTH SATYRE.

CLaudius *is pure, abiuring prophane things,*
Nor will he companie with wickedneſſe:
He hates the ſource whence lewd affections ſprings,
He'le not conſent with deeds of naughtineſſe:

Yet

Yet he will deale, so none do see his sinne,
Yea though heauens eyes he cares not looke on him.

He will not speake vnto a Maide in th'streete,
Lest his repute should fall vnto decay:
Yet if they two in priuate chance to meete,
He in a pure embrace will bid her stay.
Saying: I will instruct thee prettie Nan,
How thou shalt be a formall Puritan.

Then drawes he forth to moue the Maids affection,
The forc'd description of their puritie,
How he and she be children of election,
And must be sau'd what ere the wicked be.
For vices are tearm'd vertues, where we make
Lust but an Act for Procreation *sake.*

What then are Maids, *thus* he *induceth her,*
But Virgins still that do impart their loue,
To such an * *One as is their furtherer*
In holy zeale, *and can the* spirit *moue?*
Nought lesse but more, for there's a heauie væ,
Or curse denounc'd on them that barren *be.*

Cloze *then in silence, eyes of men are shut,*
None can detect vs, *but the eyes of heauen,*
And when we act, those lights are sealed vp,
For vnto vs *more libertie is giuen*
Then vnto others, *since the very name,*
*Of lust is chang'd when th'*righteous *vse the same.*

* Vt prurit vrit

Hypocrisis duplex est malum, dissimulatio & deceptum.

Thou hypocrite, whose counterfeited zeale,*
Makes thee seeme godly to the worelds eye,
Yet doest the golden fruites of Vesta *steale,*
When thou perceiues no man thy sins doth spie.
Leaue this dissembled zeale, for thou art knowne
The wickedst sinner, when thy inside's showne.

The Argument.

THe Historie of *Phyloxenus* is most amply related in the diuerse writings of sundrie authenticke Authors, being infamous for his greedie desire vnto meate and drinke, and therefore as is testified of him, * *Gruis collum sibi dari optabat, vt cibum potumq; maiori cum delectatione caperet. This* Phyloxenus *and that rauenous* Heliogabalus *shall be the subiects of this ensuing Satyre, touching or rather concluding the condition of all Epicures in these two.* If thou that readest me be touched, as tainted with this particular sinne, blush, but do not shew thy passion towards the poore Satyre, for Bee-like she hath no sooner stung thee, then she loseth her power of being further reuenged of thee. Wage not warre against a dead Monument, since *Plinie* warnes thee: *Cum mortuis nil nisi laruas luctari.* Take therefore this Satyre in good part, and rather fret against thy selfe, in that thou hast matter in thee fit for a Satyrists subiect, then vent thy splene

* *Aristotle mocking the Epicures, said, that vpon a time they went all to a Temple together, beseeching the gods that they would giue them necks as long as Cranes and Hernes, that the pleasure and taste of meate might be more longin relishing: complaining against Nature for making their necks too short.*

ſplene towards him, who makes thy defects the effects of his ſubiect.

THE TWELFTH SATYRE.

PHyloxenus *lookes lanke with abſtinence:*
Poore man I pittie him, I thinke he's ſicke;
No, this his ſeeming is a falſe pretence,
The greedie Cormorant will each thing licke:
Whoſe drum-ſtretch'd caſe can ſcarce his guts containe
Since he hath got the gullet of a Crane.

Thou thinkes there is no pleaſure but in feeding,
Making thy ſelfe, * *ſlaue to thy appetite;*
Yet whileſt thou crams thy ſelfe, thy ſoule is bleeding,
And Turtle-like mournes, that thou ſhouldſt delight,
In ſuch exceſſe *as cauſeth infamie,*
Starues ſoule, ſpoiles health, and ends with beggarie.

Remember (thou beſott'd) for I muſt talke,
And that with ſerious paſſion, thou that * *taſts*
The choyceſt wines, and doeſt to Tauernes walke,
Where thou conſumes the night in late repaſts.
Confuſion now, drawes neare thee where thou kneeles,
Drinking deepe healthes, but no contrition feeles.

It may be, He *that teacheth may be taught,*
And * Socrates *of* Softenes *may learne,*
Euen He, *that for thy good theſe precepts brought,*
To publicke light, may in himſelfe diſcerne
Something blameworthie, true, and heauen he could,
Reforme his errors rightly as He *would.*

* *Like thoſe v*
ſatiable glutt
Vitellius and
Appius to wh
Cormorants n
ther land, wat
nor aire migh
be ſufficient.
And Cambles
the gluttonous
king of Lydia
deuoured in a
dreame his wi
while ſhe lay
ſleeping toget
in the ſame be
and finding he
hand between
his teeth whe
he awaked, h
ſlue himſelfe,
fearing diſho
nour.

* *Well deſcri*
by that Motto
Non citius e
quam exced
paſcit & poſc
* *Elpenors v*
vid. Geor. Vi
Silenus in Ar
tro.

* Socraticum
ſpeculum no
chalibæum
materiale.
vid. Braſmu.
præfatione.

But harder it's by much for to performe,
Then to prescribe, where many seeme to urge,
The present times abuse, but n'ere reforme
Those crimes in them which they in others scourge:
But where the Author *makes vse of his paines,*
As well as Reader, *there's a double gaines.*

And these are th'gaines which I do sue to haue,
Seeking no lesse thy benefit herein,
Then my peculiar good: where all I craue,
Is but thy prayer to purge me of my sinne.
I do not write, as I my paines would sell,
To euery Broker, vse them and farewell.

Nam inepto risu res nulla ineptior est. *Catull.*

Finis Satyrarum.

An end of the *Satyres* composed by the foresaid Author in the discharge of Natures Embassie: purposely penned to reclaime man, whose vicious life promising an vnhappie end, must now be taxed more sharply, since vice comes to greatest growth through impunitie.

A CONCLVSIVE ADMONITION TO THE READER.

IF any man ſhall reade, and making vſe
Of theſe my Satyres, grow diſtemperate,
By making of a good intent abuſe,
In that I ſeeme his life to perſonate;
Let him content himſelfe, be it good or ill,
Gall'd horſes winch, and I muſt gall him ſtill.

A Satyriſt ought to be moſt ſecure,
Who takes exception at his cancred ſtyle,
And he that moſt repines, let him be ſure,
That he's the man whom Satyres moſt reuile.
Therefore who would be free from Satyres pen,
Ought to be Mirrors in the ſight of men.

Theſe two months trauell like the Almond rod,
May bring forth more when oportunitie
Giueth fit time, wherein vice loath'd by God,
May be diſplaide, and curb'd more bitterly.
Till which edition, take theſe in good part,
Or take them ill, how-ere, they glad my heart.

HERE

HERE FOLLO
WETH SOME EPYCEDES
or funerall Elegies, concerning ſundry exquiſite Mirrours of true loue.

The Argument.

TWo louely louers ſo deuided be,
As one to other hardly can repaire,
In *Seſtos* ſhe, and in *Abydos* he,
He ſwims, ſhe waits & weeps, both drowned are
Waues cut off *Heroes* words, the Sea-nimphs mone,
One heart in two deſires, no graue but one.

I. ELEGIE.

HEro *was willing to* Leanders *ſuite*,
But yet Leanders *opportunitie*
Could not be ſo, as anſwers his repute:
Luſt ſometime weares the robe of modeſtie:
Silent he woes, as baſhfull youths muſt do,
By ſighs, by teares, and kiſſing comfits too.

But what are theſe where fancie ſeated is,
But lures to looſe deſires, ſin-ſugred baits,
That draw men onward to fooles paradice,
Whoſe beſt of promiſes are but deceits?

And

And such Leanders *were, meere golden dreames,*
That leaue the waking senses in extreames.

But loue flame-like, though it restrained be,
Will still ascend, and so it far'd with him:
For now he cries, Hero *I come to thee,*
And though I cannot run, yet I will swim,
Where, while I swim, send thy sweet breath but hither,
And Zephire-like it will soone waft me thither.

Hero *remaineth on the floting shore,*
Waiting the blest arriuall of her friend,
But she (poore she) must neuer see him more,
Seeing him end before his iourney end:
In whose hard fate a double death appeares,
Drownd in the sea, and in his Heroes *teares.*

Still she laments, and teares her forlorne haire,
Exclaming 'gainst the fates, whose cruelties
Had chang'd her hope-reft fortune to despaire,
Abridging loue, true louers liberties;
But since its so (quoth she) the waues shall haue,
More then byright or iustice they can craue.

With that she leapt into the curled floud,
And as she leapt, she spake vnto the waue,
Remorcelesse thou (quoth she) that stain'd his bloud,
Shall now receiue two louers in one graue.
For fit it is, who liuing had one heart,
Should haue one graue, and not inter'd apart.

Yet in my death I do inuoke the Powers,
Which do frequent this wofull Riuer side,
That they adore and decke our Tombe with flowers,
Where ere our loue-exposed corps abide.
And if they aske where they shall find our graues,
Let them looke downe into these surging waues.

And I intreate my friends they do not weepe,
In that we are departed to our rest,
Sweete rest, may Hero *say, when in her sleepe*
She clips Leander *whom she loued best:*
She lou'd him best indeed, for she did craue
To be enhearsed with him in one waue.

This was no sooner spoke, but raging streames,
Cut off poore Heroes *speech, and with their force,*
Clos'd her in silence, while each Nimph complains,
And chides the Riuer for his small remorse.
Thus ended they, their ends were their content,
Since for to die in Loue, their minds were bent.

Let not fond loue so fondly thee embrace,
Lest like the Iuie or the Misselto,
It winde about thee to thy owne disgrace,
And make thee slaue to brutish passions too.
Be constant in thy loue, as chast not spotted,
Loue well and long, but not in loue besotted.

The

The Argument.

LOuers conſent finds fit place of recourſe,
For Loues content chang'd into diſcontent,
King *Ninus* tombe their ſconce or ſorrows ſource,
To which a dreadfull Lyoneſſe is ſent:
Which *Thisbe* ſpies and flies: her bloudie tyre,
Bereaues her Loue of life, and both expire.

II. ELEGIE.

WEll then we will repaire vnto that place,
Where we ſhall haue fruition of our ioy,
By Ninus *tombe, farre from our parents face,*
Where mutuall Loue needs little to be coy:
Where met, we may enioy that long-ſought pleaſure,
Which Loue affoords, when Loue vnlocks her treaſure.

Thisbe *was mute, in being mute ſhe yeelded,*
Who knowes not Maides, by ſilence giue conſent?
So on her ſilence her aſſent was builded,
Since in his loue ſhe plac'd her ſole content;
Onward he goes moſt forward to obtaine,
That which ſhe wiſh'd, but Parents did reſtraine.

And coming nigh vnto king Ninus *Tombe,*
Erected neare a Chriſt all riueling,
There as ſhe mus'd a Lion fierce did come
Forth of the groue, whence he his prey did bring.

Who

Who all embrude with ſlaughter and with bloud,
Came for to quench his thirſt at that ſame floud.

Thisbe *perceiuing this enraged beaſt,*
Fled for her refuge to a hollow tree,
Yet ſhe for haſt, what ſhe ſuſpected leaſt,
Let fall her Tire, and to her ſhelfe did flee;
Where in the ſhade while ſhe affrighted ſtood,
The Lion tinct her virgine-tire with blood.

And hauing now well drench'd his bloudie iawes,
Making returne vnto his ſhadie den,
Young Pyramus *for to obſerue loues lawes,*
(Loues lawes muſt needs be kept) did thither tend,
And coming neare, her *could he not eſpie,*
But her vnhappie Tire di'd bloudily.

Which he no ſooner with his eyes beheld,
Then he exclaim'd againſt his deſtinie,
Since Thisbe *was by his requeſt compeld,*
To be a pray to Lions cruelty:
And taking vp the bloud beſmeared Tire,
Amintas-*like his end he doth conſpire.*

Yet fore his end in diſmall ſort he cried,
Fie on the fates, that did poore Thisbe *kill,*
Fie on thoſe ruthleſſe gods that haue decreed,
Wilde ſauage beaſts her crimſon bloud to ſpill;
But why do I ſtand arguing with fate,
Lamenting ore her breathleſſe corps too late?

For

For if thou lou'd her, ſhew thy loue in this
Loſt, to regaine her preſence by thy death;
Death, which hath left thee this poore Tire to kiſſe,
On which I'le breath and kiſſe, and kiſſe and breath:
Farewell my loue, if Piramus *did loue thee,*
He'le ſhew his loue, his loue ſhall be aboue thee.

Strike home (fond man) and do not feare grim death,
But meete him in the mid-way to thy graue;
For Thisbes *loue I gladly loſe my breath,*
And that is all that Thisbe *now can haue:*
And with this ſpeech, deepe griefe cut off his word,
He ſlue himſelfe with his owne ſmall ſword.

Thisbe *long trembling in her hollow Caue,*
Came forth at laſt to meete her deareſt loue.
How apt is loue the chaſteſt to deprave,
Making a rauenous Vultur of a Doue;
Wherefore in haſte ſhe hies her to the ſpring,
Where ſhe might heare a dolefull Syluane ſing.

And to receiue the ſorrow more at large,
Nigher ſhe drew vnto that mournfull tune,
Where like a merchant in a ſplitted barge,
She ſtood amaz'd, and ſtanding liſtned one.
Sorting his griefe vnto her deare friends griefe;
Whom ſhe ſought out, to yeeld her ſome reliefe.

Good Siluane *ſay (thus ſpake ſhe) hauing found him,*
Did'ſt ſee a youth coaſt neare this darkeſome way?
For much I feare, ſome ſauage beaſt hath wound him,
If thou canſt guide me to him, pray thee ſay:

Here

Here is the Tombe where he appointed me,
To ſtay for him, yet him I cannot ſee.

Virgin (quoth he) that youth you ſeeke is gone;
Whither (kind Siluane?*) I will after him,*
He ſhall not leaue me in this wood alone,
For truſt me Siluane *I haue frighted him,*
And by a dreadfull Lion ſo beſet,
As I am hardly my owne woman yet.

See Ladie, ſee; with that he vaniſhed,
To waile the loſſe of Nais *he had kept,*
Who by a Centaure lately raviſhed,
Was quite conueyd away while th' Siluane *ſlept.*
She turnes her eye, yet ſcarce will truſt her eye,
No, nor the place where ſhe doth ſee him lye.

Dead! why it cannot be, thus ſhe began,
Who could harme thee that nere did any harme,
No not in thought to any liuing man?
With that ſhe felt his pulſe if it were warme,
But breathleſſe he, key-cold as any ſtone,
She lookes and weepes, and bathes him looking on.

Yet long it was ere ſhe could ſhed a teare,
For greateſt grieues are not by teares expreſt,
Deepe-rooted ſorrowes greateſt burden beare,
Kept moſt in heart, but ſhowne in eye the leaſt.
For leſſer grieues haue eyes to bring them forth,
But greateſt ſtill are ſtrangled in their birth.

Griefe therefore doth rebound, and with rebound
She shakes her Piramus *and strokes his cheeke:*
Loue was all eares, for he did heare her sound,
And mou'd his head from ground, but could not speake;
Yet did he hold her hand, as if her hand
Staid Deaths arrest, and could him countermand.

And as a man who ship-wrack'd on the Sea,
Not able to endure vnto the Port,
Takes hold on wracke, which He *as constantly*
Keepes in his hand, as he did labour for't:
From which, no danger whatsoere betide him,
Nor death it selfe can any way deuide him.

Euen so did Piramus *keepe in his armes,*
The choiseſt body of his chaſteſt loue,
Whereby he thinkes himselfe so free from harmes,
As die he cannot till he thence remoue:
Yet though it's death to him, since Thisbe *would,*
He is contented to let go his hold.

This seene, (sayes Thisbe*) since thy loue is such,*
That to deuide thy selfe from thine owne loue,
To thee's a second death or harder much,
And mou'd by me thy hold thou doeſt remoue;
Ere long will Thisbe *ſhew her selfe to thee,*
An equall Mirror of loues constancie.

Yet do I pray those friends who are conioyned
To vs in Bloud, to take of vs compaſſion,
That as our Loues, our corpes may be combined,
With funerall rites after our countrie faſhion:

And when to ashes they our corps shall burne,
Let both our drearie ashes haue one vrne.

Let both our graues (poore graues) be ioyn'd in one,
As both our hearts were linked in one twist:
And let our corps be couer'd with one stone,
So may our bones so neerely ioyn'd be blist;
For gods this priueledge to louers giue,
When others die by death, in death they liue.

By this young Thisbes *speech was finished,*
Who was as wearie to enioy her life,
As a loose Matron of her husbands bed,
Or a young spend-thrift of his long-liu'd wife:
Euen so was Thisbe, *whom death did afford,*
Though not same hand to kill, yet selfe-same sword.

But yet some Plant *is still affectionate,*
Vnto a Louers death, whose constancie
Neuer doth alter from her wonted state,
But perseueres in stedfast certaintie:
For th' Mulberrie, seeing them Mourners lacke,
Milke-white before put on a sable blacke.

Morus *thus altred in her former hue,*
Changing her colour for the death of Loue,
Hath to this day her mourning-weed to shew;
Well might they moue vs then, when they did moue
The sensleſſe trees, who did so truly griene,
As for their sake they would their colour leaue.

The

The Argument.

THe losse of *Didoes* honour and her loue,
Are both bemon'd: *Anna* but all in vaine,
Seekes to recomfort her: she seemes to proue
No faith in strangers: she dissolues her traine:
Incense is burn'd; a fire she doth deuise,
Wherein she makes her selfe the sacrifice.

III. ELEGIE.

DIdo *lamenting, that* Æneas *should*
So soone conuert his loue to bitter hate,
The thought whereof surpast a thousand fold,
The losse of Scepter, honour, or estate:
Curseth the hap she had to entertaine,
Or giue such harbour to a thankelesse Swaine.

Yet do not so (quoth she,) he's generous,
Sprong from the Troian stocke and Progenie:
Curse him not Dido, *it were ominous*
To his proceedings and his dignitie;
He did requite thy loue, thou knowst deuoutly,
And did performe his Turnaments as stoutly.

Sweete was the Pleasure, though the fruite be sower,
Deare his embraces, kind his fauours too,
Witnesse that Bower (aye me) that rosie Bower,
In which heauen knowes, and few but heauen do know,

I gag'd my heart to him, he his to me,
Which makes me ty'd in faith how ere he be.

And he proteſted, Simple woman, thou
To credit what a ſtranger had proteſted:
For what is he that lines, and will not do
As much or more, till he hath fully feaſted
His eager Appetite, which being allaid,
He ſtreight forgets the promiſe he hath made?

And ſo did he, reſpectleſſe of his vow,
Or (breach of faith) which whatſoere he thinke,
Will be reueng'd by Heauen; and ſharply too,
Gods do not euer ſleepe when they do winke.
For though they ſpare, They will at laſt ſtrike home,
And ſend Reuenge to th'infant in my wombe.

Poore Orphane Infant, whoſe iniurious birth,
As cloſely done, ſhall cloſely be ſuppreſſed,
And haue a double Mother, Mee and Earth,
And for thy Fathers ſake a double cheſt:
Whoſe Tombe ſhall be my wombe, whoſe drerie ſhrowd,
Shall be my ſelfe, that gaue it life and food.

This as ſhe ſpake, her Siſter ſhe came in,
Adviſing her vnto a milder courſe,
Then to afflict her ſelfe with thought of him
Whoſe heart was reft of pittie and remorſe;
Wherefore (ſaid ſhe) ſince ſorrow is in vaine,
Forget his abſence, that will ſalue your paine.

Will ſalue my paine (quoth ſhe!) and then ſhe gron'd,

Cure

Cures to apply is easier then to cure:
No, no, my sorrowes may be well bemon'd,
But nere redrest: for th'eye of heau'n's too pure,
To view my sinne, my soile, my guilt, my staine,
Whose die's so deepe 'twill nere be white againe.

Yet to preuent the scandall would ensue,
If fame should know what hath in priuate bene,
I'le lop this Branch, lest Time should say, it grew
(Adulterate Issue) from the Carthage Queene:
Which ere I do, lest I incurre heauens hate,
With Incense burn'd, their wrath I'le expiate.

Wherewith I'le purge (if such may purged be)
The fact I did, which grieues me that I did,
Staining my honour with his periurie,
Which gods do see, though it from man be hid:
For this (deare sister) build me here a fire,
To sacrifice my shame, appease heauens ire.

Anna, *for so her Sister hight, doth rere*
This fatall pile, preparing all things meete
For such a sacrifice, as Iuniper,
Spicknarde, and Mirrhe, to make the Incense sweete,
Vnknowne to what her Sister did intend,
Whose faire pretence came to a timelesse end.

Sister (quoth Dido*) now you may be gone,*
Sweete is Deuotion that is most retir'd,
Go you aside, and leaue me here alone,
Which Anna *did as* Dido *had requir'd:*
Who now alone with heauen-erected eyes,

Her wofull selfe she makes the sacrifice.

Anna *retir'd, did heare her Sister shrike,*
With which at first affrighted, she made haste,
To see th'euent, the sight whereof did strike
Such a distraction in her, as it past
The bounds of Nature, where experience tries,
More sorrow's in the heart then in the eyes.

At last her eyes long shut vnsealed were,
To eye that mournfull Obiect, now halfe turn'd
To mouldred ashes, for it did appeare,
As halfe were scorch'd, the other halfe were burn'd:
Which seene, she cries, and turnes away her sight,
Black woe betide them that such guests inuite.

Anna *thus left alone, yet mindfull too,*
Of Didoes *honour, reares a Princely shrine,*
The like whereof that Age could neuer show,
Nor any Age, till * Artemisias *time:*
On which was this engrauen: Loue was my losse,
Rich was my Crowne, yet could not cure my crosse.

Wife to Mausolus king of Caria. vid. Plutar. in Apotheg.

Thus Dido *di'd, who was not much vnlike*
Vnto the Countriman who nourished
The * *dead-staru'd Viper, that vngratefull snake,*
Who reft him life, that it had cherished:
So Dido *she, whose fall my Muse recites,*
Lies slaine by him, whom she in loue inuites.

Latet Anguis in herba.

Nec Hospes ab hospite tutus.

AN

AN ELEGIE VPON THESE ELEGIES.

LEt fond Leander *warne thee, to remaine*
Vpon the Riuer banke in ſafetie:
Let Piramus *raſh fact thy hand reſtraine,*
Too deare coſts Loue, mix'd with ſuch crueltie:
Laſtly, let Dido *warne thee by her end,*
To trie that Gueſt thou makes thy boſome friend.

Venit amor grauius quo ſerius vrimur intus,
Vrimur, & cæcum pectora vulnus habent.

THE SECOND SECTION OF DIVINE AND MORALL SATYRES:

With

AN ADIVNCT VPON THE PRECEDENT; WHEREBY THE Argument with the first cause of publishing these Satyres, be euidently related.

Disce & doce.

LONDON,
Printed for RICHARD WHITAKER.
1621.

TO THE WORTHIE CHERISHER AND NOVRISHER OF ALL GENEROUS ſtudies, S. *W. C.* Knight,

R. B.

His affectionate Country-man wiſheth the increaſe of all honour, health, and happineſſe.

SIR,

When I had compos'd theſe ragged lines,
Much like the Beare who brings her young ones forth,
In no one part well featur'd, ſhe repines,
That ſuch a lumpe of fleſh ſhould haue a birth:
Which to reforme, ſhe's ſaid to vndertake
A ſecond taske, and licks them into ſhape.

So I producing theſe vnriper ſeedes,
Scarce growne to their perfection, knew not how,
(Since different humour, different cenſure breeds)
How they ſhould come to ripeneſſe, but by you:

Whoſe

Whose faire acceptance may such count'nance shew,
As you may others moue to grace them too.

Nor do I doubt but these *shall purchase grace,*
'Mongst such as honour vertue, for how low
So'ere the style be, Subiect is not base,
But full of Diuine matter; and I know,
The Sunne giues life, as well to simple weeds,
As vnto flowers or other fruitfull seeds.

Yours in all faithfull
Obseruance,

Richard Brathwayte,
Musophylus.

Vpon the Dedicatorie.

THough he (*and happie he*) *bereft by fate,*
To whom I meant this worke to dedicate,
This shall find shelter in his liuing name,
He's *chang'd indeed, but I am still the same.*

The

The Argument.

Of Elpenor *an Epicure, liuing ſenſually in a Caue, reſpectleſſe of the ſoules eternitie.*

ELpenor, who long time liuing (as the Dormouſe) in the caue of ſenſualitie and ſecuritie, reſted careleſſe of a future bleſſing, as one rauiſhed with the preſent delight of carnall libertie, became at laſt reſtrained by the vertuous edict of a gracious Emperour; by whom he was exiled and baniſhed, not onely from the Princes Court, but from the vtmoſt coaſts of *Arcadia* wherein he liued. Now it chanced, that during ſuch time as he remained in *Cadmos*, a Satyriſt of no leſſe reſpect then approued grauitie, well obſeruing the impietie of *Elpenor*, as alſo the deſerued cenſure which his Epicureall life had incurred; endeuoured to deſcribe his condigne fall, with no leſſe pregnancie of wit, and maturitie of iudgement, then a ſetled ſeuerity in reprehenſion of his godleſſe opinions: which Deſcription he fixed (as may be imagined) vpon the Portall gate, where he might of neceſſitie ſee his owne impietie as in a glaſſe tranſparent, perſpicuouſly demonſtrated. What diſcontent he con-

conceiued in the displaying of his owne shame, may be coniectured by the subiect of this Inuection, taxing him of his infamous life, the onely occasion of his obscure end: whose fortunes were aforetime most eminent, now most deiected.

Et quanta est infælicitas, fuisse fælicem, &c? Boæthius.

THE FIRST SATYRE.

ELpenor groueling in his duskie caue,
Secure of God or Gods high prouidence,
Nought but luxurious dishes seemes to craue,
To satisfie the appetite of sence.
He spurnes at heauen, contemnes all supreme power,
Priding in that will perish in an houre.

God is of no respect with Epicures,
Senceless of of heauen or minds tranquilitie,
Senceless of Hell, *which euermore endures,*
Glad to receiue earths ioyes satietie:
Where rapt with Obiects of deceiuing Pleasure,
They liue to sin, but to repent at leasure.

Is not that Statue (say Elpenor*) thine,*
With eyes-inflam'd and palsie-shaking hand,
Vpon whose fore-head's writ, Abuse of time?
I know it is, for I do see it stand
Neare Baccus shrine, where either drinkes to other,
Healths to Eryca, *their lasciuious Mother.*

Where Syren voyces so apply the eare,
With an affected melodie, that earth

Might

Might a phantasticke Paradise appeare,
Through consort of an vniuersall mirth,
Which these inchanting harmonists did vse,
To th'wofull friends of wandring Ithacus.

But who is He *that seemes to challenge thee,*
Yet staggers in his challenge? O I know him,
It's Hans *the Dutch-man, new arriu'd from Sea,*
Stand fast Elpenor, *if thou'lt ouerthrow him.*
But why enioyne I that thou canst not do,
Halfe of a stand were well betwixt you two.

And much I doubt, lest Cripple-like you grow,
So long it is, as it is out of mind,
Since you were seene by any man to go,
Which makes me heare your legs are hard to find:
For vse brings on Perfection, and I feare
Your dropsie-legs are out of vse to beare.

See thou vnweldy wretch, that fatall shelfe,
To which thou art declining, being growne
A heauie vselesse burthen to thy selfe,
In whom no glimpse of vertue may be shownе:
A Barmie leaking vessell (which in troth)
For want of reason is fill'd vp with froth.

Aged Turpilio *grones at misspent time,*
Wishing he had his youth to passe againe:
For then He *would not vse't as thou doest thine,*
But mone the houres which He *hath spent in vaine.*
But Time runs on, and will not make returne,
When Death succeeds, whom no man can adiourne.

And

And seest thou this, and wilt thou not prouide
For Deaths arrest, whose sad approch will be
So full of horror, as thou scarce shalt bide,
So grim he is, that He *should looke on thee?*
And yet He *will, for he no diffrence makes,*
Twixt rich and poore, but whom He *likes he takes.*

Thy Prince thou seest, whose vertues are so pure
He cannot breath on vice, hath thee exil'd,
Forth of his royall confines, to secure
His Realme the more, lest it should be defil'd
By thy deprau'd example, which once stain'd,
(So ranke is vice) would hardly be reclaim'd.

Trunke of Confusion, which deriues thy being
From no supernall essence, for with it,
Thy works, words, motions haue but small agreeing,
But from securitie, where thou doest sit;
Feeding thy vast-insatiate appetite,
With euery day new dishes of delight.

O rouse thy selfe from that obscurest vale,
And sing a thankefull Hymne vnto thy Maker,
Creepe not vpon thy bellie like the Snaile,
But like the Larke mount vp to thy Creator;
Adorning thee with reason, sense and forme,
All lost in thee, through want of Grace forlorne.

Honour doth ill become the slothfull man,
Who Zanie-*like becomes a slaue to pleasure,*
For He, *when vrgent causes moue* Him, *than*
Neglects Occasion, and reserues that leasure,

Which

Which might haue bene employd in cares of ſtate,
For his delights, bought at too high a rate.

This thy experience tells thee, whoſe eſtate
Once high, now low, made ſubiect to diſgrace,
Shewes thou art chang'd from what thou was of late,
Yet to my iudgement in a better caſe:
So thou conſider th'ſtate from whence thou came,
And leaue that vice which did procure the ſame.

But doubt I muſt, (ô that my doubts were vaine)
Such great expence is made of precious time,
As 'twill be much to do to waſh the ſtaine
Of that enormious loathſome life of thine.
Yet Teares haue power, and they are ſouereigne too,*
And may do more then any elſe can do.

* Sicut nullus eſt locus in quo malum nõ perpetratur, ita nullus ſit locus in quo de malo pœnitentia non agatur.

Then comfort take, yet comfort mixe with teares,
Thou Cadmos leaues, and it's thy natiue ſoile;*
Suppoſe it be, each coaſt or clime appeares
The good-mans wiſhed Country, *which bleſt ſtyle,*
Exceeds all worldly comfort, which thou had,
For this is paſſing good, that paſſing bad.

* Cadmos *a hill by* Laodicea *out of which iſſueth the Riuer* Lycus, *it taketh this name from* Cadmus *ſonne to* Agenor *king of* Phœnicia.

I do not ſpeake, as thoſe whoſe guilded breath,
Traines on the vicious with deceipt full hope;
For I haue ſet before thee life and death,
And this I aim'd to make my chiefeſt ſcope:
That if reward of life could no way gaine thee,
The feare of death & vengeance might reclaime thee.

Life as a Crowne or Diadem is due,

To such whose wayes are not in Error led,
Death as a guerdon doth to such accrue,
Whose carnall hearts with pleasures captiued,
Thinke not on Death, till Death his flag display,
And now secure shall take their life away.

Turne then vnto the coast of Arcadie,
From whence thou wast exil'd, and there survey
The vertues of that Prince did banish thee,
And weigh the cause why there thou might not stay:
Which done, seeke to regaine thy Princes loue,
But chiefly His, *that is thy Prince aboue.*

The Argument.

Cornelia wife to *Pompey*, surnamed the Great, after her husbands ouerthrow in *Pharsalia*, slaine within short time after by the procurement of *Septimius* in the kingdome of *Egypt*; became much distressed with the discomfort of her losse, and the sorrowfull issue of his death. Which is as passionately expressed by *Lucan* in *Pompeies* expostulation with *Cornelia* his beloued Ladie, — *Quid perdis tempora luctu? Cornelia* thus depriued of all assistants saue Teares (sorrowes hereditarie treasures) for the better releefe of her estate (the poore remainder of her fortunes) sued out a petition vnto the Emperour *Cæsar*, whose royall

royall clemency (as she thought) could not choose but take pittie on the wife, whose husband was become a bootie to his Conqueſt. But how reaſonable ſoeuer her demands were, it skilled not, for by the corrupt and indirect dealing of *Cælius* and *Tubercutus* ſhe was reſiſted. The Satyriſt therefore in deploring of *Cornelia's* miſerie, and inueying againſt the two Courtiers corruption, morally dilateth on the deſolate eſtate of a forlorne widdow, and the ſiniſter practiſes of corrupt Aduocates.

THE SECOND SATYRE.

POmpey the Great no ſooner was interr'd,
But poore Cornelia his diſtreſſed wife,
To her deceaſſed Lords eſtate preferr'd,
Was drawne by Conſul Aſper into ſtrife:
And ſo oppreſt by hote purſuite of foes,
That ſhe deuoid of friends was fraught with woes.

She, wofull ſhe, leſt ſhe ſhould loſe her ſtate,
*Makes meanes to * Cælius to preferre her ſuite,*
Which he's content to do, but at ſuch rate,
As 'twill coſt deare to bring the cauſe about:
Yet ſhe remedileſſe, to worke her peace,
Stood not much on't, but did the Courtier pleaſe.

Cælius poſſeſt of his iniurious fee,
Which he conſum'd in riotous expence,
Forget the widdows cauſe diſhoneſtlie,
Without remorſe or touch of conſcience:

* *A prodigall Courtier, but in great fauour with Caſar.*

For vnder hand (as Courtiers vse to do)
He takes a priuate bribe of Asper *too.*

Cornelia *new in hope of good successe,*
Comes vnto Cælius *as her purchas'd friend,*
And humbly craues to know what's her redresse,
Or in what sort her suite is like to end:
Where He *as strangely answers her demand,*
And say's, her suite came neuer to his hand.

No suite! (thus did this Matron streight reply)
*O Rome where is thy * Iustice now enthron'd,*
Thou that didst vse to heare a widdow crie,
And right her cause as thou *her wrongs bemon'd!*
But spare Cornelia, *what reliefe can come*
Frõ corrupt Courts, where gold makes Consuls dumb?

* *Iustice may be aptly compared to the Celedonie stone, which reaineth her vertue no longer then it is rubbed with gold.*

If my much-honor'd Lord, whose Country loue
Reft him of breath, should see this present time,
How gifts can limit Iustice, would't not moue
His Royall spirit, seeing me and mine,
Whose onely comfort's this, we may repose,
And ioy in this, we haue no more to lose?

Whilest wrong'd Cornelia *sat thus pensiuely,*
* Tuberculus *a Courtier past that way,*
Who in compassion of her miserie,
Knowne to her selfe not to her grieues, did stay;
For generous minds are neuer more expresst,
Then in applying comfort to th'distresst.

* *One of especiall esteeme with Pompey before his ouerthrow.*

Ladie (quoth he) if I could ease your griefe,

The

The loue I owe vnto your familie,
Me thinks might promise to your selfe reliefe,
Impart them then, what ere your sorrowes be:
Cures haue bene wrought where little was expected,
For where the mind is willing, ought's effected.

She hearing him so vertuously inclin'd,
Prone vnto pittie, sighing did declare,
How that her sonne young Pompey *was confin'd,* Sext. Pompe.
Which was the greatest subiect of her care:
Whom if He *would make meanes for to release,*
The current of her sorrowes soone would cease.

Another suite I haue, which Asper *moues,*
To force me from my right of widdowhood,
Wherein his worser cause the better proues,
For mightie men can hardly be withstood:*
In these I must intreate your Lordships care,
In lieu whereof I'le gratifie with prayer.

* Inimicitiæ potentum violentæ. *Senec.*

Tuberculus *did answer her demands,*
But he expected ointment, and delaying,*
To giue her further comfort, there He *stands,*
He *for his fee, she for her cause stood praying.*
Cornelia *well perceiuing what* He *would,*
Good gods (quoth she) is Iustice wholly sould?

*Like Verconius in the time of Alexander Seuerus, who pretending familiaritie with the Emperour, tooke mens mony for preferring their suites, abused them, & did them no good at all: at last conuented before the Emperour, he was iudged to be hanged vp in a chimney, and so perish with smoke, for that he sold smoke to the people. Lamprid. in Seu. Verco.

How do you meane (quoth he) it is our meanes,
Could we be thus enameld euery day,
Or in such port maintaine our fauning friends,
If we receiu'd not profit by delay?
No Ladie, no, who in these dayes do liue,

And would haue Iuſtice, muſt not ſticke to giue,

Thus was Cornelia *croſt, her meanes preuented,*
No comfort now remaining ſaue deſpaire;
Wherefore (perforce) ſhe reſts hope-reft, contented
To loſe the ſight of her confined heire,
Who liues reſtrain'd: Aſper her ſtate hath got,
And poore Cornelia *with her cauſe forgot.*

The Argument of Lucian.

Lvcian a profeſſed enemy to Chriſt, detracting much from the deuine & ſole-healthfull Myſteries of our Redemptiõ, wherby he became odious to the all-ſeeing veritie; chanced to trauell for delight, (as one of generall obſeruation) into forraine places: where (as heauens iuſt doome would haue it) he was worried by dogs, as a iuſt reward for his impious and egregious contempt towards God; reuiling that all-ſeeing Maieſtie of Chriſt with the ſacred office of his Miniſters, and like a ſnarling or biting Curre, barking at the admirable and ineffable workes which were wrought by Gods omnipotencie: for which cauſe God accordingly puniſhed him. A remarkable ſpectacle to all enſuing ages, concluding emphatically with the Satyriſt.

Ingenioſus

Ingeniosus erat, superum sed acerrimus hostis,
At canis est superum tempore præda canum.

Wittie, but foe to God, who long in vaine,
Barking at God, by barking currs was slaine.

The Satyre followeth, Morally applyed.

THE THIRD SATYRE.

INgenious Lucian, *ripe in poesie,*
Apt to compose, and pregnant to inuent,
Well read in secrets of Philosophie,
And in all Morall knowledge excellent;
For all these rarer parts vnto him giuen,
*Ceas'd not to * barke against the power of heauen.*

In vit. Luci.

* Isti latrant non mordent, non nocent: *August.*

This snarling Curre, for he detracted God,
As profest enemie to pietie,
Chanced to trauell, where Gods irefull rod
Made him a witnesse to posteritie; (power,
*For this same * wretch who bark'd against heauens*
Did barking currs (such was heauens doome) deuoure.

* Thus as he bark'd against the God of heauen, To barking curres he for a pray was giuen.

Soile to his soule, and so to Christs profession,
For He *no Christ profest, but thought't a scorne*
That God made man, from God (should haue cõmission,
Without mans helpe to be of Virgin borne:
Yet see his fall, who did himselfe deceiue,
Vnpitied dies, and dying ha's no graue.

What's Sions *peace (sayes* He*) there's no such place;* The Atheists opinion.
Earth hath her Sion, *if we ayme our care*
At any other Mansion, it's a chase

So fruitlesse, as if we should beate the ayre,
Or plant our hope in things which cannot be,
And such's our trust in fained Deitie.

Thou vglie visard, that with faire pretence
Of Morall discipline shadowes thy sin,
Reclaime thy selfe by timely penitence,
And loath that horrid Caue thou wallowest in:
Thy sin's deepe-dide, yet not of that deepe staine,
But Teares & Prayers may make them white againe.*

Lachrymæ erbis, suspiria otis immiscentur.

*Hast thou no** Anchor *to relie vpon?*
No Refuge nor no Recluse for thy hope?
Behold thy Iesus he's thy corner stone,
Make him thy ayme, thy succour, shelter, scope,
*And he'le receiue thee in the** Throne *of blesse,*
The boundlesse Ocean of all happinesse.

Anchora cui pes est innixa, Angularis lapis n quem fundar a.

Τρόνος τις δόνες.

Returne thou wicked Lucian, *make thy verse*
Thy Retractation, be not ouerbold,*
Lest when good-men shall view thy forlorne hearse,
In thy reproch they cause this to be told
To after-ages: Here he lies interr'd,
Who* erring knew, and in his knowledge err'd.

Vt medicus, perite tractat ulnera, Qui opera retractat perperam edita.

Errando disco.

Sweete and delightfull Poems canst thou make,*
Of Hymen *rites, or* Venus *dalliance,*
And pleasant seemes the labour thou doest take,
While to thy Pipe deluded Louers dance:
But in such sacred measures thou art slow,
As teach men how to liue, and what to know.

Qualis ergo est ista, quæ iam multa de cæteris nouit, & se qualiter acta sit prorsus ignorat? *August.*

Mirrha

Mirrha *the wanton mother of a wanton,*
Gameſome the Mother and the Daughter too,
Gives a fit ſubiect for thy Muſe to chant on,
Relating what a Louer ought to do;
In which laſciuious ſtraine, fond Loue is brought
To hate what's good, but to affect what's naught.

Thou canſt report how Romanes ioyned were, Vid. Tit. Liu. in Dec. 1. & 3. Ouid. in faſt.
Firſt with the Sabines, and what ſtrange delights
Tooke their inuention from thoſe feaſts were there,
Duly ſolemniz'd on their nuptiall nights;
Of Sphinx, Charybdis, Scilla, Cteſiphon,
With Prœtus *letters againſt* * Bellerophon.

* *Who ſlue the two monſters Chymera and Solymos in Lycia.*

Theſe thou canſt feature as Apelles, He
The Prince of painters could not better ſhow
Their formes, then thou their natures, which may be
Portrayers of thy wit and learning too:
But what are theſe but ſhadowes, if thou moue
Thy eye to thoſe bleſt obiects are aboue?

Lend but thy eare to aerie warbling Birds,
Which day by day ſing pleaſant madrigals;
And thou ſhalt heare what praiſe the Larke affoords, Larke.
Whileſt with ſweete Hymnes ſhe on her maker cals, * A laudes dicendo dicitur *Alauda.*
Where each repayes their due in their degree,
And much abaſhd do reſt aſham'd of thee.

The flower which hath no ſenſe, nor hath no feeling,
Nor apprehends the difference of things,
Performes her office in delight of ſmelling,
Likewiſe the tree moſt fruitfull bloſſoms brings:

The

The Serpent, Adder, and each crauling worme,
Haue mutuall duties giuen them with their forme.

The Basiliske the * *king of Serpents is,*
The Lion of all beasts, the Cedar tree
Is chiefe of Trees, Leuiathan of fish,
And man ore these *hath sole supremacie:*
Thus euery Creature in her seuerall kind,
Hath seuerall Lords and limits her assign'd.

* The Pismire and Locust (of all other creatures) haue no king nor leader. vid. AElian. & Plin. in natur. Hist.

Thou Lucian *art endu'd with that these want,*
And canst distinguish betwixt good and ill,
Yet thou denies what other Creatures grant,
And which is worse, thou so continuest still:
Thou laughs at Adams *fall, and thinks't a shame,*
Man should vnouch an Apple caus'd the same.

Wo worth that fruite that had so bitter taste,
Bringing Perdition to the soule of man,
That free-borne Creature, *which so farre surpast*
Mans fraile condition when it first began;
That was an Apple that too dearely cost,
Which made so many soules for euer lost.

If I should Catechise thee Lucian,
And tell the vertue of each seuerall thing;
How reason first was distribute to man,
And how the earth globe-like in aire doth hing,
The secret grouth of Plants which daily grow,
Yet * *how or when no humane sense can know.*

* Spicas creuisse cernimus, eas autem quando creuerunt non cernimus.

The

The * *Fabrick of the heauen, whose eminence*
Shewes admiration to vs that behold
Her glorious Bodies sacred influence,
Whose distinct Motion, who is't can vnfold?
None but the Author and the founder can,
For it exceedes the reach of any man.

* That starrie Gallerie embost with gold, fretted with orbs of Christall, silver'd ouer, with pearle pau'd, roofed with an Agget couer.

If I should question thee, whence these derive
Their proper Motion, it would thee behoone
To yeeld, that some *to these do Motion giue,*
Since what se're moues doth by another moue:
Which thou confirmes and adds, nought vnder Sunne
Is done in these, *but is by Nature done.*

So thou * *referrs that wonderfull Creation,*
After the Deluge to a mortall wight,
Discoursing vainly how Deucalion,
Refurnish'd earth which was vnpeopled quite;
But thou deceiued art, it's nothing so,
For it was God that gaue increase to Noe.

* Holding with Albumazar that his leading the children of Israel ouer the Red sea, was no more but obseruing the influence of Starres, and waining season of the Moone that withdraweth the tides; and that miraculous issuing of water out of the rocke, by the stroke of a rod was no more but noting those spring-heads, whereto the wild asses resorted to quench their thirst.

We are his clay, we must confesse his power,
He is our Potter, *whose deuine command*
Can dash vs earthen vessels in one [b] *houre,*
Subiect vnto the iudgement of his hand;
For he no sooner shall withdraw his breath,
Then Man leaues to be Man, and welcomes death.

b *Whom th' morning sees so proudly go, ere euening come may lie full low.* Senec.

Heauens power to which no Mortall can extend,
(Not to be argued or disputed on,)
Because it's not in Man to comprehend,
The radiant Splendor of the glorious Sunne:

Much

Much lesse profounder secrets, which were fram'd,
For admiration, not to be prophan'd.

* *Prophan'd, if nam'd without due reuerence,*
To that Supreme all-working Maiestie,
Whose Palme containes this Earths circumference,
Whose praise takes accent from heauens Hierarchie.
Let not, O let not him who gaue man tongue,
To yeeld him praise, for silence make it dumbe.

*We haue heard of diuerse, exemplarily punished euen in that wherein they cõtemptuously profaned; as Iulian, Herodias, Balthasar, and Thymelicus the enterlude-plaier; who dancing vpon the scaffold in a Cope (a [illegible] of the Church) fell downe dead. Thymelico saltatori, &c. Vid. Val. Maxi. lib. 1. cap. 2.

Thou canst compose a song of Shepheards liues,
Spent in a pleasant veine of Recreation,
How they sit chatting with their wanton wiues,
Tricking and toying in a Shepheards fashion:
This thou canst do, and it's done prettily,
For it shews wit, yet spent vnfittingly.

O if thou would confine thy selfe in reason,
And leaue fond Poems of a doting Louer,
Obseruing Natures tone, tune, time, and season,
How well would these seeme to that powerfull mouer;
Whose eyes are pure, and of that piercing sight,
As they loue light, but hate such works are light.

But O too vaine's the current of thy vaine,
Soild with the Motiues of vntamed lust,
Which layes vpon thy Name that endlesse shame,
As shall suruiue, when thou return'd to dust,
Shalt much lament those Poems thou hast writ,
Through th'light conceit of thy licentious wit.

Nor is it gaine mou's thee to prostitute,

That

That precious talent which thou doest possesse;
No, it's delight thou hast to gaine repute,
'Mongst men made beasts through their voluptuousnes
O hate that affectation, lest this shelfe,
Of vaine applause do ruinate thy selfe!

* Sicut Bellua sunt humanæ, ita homines sunt belluini.

For such esteeme, what honour wil't afford,
What comfort in the graue, where thou lies dead;
*When thy lasciuious * works shall beare record,*
Of what was by thee writ or published?
Nay 'twill preiudice thee, it cannot chuse,
Vaine's that opinion ill-men haue of vs.

* By those studies, which I affected, am I condemned, by those I praised, am I disparaged. Aug.

Thus thou sustaines the height of miserie,
*To see a * Cleobes and Biton grac'd,*
With honour, fame, desertfull dignitie,
Thy glory prun'd, thy laurell-wreath defac'd:
The triumphs of thy wit so quite forgot,
As if (so fickle's fame) thou flourish'd not.

* Two brothers, sonnes to Argia a Prophetesse of the temple of Iuno.

Nor can we say those flourish, whose renowne
Consists in praise of vice, for though they seeme
Vnto the worlds eye so fully knowne,
Yet they shall be as if they had not bene;
When vice, which to aduance was their desire,
Shall melt away as waxe before the fire.

Rest not, but labour Lucian *to preferre*
The sage contents of sacred Mysteries,
Before such Rithms as teach men how to erre,
Whose best instructions are but vanities;
Which if thou do, wits Treasure shall increase,

And

And crowne thee Laureat *in the Land of peace.*

Yet reade not so, as not to vnderstand
The graue remainders of Times ancient Booke;
For what a follie is't to haue in hand
Bookes nere red ouer! This, that * Sage *forsooke,*
When in his course of reading He *did vse,*
The choycest flowers in euery worke to chuse.

* In Demosthene magna pars Demosthenis abest, cum legitur & non auditur.

Thus Lucian *haue I warn'd thee to forbeare,*
That snarling humour, of detracting such
Whose vertues shine as Starres in highest Sphære,
Whose worthie Liues can well abide the tutch;
Defame not * *vertue, rather emulate,*
Good-mens example, that's a vertuous hate.

* Ea sola neque datur dono neque accipitur. *Salust.*

The Argument of Stesichorus.

STesichorus is fained to haue lost his eyes for dispraising *Helen* of Greece, and afterwards to haue recouered the same by praising her. The Morall alludeth to such, who ouerborne with the vnbounded height of their owne conceit, distaste the opinion of a multitude, to make their owne irregular iudgement passe for current. These (as we say) vse euer to swim against the streame, affecting that least, which seemes approued by the most: scorning to guide their ship by anothers Card, measure

measure their life by anothers line, or walke in a common path. Some other application may this Morall make, as *One* vpon this fable would haue *Stesichorus* to shadow a Malecontent, by whom things generally esteemed vse to be most disualued, delighting in nothing more then opposition. Others by way of similitude compare him to *One*, who by much gazing on the Sunne becomes dim-sighted; so *He*, by too intentiue fixing his eye vpon beautie, became blinded: the deuine application whereof I leaue to euery mans peculiar conceite, not louing to presse *these* further, then their owne natiue sence will beare. The subiect, whereof this Satyre intreateth, more particularly applyed, may chance to glance at some whose singularitie gaines them Opinion aboue reason; but silence is their best salue, labouring rather to redeeme the time, then reueale their owne shame. Let them be of more humble nature, and I will spare to prosecute any further. *Nihil tam volucre est quàm maledictum*, the poyson whereof is as strong as the passage swift; the vnworthinesse of which condition as I haue euer loathed, so a milde and temperate reproofe for vertues sake haue I euer loued: not ignorant, how some vices (as other sores) are better cured by lenitiues then corasiues, lest the Patient crie out —*Graviora sunt, baud feram.* Iudge of the Satyre.

THE

THE FOVRTH SATYRE.

* A lyrick Poet, famous for his sweete and pleasing veine.

STesichorus * *like* Zeuxes *cannot paint,*
Nor like Lysippus *can delineate;*
For then He *would giue that accomplishment*
To Hellens *beautie, as might propagate*
Her fame *to following times, when Ages passe,*
Which by Record might shew what Hellen *was.*

Blind Byard now, see how thy iudgement err'd,
By gazing long on beautie thou art blind,
Recanting all too late what thou auerr'd,
So diffrent is th'opinion of that mind,
Where onely selfe-conceit drawes men to shew
Their priuate iudgement, giuen they care not how.

Was she not faire that made all Troy to burne,
That made Prince Paris *wander to and fro,*
That made Queene Hecuba *so sore to mourne,*
Both for her selfe and for her Issue too?
Yes she was faire, how ere thy eye esteeme her,
Nor can conceit of one make beauty meaner.

What made stout Menelaus *passe the Sea?*
What Telamon *to rig his well-mann'd ship,*
What Aiax, *what* Achylles? *It was she,*
Whose sweete ambrosiacke breath and cherri-lip,
Relish'd of Nectar, *and infus'd a spirit,*
In Cowards breasts, to gaine true fame by merit.

Old subtill Sinon *can prepare assault,*

Against

Against the strongest battlements of Troy,
Whilest armed Grecians in that ribbed vault,
Prest for encounter, purpos'd to destroy,
Issue from Pallas horse, so aptly made,
As Troy had cause to curse the cunning Iade.

* *It was made by Phereclus, who was after slaine by Merion in the siege of Troy.*

Art thou perswaded yet to praise her beautie,
Sith Nature hath surpast Her selfe in skill,
As one ingag'd in some respect of dutie,
Vnto her sex, to make them honor'd still?
O be perswaded, to her shrine repaire,
For howsoere thou saies, thou think's Her faire!

Faire in proportion, motiue in her pace,
An eye as cheare full as the morning-Sunne,
Her haire, her smile, her well-beseeming grace,
By which so many Troians were vndone:
In briefe, examine Her from top to toe,
And then admire each part accomplish'd so.

Such admiration as like Linceus *eyes,*
Transparent Brightnesse seemes to penetrate:
For if Apollo *seeing* Daphnes *thighes,*
Wau'd by the Easterne winde, forgot his state,
Himselfe and all, Proportion well may moue,
Since gods themselues were tost by gusts of loue.

Did not faire Phyllis *dote vpon a Swaine,*
She passing faire, and he a withered lad,
Whence we may reason, none can loue restraine,
Nor set it limits which it neuer had:
For when we haue done all that we can do,

It will haue th'course and readie passage too.

Yet Loue's so pure it can endure no staine,
Stain'd Loue is lust, which is not in her brest:
Spotlesse content she seekes, which if she gaine,
She freely liues, and fairely takes her rest:
But barr'd of this, without repose she lies,
And dying liues, and liuing loathed dies.

* Nævus erat veneri species, Helenæq; cicatrix gloria, quæ Paridem fecit amore parem.

It is not Venus* *mole nor* Hellens *scarre,*
Adds fuell to affection, for though these
Gaue beautie summons to commence Loues warre,
Yet outward graces do but onely please,
As Obiects do the eye; where Loues best part
Consists not in the eye, but in the Heart.

But now to thee, *who did dispraise that faire,*
Whose beautie ruin'd Cities, now disclaime
Thy purblind iudgement, and withall compare
Hellen *with* Hero, *or some choicer Dame:*
And then it may be * Cupid *will restore*
Thine eyes to thee, which He *put out before.*

* Lumine qui semper proditur ipse suo.

The Argument of Pigmalion.

PIgmalion, whom no surpassing beautie in all *Cyprus* could captiuate, at last hauing made a curious Image or *Picture* of an amiable woman,

was

was ſo rauiſhed with the accompliſhed proportion of his owne worke, that enamoured therewith, *He* intreated *Venus* to put life in his Image, which with ſuch Artfull delineature he had compoſed. *Venus* taking commiſeration vpon his prayers and teares, infuſed life in his Picture, whereof *He* begat a beautifull daughter called *Papho*, from whom (or from *Mount Paphos*) *Venus* is ſaid to haue taken her name, ſtyled ſometimes by the Poets *Eryca*, ſometimes *Paphia*: whoſe feaſts with all ceremoniall rites vſually performed in the honour of an immortall goddeſſe, were originally ſolemnized and celebrated onely by the Shepheards of thoſe Mountaines, but afterwards more generally obſerued. The Morall includeth the vaine and fooliſh *Loues* of ſuch as are beſotted on euery idle picture or painted Image, whoſe ſelfe-conceited vanitie makes beauty their Idoll, becoming Creatures of their owne making, as if they diſ-eſteemed the creation of their Maker. The Satyre though compendious, compriſeth much matter. Reade it, and make vſe of the ſequele.

Note this you painted faces, whoſe natiue Countrey (once white Albion) is become reddiſh, with bluſhing at your vanities.

THE FIFT SATYRE.

PIgmalion rare, in rare Proportions making,
Yet not in quickning that which He *had framed;*
So exquiſite in artfull curious ſhaping,
In nought (if Zeuxes *iudgd) could* He *be blamed:*
Yet skilfull though He *were in formes contriuing,*
Yet not ſo skilfull in thoſe formes reuiuing.

Reuiu'd! I wrote amisse, they neuer liued:
Improper then to say, they were reuiued.

He builds him Temples *for his Image-gods,*
And much besotted with their faire aspect,
In admiration of his worke, He *nods,*
And shakes his Head, *and tenders them respect:*
I cannot tell (quoth He*) what passion moues me,*
But sure I am (quoth He*) faire Saint I loue thee,*
Thou art my handie-worke, I wish my wife,
If to thy faire Proportion thou hadst life.

*Like those Pulminaria erected by the heathen for their Pagan images.

Canst thou Pigmalion *dote so on shrines,*
On liuelesse Pictures, that was neuer rapt
With any beautie Cyprus Ile confines?
These (foolish man) be for thy Loue vnapt:
They cannot answer Loue for Loue againe,
Then fond Pigmalion *do thy Loue restraine:*
Such senselesse creatures as haue onely being,
Haue with embraces but an harsh agreeing.

They haue no moysture in their key cold lips,
No pleasure in their smile, their colour stands;
Whilest youthfull Ladies on the pauement trips,
They stand as Pictures *should, with saplesse hands;*
And well thou knowes, if Passiue be not mouing,
The Actiue part can yeeld small fruits of louing:
Why art thou so besotted still with woing,
Since there's no comfort when it comes to doing?

*Quid agunt in corpore casto ceruſſa & minium, centumq; venena colorũ? Victor. ad Salvianum.

Can any idle Idoll without breath,
Giue thee a gracefull answer to thy suite?

Nay

Nay rather like dead corps surpriz'd by death,
It answers silence when thou speakes vnto't.
Desist then (fond Pigmalion*) and restraine*
To loue that Creature cannot loue againe;
What will it pleasure thee a shrine to wed,
That can afford no pleasure in thy bed?

*Thou art not so * bewitcht with any beautie,*
How faire soere within thy Natiue Ile,
No Nimph can moue thy Loue, or force thy dutie,
As doth this Picture, *whose art-forcing smile*
Can giue thee small content, and wherefore then
Should painted Statues so entangle men?
It's loue thou sayest, Pigmalion, *that doth moue thee,*
But thou loues such as cannot say they loue thee.

* Sine coniuge Cælebs Viuebat, thalamique diu consorte carebat. *Metam.* 10 *lib.*

Turne thee vnto leud Pasyphaes *lust,*
*Wife to a braue and valiant * Champion,*
Who on a Bull (see how affection must
Passe Reasons limit) fondly dotes vpon;
* Ioue *on a Heifer,* Danae *of a shower,*
Such is the vertue of loues-working power:
No time, place, obiect, subiect, circumstance,
Can still Loues pipe, when Cupid *leades the dance.*

* *Minos king of Crete.*

* Non frustra dictus Bos ouis Imber Olor, *Whence our English Poet as properly annexed this Disticke, imitating the former in matter and manner: In vaine Ioue was not stil'd right sure I am, From th'shape he tooke of Bull, sheepe, shower, and swan.* vid. Ouid. in Metamorph.

Then who will aske the reason of thy Loue,
Which shewes most strength when she can shew least reason,
And cannot Proteus *like with each blast moue,*
Nor free her selfe from soule-deluding treason!
She like the Moone is not each month in waine,
For th'obiect of her loue is of that straine,
Nor land, nor sea, nor tempests though they thwart her

Can from her Sphere by Opposition part her.

Do but torment Her *with the sight of woe,*
Vexe her with anguish and with discontent,
She will not make her friend in heart, her foe;
No, if she were with depth of sorrowes spent;
Yet like Anthæus, *when she's most cast downe,*
She gathers strength, and is not ouerthrowne:
She cannot breake her vow, her legall oath,
But meanes (if life permit) to keepe them both.

Then (honour'd Picture) let me thee *embrace;*
With that He *hugd it in his lustfull armes,*
And now and then He *smeer'd the Pictures face,*
Praying the gods to keepe it from all harmes:
And prayed (a senslesse prayer) Ioue *to defend,*
His Picture from diseases to the end;
So to enioy her dalliance with more pleasure,
Whose presence He *esteem'd the precious't Treasure.*

Each euen *he vs'd to dresse it for his bed,*
For in a gowne of Tissue was it clothed,
And put a night-tyre on it's suorie head,
And when night came He *made it be vnclothed;*
Where, lest He *should his lustfull fauours hide,*
He *vs'd to lay the Picture by his side,*
Where He *drew to it as* He *saw it lie,*
But when it would not be, He *wish'd to die.*

Vngratefull Creature (would Pigmalion *say)*
That neuer deest afford one smile on me,
That dallies thus with thee, each night, each day;

Fain

* *Which is elegantly expressed by our moderne Poet. Whose fall (Anthæus-like) prouok'd him more, And made him stronger then he was before.*

Faire Saint, what needes this curioſitie?
While with a kiſſe* He *oft his ſpeech would breake,*
By threats or faire intreats to make it ſpeake:
And when He *had his fruitleſſe pratling done,*
He *would in rage call it an Idoll dumbe.*

But angrie with himſelfe, He *ſtreight would blame*
His too raſh furie, craning pardon too,
That he ſhould ſtile it with ſo harſh a Name,
And wiſh'd him powre to die, or it to do,
Swearing by heauen, if ſheete *did chance to mõue,*
It was the nimble action of his Loue.
Coy-toying Girle (quoth He*) what meaneth this,*
Is it your modeſtie, you will not kiſſe?

Nought though it *anſwer'd, he would proſecute*
His wooing taske, as if it *ſtood denying,*
And thus would vrge it; Deare *accept my ſuite,*
Be not ſo fearefull, feare thou not eſpying,
I haue excuſes ſtore, then liſten me;
For I will vow I was enam'ling thee:
Then ſport thee wench, ſecurely frolick it,
That I on thee a Niobe *may get.*

Thus whileſt He *vainely pratled to his Shrine,*
Aurora *with her radiant beames appeared,*
And bluſhing red, as if ſhe tax'd the time,
For ſuch licentious motions, ſlilie peered
In at a chinke, whereby ſhe did diſcouer
An idoll courted by an idle Louer:
And ſcarce Aurora *now had time to ſhow her,*
But fond Pigmalion *made this ſpeech vnto her:*

* Oſcula dat reddiq; putat loquiturque te netque. *Met. 10. lib.*

What haue I done (thou iealous light) said He,
That I should thus deprined be of louing?
What couldst thou do, to adde more miserie,
Then in thy speedie rising, hastie mouing?
Thou might haue spar'd one day, and hid thy light,
Enioyning Earth to haue a double night,*
Where ghastly furies in oblivion sit,
For darke misdeeds for darknesse be most fit.

* Vt geminata diuos nox inclyta iungat amores.

But He *cut off his speech with many grone,*
Hastning to rise, yet went to bed againe,
And as He *goes,* He *sees the darknesse gone,*
And Phæbus *coursers galloping amaine:*
Which seene, at last He *rose with much adoe,*
And being vp, began afresh to woe;
Yet hauing so much sense as to perceiue,
How he had err'd, He *ceasseth now to craue.*

For He *intends to worke another way,*
By Inuocation on some heauenly power,
The onely meanes his passion to allay;
Which to performe, retiring to his bower,
He *made these Orisons:* Venus *faire Queene,*
Then whom in heauen or earth nere like was seene,
Be thou propitious to my prayers, my teares,
Which at thy Throne and Pedestall appeares.

I whom nor Swaine nor Nimph could ere inchant,
Am now besotted with a senselesse creature,
Whom though I do possesse, yet do I want,
Wanting life breathing in her comely feature,
Which by infusing life if thou supplie,

Ile liue to * *honour thee, if not, I die;*
For what is life where discontent doth raigne,
But such a farme as we would faine disclaime?

* By offring sacrifice to Venus in the Ile of Cyprus.

Venus *much mou'd with his obsequious prayers,*
And liquid teares, his suite did satisfie,
Infusing breath into her senslesse veines,
Now full of iuyce, life, and agilitie;
Which being done, the Picture *mou'd, not missing*
To lure Pigmalion *to her lips with kissing,*
Reaping great ioy and comfort in their toying,
Depriu'd before of blisse, blest now enioying.

Blest in enioying and possessing that,
Which doth include true Loues felicitie,
Where two are made ioynt owners of one state,
And though distinct, made one by vnitie;
Happie then I, (Pigmalion *did reply,*)
That haue possession of this Deitie,
No humane creature but a Parragon,
Whose lineleſſe forme once Nimphs admired on.

This said, she streight retires vnto the place,
Where she her moulding had, by whom she now
(*I meane* Pigmalion) *obtain'd such grace,*
As He her maker and her husband too,
Tooke such content in his now-breathing wife,
As they scaree differ'd once in all their life,
But this was then: Let this suffice for praise,
Few wiues be of her temper now adaies.

The faire and fruitfull daughter He *begat,* De sobole Pigmalionis.

Of

Of this same liuely Image *had to name,*
Papho the faire, *a wench of Princely state,*
From whence Ile* Paphos *appellation came,*
Consecrate vnto Venus, *beauties Queene,*
By whose aspect that Ile is euer greene;
Wherein there is a pleasant Mirtle-groue,
Where a shrine stands to shew Pigmalions *loue.*

* Illa Paphum genuit, de quo tenet insula nomen. *Ibidem.*

The Argument of Pytheas.

Pytheas an Athenian Orator much delighted with good cloaths, and proud of his owne tongue: when law began to grow out of request (for the Athenians endeuoured to bring in *Platoes* commonweale) whereby the Court of the *Areopagitæ* became much weakened, and the frequencie of Clyents discontinued; *Acolytus* a bitter Satyrist, chancing to meete with *Pytheas* this spruce Lawyer in rent clothes, at a bare Ordinarie, liuing vpon *Pythagoras* diet, viz. rootes; obserued this vnexpected mutation, and with *Democritus* readie to laugh at others miserie, compiled this short Satyre, to adde new fuell to *Pytheas* discontent.

THE SIXT SATYRE.

PYtheas *a Lawyer of no small respect,*
Garded, regarded, dips his tongue in gold,

And

And culls his phraſe, the better to effect
What He *and his penurious Client would;*
Vpon his backe for all his anticke ſhowes,
More clothes He *weares then how to pay* He *knowes.*

And what's the reaſon, he hath Law at will,
Making a good face of an euill matter,
And euery day his thirſtie purſe can fill;
With gold thou lieſt; with nought but wind and water:
Ile tell thee why, Platoes *new Commonweale,*
Makes Pytheas *leaue off pleading, and go* ſteale.*

* Siſte latrare foris, & promoue cœpta latronis.

What Pytheas, *ſteale? is't poſſible, that* He
That had a Pomander ſtill at his noſe,
That was perfum'd with balls ſo fragrantly,
Should now another trade of liuing chooſe?
He muſt and will, nor dare He *ſhow his face*
Halfe caſement-wide, that open'd many a caſe.

The other day but walking on the ſtreete,
I ſaw his veluet gerkin layd to pawne,
His graue Gregorian, for his head more meete,
Then Brokers ſhop, and his beſt pleading gowne;
Nay which was more, marke Pytheas *conſcience,*
There lay to pawne his Clients euidence.

Sic toga, ſic crines, pignora iuris erant.

But it's no maruell, Pride muſt haue a fall,
Who was on Cockhorſe borne through Fortunes ſtreame,
Is now caſhier'd from th' Areopagites Hall,
And on each bulke becomes a common theame:
O bleſt vacation, *may thou neuer ceaſe,*
But ſtill haue power to ſilence ſuch as theſe!

Well

Well, farewell Law, if Lawyers can be poore,
For I esteem'd them *onely blest in* this,
That Danaes *lap with gold-distilling shower,*
Had made them line all heires to earthly blisse:
But since these conscript fathers *we adore,*
Feele want of wealth, we'le worship them no more.

The Argument of Periander.

Periander that wise Prince of Corinth, elected one of the *Sages* of Greece, fell in his old age to pouertie; whereby, though his Axiomes were no lesse esteemed, his deuine Aphorismes no lesse regarded, (as held for the very * Oracles of some superiour power) yet the respect which former time had of him grew lessened, through the decrease of his friends and fortunes: which was no sooner perceiued, then the *distressed Sage* lamenting the worlds blindnesse, that vseth to be taken sooner with a vaine shadow then any solid substance, wrote this Satyricall Elegie in a pensiue moode, inueying against the vncertaine and inconstant affections of *men*, who measure happinesse not by the inward but outward possessing. Whereby *He* inferreth, that howsoeuer the wiseman may seeme miserable, *He* is not so, but is more rich in possessing nothing, then the couetous

* Vid. Laer. de vit. Phylos.

tous foole in enioying all things: for his eſtimation is without him, whereas the other hath his within *Him*, which is to be more preferred, (I meane *the minds treaſure*, before the rubbiſh of this world,) then light before darkneſſe, the radiant beames of the Sunne before thicke and duskie clouds, or pure and temporate aire before foggie and contagious vapors.

THE SEVENTH SATYRE.

VNgrateful Greece, that ſcornes a man made poore
Reſpecting not the treaſure of his mind,
Whoſe want of wealth muſt ſhut him out of doore;
The world's no friend to him that cannot find
A maſſe of gold within their mouldred cell,
No matter how they get it, ill or well.

Virtus poſt nummos.

This I experienc'd of, may well perceiue,
Euen * Periander *I, of late a Sage*
Of ſtately Greece, whom now ſhe'le not receiue,
Becauſe oppreſt with want, ſurpriz'd with age;
Euen I, that of the * Ephori *was one,*
One of the chief'ſt, but now retires alone.

* *Whoſe fathers was Cypſelus, deſcending from the Heraclyd familie.*
* *Ephorus was among the Lacedemonians as Tribunus among the Romans.*

Yet not alone, *though none reſort to me,*
For wiſedome will haue ſociats to frequent her:
And though proud Greece frõ hence ſhould baniſh thee,
Friends *thou haſt ſtore, will knocke and knocking enter:*
And firme * friends *too, whoſe vertues are ſo pure,*
Vice may aſſay, but cannot them *allure.*

* Amicis & fælicibus & infælicibus eundem te prebe. *Laert. in ſenten. Periand.*

With

With what respect was I once grac'd by you,
You gorgeous outsides, Fortunes painted wall,
When rich; *but* poore, *you bid my rags adue,*
Which did at first *my troubled mind appall;*
But noting well the * *worlds inconstant course,*
I thought her scorne could make me *little worse.*

* Be not afraid (saith Petrarch) though the house (the bodie be shaken) so the soule, (the guest of the body) fare well. Petrarch. de Remed. vtriusque fortunæ.

Remorcelesse Greece, wert thou of marble made,
Thou might shed teares to see thy Sage *dismaide,*
By whose direction thou hast oft bene stayd,
When both thy hope decreast, and fame decaid;
Both which restor'd by Him, *got that report,*
To Him *and* his, *as thou admir'd him for't.*

Yet canst thou not discerne, twixt wisedomes straine,
And those discording tones of vanitie,
For all thy ayme is benefite and gaine,
And these are they thou makes thy Deitie;
To second which, this caution thou doest giue,
Who know not to dissemble, cannot liue.

I know thy follies, and will brute them too,
For thou hast mou'd my splene, and I must speake,
Since thou applies no salue to cure my woe,
I must complaine perforce, or heart-strings breake;
Iustice is turn'd to wormewood in your land,
And corrupt dealing gets the vpper hand.

Demadis saying was, that Draco's lawes were written with bloud and not with inke.

You itch (and out of measure) with desire
Of hearing nouelties, and strange deuices,
And scorch'd with heate of lusts-enraged fire,
Set marks of Loue, make sale of Venus *prizes:*

Broad-

Broad-spreading vice, how deare so'ere it cost,
To purchase it, you'le vye with who bids most.

You Hydra-*headed monsters full of poyson,*
Infecting euery place with stinking breath,
What ere proceeds from you is very noysome,
And like the Basilisk procuring death:
I care not for your hatred, if your loue
Like Tritons *ball, with such inconstance moue.*

Plin. in nat. hist. Alcyat. in Emblem.

These fleering flies which flicker to and fro,
And beate the vaine ayre *with their rusling wings,*
Be their owne foes, and they professe them so,
When they their wings with flames of furie cinge;
For they whose hate pursues a guiltlesse one,
With * Syſiphus *do role his restlesse stone.*

* *Ixions wheele, Tantalus apples, and Syſiphus stone: peculiar punishments inflicted on those persons for their lust, auarice, & crueltie, as the Poets faine.*

You cannot griene me with your enmitie,
Nor much offend me with your hatefull breath,
For ill-mens loue and hate, are equally
Priz'd by the good, whose chiefest aime is death,
And how to die: for much it doth not skill,
What ill-men speake of vs, or good or ill.

What golden promises did I receiue,
Yet see their issue; base contempt and scorne
Ore my deiected state triumphed haue:
So as proud Greece vnmindfull to performe
What merit craues, and what she's bound to do,
Neglects my want, and glories in it too.

Bias *my Brother-sage I now remember,*
Shipwrack'd

Shipwrack'd in Priene Ile, *whose wofull case*
Seemes to resemble fate-crost Periander,
Like Ianus *statue, shewing face to face;*
Let's then, since equall fortune frownes on either,
(*Kind* Bias) *sound our wofull plaints together.*

Let Priene Ile *relate* thy *hard mischance,*
Let * *Greece bewaile my fall, my ruin'd state,*
Thou while on Sea thy exil'd ship doth lance,
Thou lightly weighes th'inconstancie of fate:
Rouze Periander *then, that't may be said,*
Thy * patience hath thy fortune conquered.

* *Or Corinth in Greece.*

* Infælicem diceebat, qui ferre nequiret infælicitatem. *in vit. Bi.*

Get thee *to Schooles, where pure Phylosophie*
In publicke places is sincerely taught,
And thou shalt heare, there's no calamitie,
Can dant a spirit resolu'd to droupe with nought
That want or woe can menace, for though woe,
Make * *good-men wretched seeme, they are not so.*

* Omnia aduersa exercitationes accidentibus bonis esse putat. *vid. Boet. in lib de malis.* Potest dici miser, non potest esse. *ibid.*

Well may misfortunes fall on our estate,
Yet they're no blemish to our inward worth,
For these are but the gifts of purblind fate,
That domineers sole souraigneſſe on earth;
But we are placed in an higher seate,
Then to lie prostrate at Dame Fortunes feete.

Her *palsie hand wherewith she holds her ball,*
Moues with each blast of mutabilitie,
And in whose lap she lists, she lets it fall,
Thus mocks she man with her inconstancie;
Then who is he (if wise) esteemes her treasure,

No

No sooner giuen, then tane when we displease her.

She faunes, she frownes, she lasts not out a Moone,
But wanes each month, and waining doth decrease:
Those whom she did aduance, she now throwes downe,
And those which lik'd Her *once, do now displease:*
Thou reeling wheele, that mouest so oft a day,
*That weauest thy * weft, and takes thy web away.*

* Sic licium texit, sic telæ stamina soluit.

Titus *that Prince so much admir'd by men,*
Stiled Mans Darling *for his curtuous mind,*
Did thinke all powers by fate *to haue their raigne,*
As if she had no limits Her *assign'd,*
But (though deuinely-learn'd) did erre in this,
*For fates be rul'd by supreme * Deities.*

Sueton. Tranq. in vit. Tit.

*Quicquid boni egeris in Deos refer. Laert. in vit. Phil.

Then why should I (fond man) so much depend,
Vpon a Creature, which hath her existing
In a Superiour power, and doth extend
No further then heauens please? for her subsisting,
Essence, power, Empire, soueraigne command,
Hath her direction from Iehouahs hand.

Rest thee then Periander, *and despise*
Vulgar opinion swaide by multitude,
Thou was esteemed once for to be wise,
Shew it in publicke; let liues enterlude
Acted by thee vpon this worlds stage,
Contemne that Greece which scornes distressed age.

* Vniuersus mundus exercet Histrionem.

The Historicall Argument of Terpnus *Musician vnto* Nero; *with a Satyre annexed to it as followeth.*

Terpnus a Romane Lyrick, or as some will haue him, a cõmon Cytharede, with whom *Nero*, ỳ president to Tyrants vsed to comfort, and with whose admirable skill he was exceedingly delighted: in processe of time fell into *Neroes* disgrace, for playing to him at *Agrippina* his mothers funerals: where he sung the dismall and incestuous bed of *Orestes*, the crueltie of *Sphinx*, reuiling at their tyrannie; which so greatly displeased *Nero*, that he banished him his Court and royall Pallace, inioyning him withall neuer to frequent the *Muses Temple*.

The Morall importeth *Such*, as laying aside *Time-obseruing*, do not sew pillowes to their Princes elbowes, but with bold and resolued spirit, will with *Calistenes* tell *Alexander* of his drunkennesse, with *Canius* tell *Tyberius* of his crueltie, with *Brutus* tell *Cesar* of his vsurping, with *Cato Censorius* will reprehend the Commonweale for her

her ryoting. And true it is, that a Commonwealth is better gouerned (if of neceſſitie it muſt be gouerned by either) by *Cynickes* then *Epicures*, more offences for moſt part ariſing by alluring and inducing men to ſenſuall pleaſures, then by *Spartas Damaſymbrotos*, his reſtraining of youth. The *Lacedæmonians* neuer liued ſo ſecurely, as when they liued barely; nor euer did Romes Commonwealth dilate her bounders more then by the practiſe of legall auſteritie, nor decreaſe more then by introduction of lawleſſe libertie. And yet I find it more rare to heare any admonitions but *Placentia* in the Courts preſence; then to ſee a graue and demure *ſeeming*, couer an hypocrites ranke diſſembling. We haue more* *Seiani* (which I wiſh had *Seians* fall) then *Vticani* to prouide for a Commonweals ſafetie. There were many could greete *Cæſar* with an *Aue*, but there were few would put him in mind of his *Memento mori*. Many could perſwade *Phaeton* that he could guide the *Sunnes chariot* in better order then his gray-hair'd father, but by aſſenting to their perſwaſions, he was like to make a flame of the world. Nothing more dangerous to the ſtate of a well-gouerned Commonweale, then *Paraſites, the tame beaſts of the Citie* (as *Diogenes* calls them). If the perſwading ſycophancie of Times-obſeruancie had not beſotted *Candaules* with his wiues beautie, he had preuented that miſerable euent which by his owne *Gyges* was practiſed and performed. *Dicit Varius, negat Scaurus, vtri creditis? Varius* affirmes it, *Scaurus* denies it, whether beleeue you? The one ſincerely voyd

* *Ayming no leſſe at priuie glorers and deluders, then at aſpiring plotters, and ſtate-intruders.*

of dissembling flatterie: the other glosingly voyde of truth and veritie. By the one we are subiect to the ruine of our state: by the other aduanced to a firmer constancy then such as may be any way subiect to mutabilitie. *Nero* in the beginning of his time banished al the *Spintrie, Inuentors of beastly pleasures* out of his kingdome; I would he had banished time-obseruing flatterers, and that he had retained such as *Terpnus*, that would reprehend him in his enormities. *Iulius Cæsar* was too much addicted to his Parasites, but his successour *Augustus* was—*ad accipiendas amicitias rarissimus, ad retinendas vero constantissimus.* It was long ere he would entertaine a friend, but being retained, he was most constant in his fauour towards him. The old approbation of friendship comes into my mind, to eate a bushell of salt ere we be acquainted. We may trie our friends as *Pilades* did his *Orestes*, *Damon* his *Pythias*, *Æneas* his *Achates*, but it will be long I feare me, ere any of vs possesse such impregnable Assistants, such Presidents of true friendship. The skilfull Painter when he depictures an vnthankfull man, because he cannot well delineate him in his colours, without some proper Motto better to explaine him, representeth him in the Picture of a Viper, that killeth her feeder. There be many such Vipers, which appeare in externall shew as true hearted as Turtles, I feare them more then the open force of mine enemie: for these sugred kisses bring destruction to the receiuer. *Boethius* defining a good man, saith: *He may be* thus defined: *he is a good man*—*cui nullum bonum*

Quinquennium Nero.

bonum malumue ſit, niſi bonus malusue animus: to whom nothing is eſteemed either good or euill, but a good or an euill mind; and what effectually maketh this euill mind, but either an inbred euill diſpoſition, which ariſeth from the crookedneſſe of his nature, or frō the euill perſwaſions of depraued time-obſeruers: for the beſt natures be (for the moſt part) ſooneſt peruerted & ſeduced. Then how neceſſarie is it to roote out ſo noyſome and peſtilent a weede as *flatterie*, which corrupteth the affections of the worthieſt and moſt pregnant wits, as daily example hath well inſtructed vs? How hatefull was it to that worthie *Thebane* Prince, *Ageſilaus*, that memorable mirror of iuſtice (& no leſſe hatefull to our renowned Prince, whoſe exquiſite endowments make him as eminent abroad, as vs bleſſed at home) to ſee a *flatterer* in his Pallace? nay ſo much contemning popular applauſe, that he would not ſuffer his Statue to be erected, leſt thereby the vaine and profane *adorations* of his ſubiects ſhould grieue the gods, diſdaining that *veneration* of any mundane power, ſhould be confuſedly mixed with *adoration* and worſhip of the gods immortall: well remembring *Heſiods* caueat — μὴ ξὺν ἔρδειν, we muſt not mixe prophane worſhips with deuine. That Court-gate in Rome called *Quadrigemina*, I would haue it demoliſhed in Troinouant, leſt her eſtate ſecond Roms ſlauery. *Cicero* thinks that no vice can be more pernicious then *aſſentation*, the verie helper and furtherer of all vices. She can giue life and being to the aſpiring thoughts of man, when *He* ſoares too ambi-

The Paraſite-gate.

tiously to the pearch of preferment, honour, or the like. That wicked *Catiline* who conspired against Rome, and aspired to the Diadem, seeking to reduce the Empire from a gouernment Aristocraticke, to a *Catilines* Monarchie; was egged & instigated thereto by complices fit for that purpose, and well sorting with such an agent, such a cruell practitioner — *Incredibilia, immoderata & nimis alta semper cupiendo*, in desiring things incredible, immoderate, and too high aboue ordinary reach. The like befell vpon *Carba*, and those who sought to dissolue the Romane Monarchie, & to make it an Oligarchie or some other gouernment, which was vncertaine, because their intendments neuer came to their accomplished ends. These things thus considered in their natures, I haue here described *Tarpeus* sinceritie in reprehending *Neroes* crueltie, concluding with *Flaccus* Dystich.

Hic murus aheneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi nulla, pallescere culpa.

What hard mischance so ere to thee befall,
Let thy pure conscience be the brazen wall.

The Satyre ensueth, which most especially aymeth at Time obseruers, some whereof in particular I haue instanced, as *Seianus, Perennius, Sycites*; the dismall euents whereof with their Tragicke ends, I haue amply described.

THE

THE EIGHTH SATYRE.

TErpnus * *Musician to a tyrant Prince,*
Nero *by name, did in the funeralls*
Which were solemniz'd on his mothers hearse,
Sing on his Lute these woefull tragicalls:
Where euery straine he strooke vpon his string,
Did vexe the conscience of the tyrant king.

Incestuous * Oedipus *who slue his father,*
Married his mother, and did violate
The law of nature, which aduis'd him rather
Single to liue, then take to such a state,
Becomes a subiect fit, for this sad hearse,
Where ink giues place to blood to write her verse.

Cruell Orestes *bath'd his ruthlesse sword,*
Estrang'd from strangers, in his mothers blood,
So little pittie did the child afford
To Her, *that was the parent of the brood;*
Yet some excuse for this Orestes *had,*
Mad men exemption haue, and He *was mad.*

Sphinx *subtile Giant, who did riddles put*
Vnto each passenger He *met withall,*
Which, who could not resolue He *peece-meale cut,*
Throwing them frō steepe rocks whence they should fall,
Whereby their members broke and crusht in peeces,
Remain'd as food in Sea to fillie fishes.

Yet this he did vpon mature aduice,

* Terpnum tharædum. gentem, tu præter alio accersijt. Nero.

* Inter cæt cantauit Ca cem partur tem, Oreste matricidam Oedipoden excæcatum. Herculem i num, &c. S in vit. Ner.

For who so'ere He were assoil'd this question,
Was not oppress'd by him in any wise,
But might with safest conduct trauell on;
Where thou foule Matricide doest infants vex,
Without respect of person, state, or sex.

There is no sex which may exempted be,
From thy insatiate hand embrew'd in blood,
But waxing proud in others miserie,
Doest tyrannize vpon poore womanhood:
Blood-thirsty Tyrant there's prepar'd a doome,
To startle thee that rip'd thy mothers wombe.

Raging Orestes heard a furious crie,
Which did attend his phrensie to his graue,
And did distiue he his restlesse sleepe thereby,
So as saue troubled dreames He nought could haue:
With many broken sleepes, to shew his guilt,
Of his deare mothers blaud, which He had spilt.

Which poore Orestes had no sooner heard,
Then to his pillow in a dismall sort,
Streight He retir'd, and being much afeard,
Lest hell and horror should conuent him for't,
With hands lift vp to heauen and hideous crie,
He oft would curse himselfe, and wish to die.

Turne me (ye gods) quoth he, to some wild beast,
Some sauage Lion, or some Tyger fierce,
Since I delight so much in blood to feast,
For who can with remorse my deeds rehearse?
Which if time should with her oblivion smother,

Blond

Ciuis gaudet ma cruore.

git ab agro ciuitatem, à blico ad domum, à domo cubiculum. ugust. in enar. p. 45. Psal.

restes impression.

Bloud cries reuenge, reuenge me cries my mother.

Worse then the beasts thou art, they cherish them,
And bring their parents food when they grow old:
Who then can daigne to looke on thee for shame,
That hast defac'd that forme that gaue thee mold?
The tender * Storke *that sees her parents lack,*
Will bring them food, and beare them on her back.

Basilius hom. 8. 9.

But thou a mirrour of impietie,
Deprines thy parent of her vitall breath,
And makes her subiect to thy cruelty,
Thus she that gaue thee life, thou giues her death:
A sweete reward; O then ashamed be,
Thou staine of Greece, that Greece should harbor thee.

Thus would Orestes *frame his sad discourse,*
With words as vile as were his actions foule,
To moue his phrenticke passions to remorse,
Which long (too long) had triumpht ere his soule;
Nor could he find vnto his woes reliefe,
Till * *death did end his life, and cure his griefe.*

* He was so vexed with furies (the reuengers of his mothers bloud) that he wandered mad vp and downe till he came to Taurica, where he found an end of his troubles.

If all his teares and ruthfull miseries,
Could neuer expiate his mothers death,
To what extent shall thy calamities
Grow to in time, that stops thy mothers breath,
Euen Agrippinaes *breath, whose cursed birth,*
Maks her *to curse the wombe that brought thee forth?*

This Nero *notes, and noting shewes his ire,*
By outward passions, yet concealeth it,

Resolu'd

Resolu'd are long to pay the minstrels hire,
When time and opportunitie should fit;
For tyrants haue this propertie' boue other,
They meane reuenge, yet their reuenge cã smother.

And so did Nero, *whose perplexed mind,*
Guilty of what was ill, seem'd to admire
His Art in Musicke, rather then to find
Any distaste, lest He *should shew the fire,*
Which lay rak'd vp in ashes, and display
What time might sleight, but could not take away.

Yet he began to scoule and shake the head,
With eyes as fierie-red as Ætnaes hill,
Willing him streight to other acts proceed,
And silence them that parents blond did spill:
Sing to thy Lute (quoth he) straines of delight,
To cheare th' attendants of this wofull * *sight.*

* *Agrippinaes funerals.*

Terpnus *did passe vnto another theame,*
Yet still relates He *in the end of all,*
The facts of Oedipus, Orestes *shame,*
How and by what effects succeed'd their fall;
Whereby (as well it was by all perceiued)
Nero *the tyrant inwardly was grieued.*

Terpnus *contins'd in his Lyricke ode,*
So long as Nero *in his throne remained,*
But now impatient longer of abode,
Wearied with audience (for so he feined)
Terpnus *left off from prosecuting further,*
The sad relation of this cruell * *murther.*

* *For which no law amongst the Pagans was enacted: imagining, none could be so brutish as commit such vnnaturall cruelty.*

But

But see the Tyrant, who before delighted
More with the musicke of good Terpnus *lyre,*
Then any thing which ere his soule affected,
Neuer more straines of Terpnus *did require;*
For being grieu'd, each day his grieues increased,
Till Terpnus *exile made his grieues appeased.*

Yet not appeased, for each day each night,*
He heard the hideous cries of Furies shriking.
Oft would He *turne himselfe before day-light,*
But got no rest, his bodie out of liking,
Yet tyranniz'd in spilling bloud apace,
Act vpon act as one bereft of grace.

** For hauing slaine his mother, he saw in his sleepe a ship, the rudder whereof was wrested fro him guiding it, whence he was haled by Octau. to most hideous darknesse.* ibid.

Sometimes, He *saw his mother haling him,*
*With wombe new-rip'd, there** Sporus *who* He *sought,*
To make of man a woman drag him in;
Here *sundrie Matrons whom he fore'd to nought,*
And slue defil'd, which fix'd on Him *their eye,*
Which seene, He *fled, but flying could not flie.*

* In vit. Ner.

Like the vision appeared to Tiberius crying out —Redde Germanicum.

O conscience, what a witnesses thou brings,
'Gainst Him *that iniures thee, where no content*
Can giue houres-respite to the state of kings,
Thou of thy selfe art sole-sufficient,
To hale or heale, to hale from life to death,
Or heale the wound of which he languisheth?

Behold here Terpnus *courage, to correct*
The great abuses of his Princes mind,
Whose pompe, port, power, He *lightly doth respect,*
To taxe those crimes to which He *is inclin'd.*

He's

He's no Court-Adder that will winde him in,
To Princes grace by praising of his sinne.

O I could wish we had such Terpni many,
Who would not sooth nor flatter, but avouch,
Blacke to be blacke: but there's I feare not any,
Too few at least, I doubt me rightly such;
And yet me thinks such Phœnix's might build here,
Within this Ile, as well as other where.

Vid. Cornel. Tacit. & Sueto. Tranq. in vit. Tib.

Seianus, let him bloome in other coasts,
And purchase honour with his flatterie,
Let his aspiring thoughts make private boasts,
To raise his Fortunes to a monarchie,
He cannot prosper here, for why, we know,
State-ruine from Court-parasites may grow.

So Seian thought (what have not Traitors thought)
To curre favour with the Senators,
The better to atchieue what He had wrought,
By secret plots with his conspirators;
Faire-tong'd false-heart, whose deepe-cõtriving braine
Gaue way to ruine, where He thought to raigne.

But He's well gone, Rome is dispatch'd of one
That would have made combustion in the state,
Whose death made Hers reioyce, but His to mone,
Who on his fall built their vnhappie fate;
For Treason like a linked chaine doth show,
Which broke in one, doth breake in others too.

Next whom Perennius, whose affected grace,

Italian-

Italian-*like*, *seem'd as compos'd by art*,
May for his smoothing humour take the place,
Who sole-possessor of a Princes heart,
The youthfull Commodus, *did so allure him*,
As his aduice seemes onely to secure him.

Faire Prince (quoth he) if any worldly wight, *A Parasite-pander.*
May solace those faire corps fram'd curiously,
Expresse Her *onely when she comes in sight*,
And I your pleasure soone will satisfie;
Your Vnckle he's too strict, he's too seuere, —Exeat aula
To coupe you vp in silence alwaies here. Qui vult esse pius. *Lucan. 8. li.*

What priuiledge haue Princes more then we,
If they deprined be of open aire?
What comfort reape they in their Empirie,
If Nestor-*like*, *they still sit in their chaire?*
No, no, deare Prince, you know a Prince is borne
To be his subiects terror, not their scorne.

No. Theater rear'd in your royall Court,
Turney, Iust, Barrier, should solemniz'd be,
To which a Romane Prince should not resort,
Amazing Ladies with his maiestie;
O then it is a shame for your estate,
To seeme in ought for to degenerate!

How gorgeously did Rome demeane her then,
When young Vitellius *did* * *banket it*, * Banketting euer three times, and now and then foure times aday. in vit. Vitell.
Seruing at table miriads of men,
With lustie Ladies which did reuell it?
Yet you more high in state, more ripe in wit,

Must Hermit-like in cell retired sit.

Shake off these Sages *which do now attend you,*
For they like fetters do restraine your pace;
Giue lustfull youth in euery part his due,
Let sprightly gallants take the Sages *place,*
By which enthron'd secure, you may command,
As Ioue *erst did, with* Io *in his hand.*

Nec fuge me (fugiebat enim) tum pascua Lernæ, &c. Lib. 1. Met.

This did Perennius *moue, and tooke effect,*
Greene thoughts receiue too aptly wanton seede,
Remaining with the Prince in chiefe respect,
As they are wont, who Princes humours feed;
Till He *conspiring to vsurpe the crowne,*
Amidst his honours was cast headlong downe.

Vid. Aurel. Sex. in epit. Herod. in vit. Commod.

Where he receiu'd a doome that seru'd for all,
(Like doome still breath on such infectious breath)
For soring thoughts must haue as low a fall,
Whose fauning lines play prologue to their death:
For well I know no bane on earth can be
Worse to the State then rust of flatterie.

* Vid. Ciceronem in Lælio prope finem, &c.

Then should these last-ensuing times beware,
Lest they commit offences of like kind,
Which in the common wealth procure that iarre,
As by their proiects we subuersion find:
For they deprane the vertues of the best,
And in the highest Cedars build their nest.

Sycites, *he whose sycophants pretence,*
Made wofull hauocke of his Common weale,

Abusing

Abusing much his Princes innocence,
At last by time (as time will all reueale)
Became displeasde, who as He *was a fo*
Vnto the state, the state adiudg'd him so.

AN ADMONITION.

BE thou a Tarpnus *to restraine abuse,*
Sin-training pleasures fraught with vanitie;
Be thou no Seian, *no* Perennius,
To humour vice to gaine a Monarchie;
Be not Sycites, *let examples moue thee,*
And thou wilt cause the Commonweale to loue thee.

The Argument of Epicurus, *as in the first Satyre familiarly expressed, so now in his miserable end with liuely colours described.*

EPicurus, who first inuented that sect of *Epicurisme*, delighting in nothing saue voluptuous pleasures and delights, in the end being grieuously vexed with the stopping of his vrine, and an intollerable paine and extremitie of his bellie exulcerated, became mightilie tormented; yet besotted with the fruition of his former pleasure, (so violent are customarie delights) thus concluded:

ded: *O quàm felici exitu finem expectatum vitæ imposui?* With how happie an end do I limit the course and progresse of my life? The *morall* includes such, as haue liued in securitie, and carelesnesse, respectlesse of God or his iudgement; and euen now readie to make an end of so hapless & fruitlesse a race, close vp the date of their life as securely as they liued carnally. The second *Picture* in the former *Section* comprehends the like subiect, though the one seeme more generall vnder the name of *Pandora*, implying a gouernesse and directresse in all pleasures, or exhibitresse of all gifts: The other more particular, containing one priuate and peculiar Sect, euen the *Epicure*, who thought that the *chiefe good* consisted in a voluptuous and sensuall life, expecting no future doome after the tearme and end of this life.

Here consider the momentanie and fraile course of this short and vnconstant life, tossed and turmoiled with many turbulent billows, exposed to sundrie shelfs of perillous assaults, many home-bred and forreine commotions; in which it behoueth vs (like expert Pilots) to be circumspect in so dangerous a voyage, lest sailing betwixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, presumption and despaire, by encountring either we rest shipwracked: where if any (which is rare to find) passe on vntroubled, yet must *He* of necessitie conclude with *Seneca*, *Non tempestate vexor, sed nausea.* So slow is euery one to proceede graduate in vertues. *Academica*—*ita vt non facile est reputare, vtrum inhonestioribus corporis partibus rem quæsierit, an amiserit:* as

Cicero

Cicero well obſerueth in his Declamation againſt *Saluſt*. For who is he of ſo pure and equall temper, whoſe man-like reſolution holds him from being drawne and allured by the vaine baits and deceits of worldly ſuggeſtions? where there be more of *Penelopes* companions in euery ſtew, in euery brothell of ſinne and wantonneſſe, then euer in any age before. Euery one *vt Lutulenus ſus*—as a hogge wallowing in the mire of their vaine conceits, roue from the marke of pietie and ſobrietie; into the broad ſea of intemperance and ſenſualitie: but none more of any Sect then *Epicuriſme*, which like a noiſome and ſpreading Canker, eats into the bodie and ſoule of the profeſſor, making them both proſtitute to pleaſure, and a very ſinke of ſinne. The *Satyre* will explane their defects more exactly, which followeth.

THE NINTH SATYRE.

THat Epicurus *who of late remained*
Subiect to euery fowle impietie,
Now with diſtempers and night-ſurfets pained,
Bids mirth adue, his ſole felicitie:
His vrine ſtopt wants paſſage from his vaines,
Which gines increaſe to his inceſſant paines.

Yet feeles He *not his ſoules afflicted woe,*
Vnmindfull (wretched man) of her diſtreſſe,
But pampers that which is his greateſt foe,
And firſt procur'd his ſoules vnhappineſſe:
He *cannot weepe,* He *cannot ſhed a teare,*

But dying laughs, as when He *liued here.*

His Ben-companions drinking healths in wine,
Carousing flagons to his health receiuing,
Whose sparkling noses taper-like do shine,
Offer him drinke whose [a] *thirstie mind is crauing:*
For though He *cannot drinke, yet his desire,*
Is to see others wallow in the mire.

[a] Resembling one Elderton, on whom this inscription was writ: here lieth drunken Elderton, in earth now thrust: what said I thrust? nay rather here lies thirst. In Rem. of a greater worke.

Turne him to heauen He *cannot, for* He *knowes not*
Where heauens blest mansion hath her situation:
Tell him of heauens fruition, and he shewes not
The least desire to such a contemplation:
His sphere inferiour is, whose vanitie
Will suite no court so well as [b] Tartarie.

[b] Orcus vobis ducit pedes.

He hath no comfort while He *liueth here,*
For He's *orewhelmed with a sea of griefe,*
And in his death as little ioy appeares,
For death will yeeld him small or no reliefe:
He thought no pleasure after life was ended,
Which past, his fading comforts be extended.

Horror appeares euen in his ghastly face,
And summont (wofull summons) troups of diuels,
Whilst He *benumm'd with sinne reiecteth grace,*
The best receit to cure soule-wounding euils:
Forlorne He *liues, and liues because* He *breathi,*
But in his death sustaines a thousand deaths.

Vngratefull viper, borne of vipers brood,
That hates thy parent, braues ore thy Protector,

Whose

Whose seruile life did neuer any good,
But hugging vice, and spurne Him *did correct her;*
See how each plant renewes and giues increase,
By him, whom stones would praise, if man should ceasse.

Nor plant, nor worme, nor any senslesse creature,
Will derogate from Gods high Maiestie,
Since they from him, as from the supreme Nature,
Receiue their vigour, growth, maturitie,
Substance, subsistence, essence, all in one,
From Angels forme vnto the senslesse stone.

But time hath hardn'd thy depraued thoughts,
Custome of sin hath made thy sin, no sin;
Thus hast thou rear'd the fruite thy labours sought,
And dig'd a caue in which thou wallowest in; The Epicures Caue.
The Porter of which caue, reproch and shame,
Which layes a lasting scandall on thy name.

A swine in mind, though Angell-like in forme,
Preposterous end to such a faire beginning,
That Thou, *whom such a feature doth adorne*
As Gods owne Image, should be soild with sinning;
Who well may say of it thou drown'd in pleasure,
This Superscription is not mine but Cæsars.

Thou want'st grace, and wanting, neuer call'st,
Nes'led in mischiefe and in discontent;
Thou who from light to darknesse headlong fall'st,
Hauing the platforme of thy life misspent,
Rouse thee Thou *canst not, for securitie*
Hath brought thy long sleepe to a Lethargie.

Sic faciunt hyemem decipiendo, glires.

Dull Dormouse, sleeping all the winter time,
Cannot endure the breath of aire or winde,
But euer loues to make the Sunne to shine
Vpon her rurall Cabbin, that same mind
Art Thou *endew'd with all,* All winter keeping
Thy drunken cell, spends halfe thy life in sleeping.

Thou when thou read'st in stories of the Ant,
The painfull Be, the early-mounting Larke,
Thou cals them fooles, for Thou *hadst rather want,*
Pine, droupe, and die in powertie, then carke:
Thou thinks there is no * *pleasure, but to dwell*
In that vast Tophet Epicurean cell.

* According to that of the Poet. — No pleasure but to swill, And full, to emptie, and being empties fill.

Art thou so sotted with earths worldly wealth,
That thou expects no life when this is ended?
Do'st thou conceiue no happinesse in health,
If health in healths *be not profanely spended?*
Well there's small hope of thee, and thou shalt find,
Sinne goes before, but vengeance dogs behind.

Thou canst not tell by thy Philosophie
Where th'glorious Synod of the Angels sit,
Nor canst thou thinke soules immortalitie
Should any mortall creature well befit:
Vnfit thou art for such a prize as this, (wish.
Which Saints haue wish'd to gaine, and gain'd their

Thou sings strange Hymnes of loue of shepeard-swaine,
How Amarillis *and* Pelargus *woed,*
Where in loue measures thou employes some paines,
To make thy works by wanton eares allow'd;

For loues encounter loose wits can expresse it,
But for diuine power they will scarce confesse it.

Thus should each sinne of thine *vnmasked be,*
Each crime deblazon'd in her natiue colour:
There would appeare such a deformitie,
As th'Greeke Therſites *shape was neuer fowler;* Homer. in Iliad: & alibi.
Which if compar'd to th'powerfull works of grace,
Would looke agaſt, aſham'd to show their face.

If I should moue thee, rectifie thy cares,
I know twere fruitleſſe, all thy care's to ſinne,
Whoſe barren harueſt interſowne with tares,
Endeth farre worſe then when it did begin;
A ranke indurate vlcerous hard'ned ill,
Can ill be bett'red till it haue her fill.

And yet when as this phrentick mood ſhall leaue thee, Ad pœnas tardus Deus eſt, ad præmia velox.
There is ſome hope of gaine-recouerie,
When thy offenſiue life miſpent ſhall grieue thee;
Thy wound's not mortall, looke for remedie;
But if like Epicure *thou ſtill doeſt lie,*
As thou liues ill, ſo doubt I thou muſt die.

The Argument of Diagoras Orator of Athens.

Diagoras a corrupt Orator vſing to receiue bribes, was exiled, and this Satyre to gall him the more, engrauen vpon his ſhipboord: As followeth.

THE TENTH SATYRE.

Diagoras *was once to pleade a cauſe,*
Which th'aduerſe partie hauing well obſerued,
Claps me a guilded goblet in his clawes,
Which He *as priuately (forſooth) reſerued;*
Speake (quoth this client) either nought at all,
Or elſe abſent you from the ſeſſions *hall.*

Abſent He *would not be, and yet as good,*
For his mute tongue was abſent in the cauſe,
Saying, the cauſe he had not vnderſtood,
And therefore wiſh'd that he a while might pauſe;
But hauing pauſ'd too long, through his delay
The Court diſmiſt, the Senat went away.

Seeing the Senate gone, good gods (quoth he)
Can we not haue our cauſes heard, whoſe truth
Is manifeſt as light? ô thus we ſee
Our Clients wrong'd, whoſe wrongs afford much ruth:

I would not answer this before Ioues *throne,*
If I thereby might make the world mine owne.

Nought to a conscience pure and void of blame,
Which (Ioue *be prais'd*) *in me his spotlesse brest,*
For no foule act could blemish ere my name,
No corrupt bribe did ere enrich my chest:
Yes one (the Clyent *answer'd*) *you know when:*
It's true indeed (my friend) *and nere but then.*

Yes once you know (another *answer'd*) *more,*
When you protested the Angina *pain'd you,*
For which contuption, you had gold in store,
That silent speech of yours abundance gain'd you:
It's true indeed, yet there's none can convict me,
That ere my conscience for these *did afflict me.*
Nay that He sweare (*quoth one*) *I neuer knew*
Remorce of conscience or relenting teare:
That heart of yours aid nere repentance *shew,*
But could take more, if that you did not feare
You should detected be, and your offence,
As * *iustice craues, should giue you recompence.*

Thus as they talk'd, thus as they did discourse,
In came a Senatour, which did reueale,
His corrupt dealings, for He *did enforce*
Him selfe to publish what He *did conceale:*
Whose crimes diuulg'd, He *presently was tel'd*
To Coos *hauen, whence* He *was banished.*

Thus was a corrupt Orator conuicted,

* There were certaine images of Iudges (by report) set vp at Athens, hauing neither hands nor eyes: implying that Rulers and Magistrates should neither be infected with bribes, nor any otherway drawne from that which was lawfull and right.
But most happie were those dayes wherein Basil the Emperour of Constantinople liued, that whensoeuer he came to his iudgement seate, he found neither partie to accuse, nor defendant to answer.

Pressing himselfe with his owne obloquie,
Whose selfe-detection made his state afflicted,
His hands the weauers of his tragedie;
Which I could wish to all of like desert,
Whose good profession 'smade a guilefull art.

The Argument.

TRiptolemus is reported to haue inuented Tillage the first of any, and to haue taught the art of sowing corne: whereupon the gratefull husbandman, to repay the thankfulnesse of his well-willing mind, rendreth this *Elegie*, as in part of payment for so rare inuention: Satyrically withall inueying against such, who eate the fruite of others labours, liue on the sweat of others browes, and muzling the mouth of the oxe that treads out the corne, reape what they neuer sowed, drinke of the vine they neuer planted, and eate at the Altar of which they neuer partaked.

THE ELEVENTH SATYRE ELEGIACK.

AGed Triptolemus *father of our field,*
That teacheth vs thy children rare effects;
We do vnto thy sacred Temple yeeld
The fruits we reape, and tender all respects

To

To thee, *that hast this rare* * *invention found,*
And gaue first light of tillage to our ground.

* Dona fero Cereris—Met. lib. 5.

Describe we cannot in exact discourse,
Those rarer secrets which proceed from thee,
For polish'd words with vs haue little force,
That are inured to Rusticitie;
But what we can we'le do, and to that end,
To thee (*as Patron*) *we our fields commend.*

By thee *we till the wilde vntempered soile,*
Make rising hillocks champion and plaine;
Where though with early labour we do toile,
Yet labour's light where there is * *hope of gaine:*
We thinke no hurt, but trauell all the day,
And take our rest, our trauels to allay.

* Spes alet agricolas.

No proiect we intend against the State,
But cuts the bosome of our Mother earth;
We giue no way to passion or debate;
By labour we preuent our Countries dearth:
Yet this ascribe we not to our owne part,
But vnto thee, *that did inuent this art.*

Those glorious Trophies *which* Menander *set,*
In honour of the sacred Deities,
Would be too long a subiect to repeate,
Rear'd in such state with such solemnities;
Yet these *to* ours, *inferiour be in worth,*
Those *were of earth,* these *tell vs vse of earth.*

We ope the closet of our mothers breast,

And

And till the sedgie ground with crooked plough,
And in the euening take our quiet rest,
When we the heate of day haue passed through:
Thus do we sow, thus reape, and reaping we
Do consecrate our first fruites vnto thee.

And with our fruites our wonted Orisons,
With solemne vowes to thy obsequious shrine,
*Whose * dedication merits heauenly songs,*
Will we protest what's ours is euer thine;
For what we haue came from thy deuine wit,
Or from His power *that first infused it.*

* Of the dedication of Pagan Temples, vid. Var. de Ant. & Macrob.

*—Ex nitido fit rusticus, atque Sulcos & vineta crepat mera, præparat vlmos, Hor.

*By thee we plant the * Vine and Olive tree,*
Contriue coole harbors to repose and lie:
*By thee our * Vine sends grapes forth fruitfully,*
The Almond, Chestnut, and the Mulberrie;
Thus Saturns *golden age approcheth neare,*
*And (*Flora*-like) makes spring-time all the yeare.*

* Vina generosissima, Massica, Cecuba, Falerna. Hipp. de coll.

The pleasant banks of faire Parnassus mount,
With trees rank-set and branchie armes broad-spred,
The Mirtle-trees hard by Castalias fount,
With flowrie wreaths thy shrine *haue honoured;*
Mongst which, no Iland's more obliig'd to thee,
Then this same Ile of famous Britannie.

* As in Scythia, which region in most places is so cold, as fruites can come to no ripenesse.

Others intemporate through parching heate,
Haue their fruites blasted ere they come to light,
b *Others are planted in a colder seate,*

For as the Astrologers are of opinion, there is a certaine breadth in the heauen, on earth from North to South, bounded out by some of the principall Circles, of the which are 5. in all: one fierie betweene the two Tropicks which is called Zona Torrida: two extreme cold, betweene the Polare circles and the Poles of the wold: and two temporate betweene either of the Polare circles and his next Tropicke.

Whereby

Whereby the Sun-beames seldome shew their might;
But we *(and therein blest) inhabite one,*
Which as it's fruitfull, it's a temp'rate Zone.

How can we then if we do ought, do lesse
Then labour to requite as we receiue?
For such a burning wind's *vnthankefulnesse,*
As by it we do lose that which we haue:
Let each then in his ranke obserue his measure,
And giue Him *thanks that gaue* Him *such a treasure.*

How many regions haue their fruites deuoured,
By th' Caterpiller, Canker, Palmerworme?
Whil'st by thy grace *so richly on vs powred,*
Our fields reioyce, and yeeld increase of corne;
O then admire we this great worke of thine,
Whereby all * *regions at our state repine!*

* Barbarus in uidit—*Met. l.*

Repine they may, for we surpasse their state,
In power, in riches, sinewes of sharpe warre;
They led in blindnesse attribute to fate,
What ere befall, we *to the* morning *starre,*
By which we are directed euery day,
Or else like wandring sheepe might loose our way.

Hesiod *relates seuen fortunate reposes,*
Ilands, which Fortune *fauours for their seate,*
Adorn'd with fruitfull plants sent-chafing roses;
Where there breaths euer a soile-cherishing heate,
By which the plants receiue their budding power,
And needs no other dew, no other shower.

Canariæ — fortunatæ insulæ. *vid. Hesiod. in ls. de oper: & die. pag. 15.* Ἐν μακάρων κέσοισι *in beatorum insulis.*

These

Ilet in the ocean foure hundred miles frō Spaine

These fruitfull Ilands which this Poet shewes,
Were seated farre within the Ocean,
And neuer warr'd as other Ilands vse,
Being in peacefull league with euery man:
Confer now these *together, and then see*
If this blest Iland be not Brittannie.

Blest were those Ilanders that did possesse
The fertile borders of those healthfull Iles,
And we *as blest haue no lesse happinesse,*
In this our Ile, not stretch'd to many miles;
Though when those * streames *of* Hellicon *appeare,*
It doubles fruites in doubling of her yeares.

* The two vniuersities.

Thames *full as pleasant as* Euphrates *flood,*
Though she containe not in her precious nauell,
The * *golden oare of* Ganges, *yet as good*
As any gold or any golden grauell,
Transporting hence, and bringing here againe,
Gaine *to the Citie by their fraught of graine.*

* Tagus, Ganges, and Pactolus three riuers famous for their golden oare or grauell.

Thus water, ayre, and earth, and all vnite
Their powers in one, to benefit our state,
So as conferring profit with delight,
Well may we tearme this Iland fortunate;
For we more blest then other Iles haue bin,
Enioy both peace without and peace within.

Vnto his altar *let vs then repaire,*
That hath conferd these blessings on our land,
And sure we are to find him present there,
Apt to accept this offring *at our hand;*

Where,

Where, *as* He *hath remembred vs in peace,*
We'le *yeeld him* fruites *of soules and soiles increase.*

To thee *then (blessed Deitie) is meant,*
This vot all sacrifice, *how ere we speake,*
Of old Triptolemus *thy instrument;*
For midst inuentions we will euer seeke
To raise thy *praise, who hast* thy *Throne aboue vs,*
And daily shewes that thou doest dearely loue vs.

The true explanation of this Elegie.

The Argument.

MElanomius a shepheard of Arcadia, who hauing frequented the plaines there long time, with great husbandrie vsed to exercise his pastures, receiuing no small profite from his fruitfull flocke: in the end fell in loue with *Cynthia* Queene of the forrest adioyning: whom hauing woed with many loue-inducing tokens, and shepheards madrigals, and spent the profit of his flock in gifts (with too lauish a bountie bestowed vpon her) and yet could no way preuaile, being posted off with many trifling delayes; in the end wrote this short *Satyre* in a Cynick mood, reuiling at the couetousnesse and insatiable desire of women, who will prostitute their fauour for lucre sake vnto the meanest swaine, till *they* haue consumed the

fruite of his stocke, and then will turne him ouer shipboord.

THE TWELFTH SATYRE.

MElonomus *a worthie shepheard swaine,*
Besotted with faire Cynthia's *amorous face,*
Beseeched Her *to loue for loue againe,*
And take compassion on his wofull case;
Which she halfe-yeelding to, dissembling too,
Did moue the swaine more eagerly to woo.

And that with * *gifts most powerfull to ensnare*
The minds of maids, whose curious appetite,
Desires as they *be faire to haue things faire,*
To adde fresh fuell vnto loues delight;
Which to effect, each morne a flowrie wreath,
Compos'd the swaine, to breath on Cynthia's *breath.*

Fine comely bracelets of refined * *Amber,*
Vsed this Shepheard swaine to tender her,
And euery morne resorting to her chamber,
Would there appeare ere Phœbus *could appeare,*
Where telling tales as shepheards vse to tell,
She fore'd a smile, as though she lik'd Him *well.*

Thus poore Melonomus *continued long,*
* *Hoping for resolution at her hands,*
Whilest with delayes He *mixed gifts among,*
Which (as He *thought) were* fancies *strongest bands;*
And still He *craues dispatch of his request,*
And to performe what she *in show profest.*

*Non sumus ingratæ, poscunt pulcherrima pulchræ; Munera si referas, oscula grata feres.

* Rupibus extractum Calibæis mittit electrum, &c. *Whence it is said cometh the purest Amber.*

* *Thus at Loues barre this Client doubtfull stands, And weepes, & wipes, & wrings and wreathes his hands.*

But she, from day to day put off, replying,
She scarce resolued was to marrie yet:
But when his * *gifts surceast, she flat denying,*
Answer'd, A swaine was for a Queene vnfit;
He rurall, homely, bred of meane descent,
She royall-borne, of purer Element.

* Instat amans, tamen odit amans, sic munera quærit, Queis tamen acceptis, nescit amare magis.

Melonomus *thus answer'd, wisely fram'd*
This graue reply: And is it so indeed?
Be all those gifts I gaue (all which He *nam'd)*
To no effect? why then returne and feed
Thy wanton flocke, surceasse thy bootlesse suite,
Since she consum'd thy flocke with all their fruite.

A sudden resolution requiting her sudden disdaine.

Aged Alcmænon *who my father was,*
And as I guesse knew well the shepheards guise,
Thought scorne to set his loue on euery lasse,
Aye me vnhappie, of a sire so wise;
But this disdaine *that lowres on beauties brow,*
Shall teach me, *swaines with swaines know best to do.*

I cãnot trull it I, nor fancie all I see, if she be faire, wise and an heire, that girle liketh me.

The skipping Rams that butt with ragged hornes,
And brouze vpon each banke with sweete repast,
Shall not my ieelous head with wreathes adorne,
(But heauen forgiue my follie that is past;)
I will not fancie Cynthia, *since* she
In my distresse scornes to conuerse with me.

The

The Argument of Protagoras.

PRotagoras adored the stones of the *altar*, conceiuing them to be happie, as the Phylosopher *Aristotle* witnesseth: *Lapides, ex quibus are struebantur, felices esse putabat, quod honorentur.* He thought the very stones themselues to be happie, of which the altars were builded, because (saith he) they might be honoured. In this *Argument*, be such men shadowed, as most impiously worship the creature for the Creator, the worke for the worker. Therefore haue I subinserted this *Satyre*, to inueigh against the sensleese Gentiles and Painim, who in the foolishnesse of their hearts, vsed to adore stockes, stones, plants, and sensleese creatures, *Nunc deorum causam agam*; I will now pleade the cause of God, so iniuriously dealt with all by his owne workmanship. *Alexander* himselfe being but a mortall man as we our selues be, commanded *Callisthenes* his Schoolemaister to be slaine, because *He* would not worship *Him* for a god: much more aboue comparison, may God who is immortall and onely to be feared, punish yea and destroy *them* that in contempt of his infinite power and all-working maiestie, adore the Sunne, Moone, and Starres, *Isis* and *Osyris*, with many other vaine, idolatrous, and profane veneracions, derogating from the power and incomprehensible

Cic. de nat. deor.

Alan. de conquest. nat.

henſible eſſence of God. When a King beholds his ſubiects to reſerue their allegiance to any Monarch ſaue himſelfe, *He* makes *them* to be proclaimed Traitors to his Crowne and perſon: Euen ſo the King of heauen, when *He* ſeeth any ſubiect of his (as we be all and happie if ſo we be, and not ſlaues to the captiuitie and thraldome of ſinne,) preſently proſcribeth *him*, or will puniſh *him* with death, leſt others by his impunitie ſhould attempt the like. Wherefore then ſhould any profane man, ſo ouerſhadowed with the duskie clouds of error and impietie, tranſgreſſe the deuine precepts, Lawes, and Ordinances of the Almightie; thoſe eternall decrees eſtabliſhed and enacted in the glorious Synod of heauen, by relinquiſhing the ſweet promiſes of God, and communicating the worſhip of the Creator with the creature, as if there were a diſtribution to be made vnto either? But I will referre them to this following Satyre.

THE THIRTEENTH SATYRE.

PRotagoras *both wicked and profane,*
Wicked in life, profane in worſhipping,
Adored ſtones: (*ſee Pagans, ſee your ſhame*)
And thought them *worthie too of reuerencing;*
For if the gods be honoured, ſaid He,
Needs muſt the ſtones *whereof their Temples be.*

The like conceit He *had of* altars *too,*
And of the ſtones *whereof they were erected,*
To which He *oft would ſolemne worſhip doe,*

And taxe such men by whom they *were neglected;*
Wishing sometime He *were an* altar stone,
That to himselfe like honour might be done.

A iust reproofe to all Idolaters.

Thou senslesse man depriu'd of reasons lore,
What grace art thou (forlorne) *endewd withall,*
That thou shouldst shrines and senslesse stones adore,
That haue no eares to heare when thou doest call?
Thou deemes these relikes happie, *when god wot,*
If they *were happie, yet* they *know it not.*

The Altar is the shrine thou offrest to,
Thy incense, sacrifice, and fat of beasts,
Which on the altar thou art wont to do,
Not to the altar *where thou makes request;*
For it's enioynd thee by expresse command,
To kneele to nothing fashion'd by mans hand.

*Ingentes lapidũ strues erigit, nec tam curat quo erigit, quã curiose disponere quod arte conficit, &c.

The Manuall artist sets vp * *heapes of stones,*
Erecting curious Statues to adore,
But what are these, *can* they *attend our mones?*
No, they *haue eares to heare, but heare no more*
Then rubbish, clay, or stone, whereof they'r said,
(And such were Pagan Idols) to be made.

Turne thee vnto the East, from whence the Sunne
Hath his arising, whence He *doth proceed,*
As Bridegroome from his chamber, and doth run
His spacious course with such a passing speed,
As twentie foure houres He *doth onely borrow,*
To post the world from end to end quite thorow.

Stadium solis.

Each

Each plant on earth, each creature in the sea,
From whence haue they their growth, I pray thee say?
Do they deriue't from stones or imagerie?
Nay, I must tell thee, thou art by the way,
It's no inferiour power brings this to passe,
But his, who is, shall be, *and* euer was.

And he it is who notes thy errors past,
And can reuenge, though He *the time adiourne,*
Whose loue *vnto his sheepe doth euer last,*
And still expects and waits for thy returne;
But how can He *to thee in kindnesse shew him,*
That giues thee hands, yet will not lift them to him?

Deus est maxime iratus, non iratus, cum iratus propitius, &c.
Qui fecit te sine te, non saluabit te sine te. *August.*

Vngratefull thou to haue that ill conceit,
Of his all-being and all-seeing *power,*
Whose blest tuition guards vs and our state,
Whose surest hold is like a fading flower,
That springs and dies, such is the pompe of man,
As there He *ends in earth where* He *began.*

Horror of men, contempt to thy beginning,
Shame to the world, wherein thou doest surmise,
Whose best religion *is an act of sinning,*
In which thou meanes to die, and lones to liue;
What shall these shrines affoord thee after death,
The breath of life? no, for they haue no breath.

Exorto tremore, erubescet conscientia, obstupescet conscia mentis scientia, & dicendi faculeates penitus amittent organa, &c.

Then here Ile leaue thee, yet with sorrow too,
Thy Image *mones compassion, though't may be,*
Thou'lt aske the reason why I should do so,
Since sorrowes source hath lost her course in thee;

To which I may in reason thus reply,
My eyes are wet, because thy eyes are dry.

Yet will I to the altar, not t'adore it,
But offer incense to assoile thy sin;
Where full of teares I'le weepe, and weeping ore it,
Wish thy returne, *that thou may honour him,*
Whose worship thou prophan'd (as was vnfit)
Numen si diuidis, perdis. * *Entitling any creature vnto it.*

Three other Satyres composed by the same Author, treating of these three distinct subiects.

1. *Tyrannie, personated in* Eurystheus.
2. *Securitie, in* Alcibiades.
3. *Reuenge, in* Perillus.

With an Embleme of Mortalitie, in Agathocles.

The Argument.

EVrystheus a potent and puissant Prince of Greece, by the instigation of *Iuno* imposed *Hercules* most difficult labours, to the end to haue him dispatched. But of such inuincible patience was *Hercules* in suffering, and of such resolution in performing, as to his succeeding glory he pur-

chased

chaſed himſelfe honour through their hate, gaining to himſelfe renowne, where his foe intended ineuitable reuenge. Whence we may collect two remarkable things, no leſſe fruitfull in obſeruing, then delightfull in peruſing. The one is, to note how prompt and prepared men of depraued or vicious diſpoſition are, to put in execution the pleaſure of great ones, how indirect or vnlawfull ſoeuer their pleaſures be: directing and addreſſing their employments to the bent of their command, be it wrong or right. And theſe are ſuch who account it good ſauing policie, to keepe euer correſpondence with greatneſſe, eſteeming no ſupportance firmer, no protection ſafer, then to hold one courſe with thoſe high-mounting *Cedars*, from whoſe grouth the lower *ſhrubs* receiue ſhadow and ſhelter. The ſecond which I note, is to obſerue what glorious and proſperous ſucceſſe many haue, who purſued and iniuriouſly perſecuted (like *Zenocrates* Sparrow) either find ſome compaſſionate boſome to cheare & receiue them, or by the aſſiſtance of an vnconfined power, attaine a noble iſſue in midſt of all occurrences. To inſiſt on inſtances, were to enlarge an Argument aboue his bounds: few or none there are who haue not or may not, haue inſtance in the one, as well as perſonall experience in the other. Eſpecially when we recal to mind how many inſtant & imminent dangers haue bene threatned vs, & how many gracious and glorious deliuerances tendred vs. Some other excellent obſeruations might be culled or ſelected from the flowrie border of this

ſubiect, but my purpoſe is rather to ſhadow at ſome, then amply to dilate on all. For I haue euer obſerued, how Arguments of this nature are to moſt profit compoſed, when they are not ſo amply as aptly compiled: Long and tedious diſcourſes being like long ſeruices, tending more to ſurfet then ſolace; whereas the pleaſure of varietie, draweth on a new appetite in midſt of ſatietie. Now to our propoſed taske: where you ſhall ſee how harmeleſſe innocencie ſhuffels out of the hands of boundleſſe crueltie.

THE SATYRE.

HOe Euriſtheus, *I am hither ſent,*
From Iunoes *Princely pallace to thy Court,*
To tell thee, thou muſt be her inſtrument,
(And to that purpoſe ſhe hath chus'd thee for't)
To chaſtiſe Hercules, *growne eminent*
By his renowned conqueſts: do not ſhow
Thy ſelfe remiſſe, Iuno *will haue it ſo.*

And Iuno *ſhall; I will ſuch taskes impoſe,*
That earth ſhall wonder how they were inuented,
So as his life he ſhall be ſure to loſe,
What do I care, ſo Iuno *be contented,*
Darkneſſe ſhall not my ſecreſies diſcloſe?
Her will is my command, nor muſt I aske
Whence's her diſtaſt; come yong man *heare your taske*

A fruitfull garden, full of choyce delights,*
Enricht with ſprayes of gold and apples too,
Which by three ſiſters watch'd both dayes and nights,

* Heſperidum horti in cuſtodies, peruigiles retinent ſorores.

Yeeld

Yield no acceſſe vnto th'inuading foe,
Is thy firſt progreſſe; where with doubtfull ſight,
Thou muſt performe thy taske: this is the firſt,
Which if it proue to eaſie, next is worſt.

For in this firſt thou art to deale with women,
And reape a glorious prize when thou haſt done;
And ſuch an enterprize (I know) is common,
Crowning vs great by th'triumph we haue wonne:
**Gold is ſo ſtrange a baite, as there is no man,*
But he will hazard life to gaine that prize,
Which makes men fooles that are ſuppoſed wiſe.

* Aurifera nemora teretem ferentia cortice, aureumq; pomum.

But next taske ſhall be of another kind,
No golden apples pluckt from Heſperie:
For in this worke thou nought but dong ſhalt find,
**Augean ſtables muſt thy labour be,*
Which if thou cleare not, as I haue aſſign'd,
Death ſhall attend thee: tis in vaine to come,
By prayers or teares to change my fatall doome.

* Augei ſtabuli &c.

The third, that hideous Hydra, *which doth breed*
Increaſe of heads, for one being cut away,
Another ſprings vp ſtreight way in her ſtead:
Hence then away, and make me no delay,
Delay breeds danger, do what I haue ſaid,
Which done thou liues, which vnperform'd thou dies,
This ſaid; Alcydes *to his labour hies.*

* Abſciſſo capite, caput renaſcitur alterum.

He endeth all his labours (infinite in number and nature) in theſe three.

Alas (poore man) how well it may be ſaid,
So many are the perils he muſt paſſe,
That he with dangers is inuironed?

So hopeleſſe and ſo hapleſſe is his caſe,
As he by death is ſo encompaſſed,
That howſoere his power he meanes to trie,
Poore is his power, he muſt be forc'd to die.

Imperious tyrant, couldſt thou wreake thy rage
On none but ſuch whoſe valour hath bene ſhowne,
As a victorious Mirror to this age,
And hath bene blaz'd where thou wer't neuer knowne?
Muſt thou his perſon to ſuch taskes engage,
As fleſh and bloud did neuer yet ſuſtaine?
Well, he muſt trie, although he trie in vaine.

Yes, he will trie, and act what he doth try,
He'le tug and tew, and ſtriue and ſtoope to ought,
Yea * *die, if ſo with honour he may die,*
Yet know, that thoſe who haue his life thus ſought,
Are but inſulting types of * tyrannie, (*ſhelues,*
Whoſe boundleſſe ſpleene, when He hath paſt theſt
Will be diſgorg'd, and fall vpon themſelues.

For ſee, thou cruell ſauage, whoſe deſire
Extends to bloud, how this aduentr'ous Knight,
Gaines him renowne, and ſcorneth to retire,
Till he hath got a conqueſt by his fight:
So high heroick thoughts vſe to aſpire,
As when extremeſt danger ſeeks to encloſe them,
They ſleight thoſe foes that labour to oppoſe them.

Here ſee thoſe taskes which thy imperious power,
Impos'd this Noble champion, finiſhed;
The Serpent, * Hydra, *which of heads had ſtore,*

Now

* Non terret mors ſapientem.

* Thales mileſius interroganti quid difficile; ſenem (inquit) videre tyrannum.

* Pro telo gerit quæ fudit, armatus venit Leone & Hydra. *Senec.*

Now headleſſe lies by valour conquered,
The ſtables purg'd from th'filth they had before,
The golden Apples *Trophies of his glorie,*
Dilate their ends vnto an endleſſe ſtorie.

Here ſee th'euent where vertue is the aime,
Here ſee the iſſue of a glorious mind,
Here ſee how martiall honour makes her claime,
Here ſee the crowne to diligence aſſign'd,
Here ſee what all may ſee, a ſouldiers fame,
Not tipt with fruitleſſe titles, but made great,
More by true worth, then by a glorious ſeate.

For ſuch, whoſe native merit hath attain'd
Renowne 'mongſt men, ſhould aduerſe guſts aſſaile thẽ*
In ſuch an Orbe reſt their reſolues contain'd,
As well they may inuade but not appall them,
For from eſteeme of earth they'r wholly wain'd,
Planting their mounting thoughts vpon that ſphere,
Which frees ſuch minds as are infranchis'd there.

* Si ſola nobis adſunt proſpera, ſoluimur: ad virtutem vero melius per aduerſa ſolidamur. *Greg.*

Hence learne ye Great-ones, who eſteeme it good
Sufficient to be great, *and thinke't well done,*
Be't right or wrong, what's done in heate of blood,
Hence learne your ſtate, leſt ye decline too ſoone,
For few ere firmely ſtood, that proudly ſtood.
*But ſpecially ye men that [illegible] in * place,*
Iudge others as your ſelues were in ſame caſe.

* Locum virtus habet. *Sen.*

Here haue you had a mirror to direct
Your wayes, and forme your actions all the better,
Which preſident if careleſſe, ye neglect,

And

And walke not by this line, line, by this letter,
Hows'ere the world may tender you respect,
Ye are but gorgeous paintings daubed ouer,
Clothing your vice with some more precious couer.

Hence likewise learne ye whom the frowne of fate,
Hath so depress't, as not one beame doth shine
Vpon the forlorne mansion of your state,
To beare with patience and giue way to time,
So shall ye vie with Fortune in her hate;
And prize all earths contents as bitter-sweete,
Which armes you 'gainst all fortunes ye can meete.

This great Alcydes *did, who did with ease*
(For what's vneasie to a mind prepard)
Discomfit th'*Hydra *and th'*Stymphalides,
With whom he cop'd, encountred long and warr'd,
And gain'd him glory by such acts as these.
Obserue this Morall (for right sure I am)
The imitation shewes a perfect man.

*Has Hydra genit, his iacent Stymphalides. *Ibid.*

The last not least, which may obserued be,
Is to suppresse splene or conceiued hate,
Which in perfidious Nessus you may see,*
Fully portraid, who meerely through deceit,
Practis'd Alcydes *wofull Tragedy:*
For of all passions, there's none that hath
More soueraignty ore man, then boundlesse wrath.

*—Nessus hos struxit dolos. Ictus sagittis qui tuis vitam expulit. Cruore tincta est Palla semiferi, pater. Nessusque nunc mas exigit poenas sibi. *in Herc. Oet.*

Which to restraine, (for wherein may man show
Himselfe more manly, then in this restraint)
That there is nought more generous, you should know,

Then

Then true compassion to the indigent,
Which euen humanitie faith, that we owe
One to another, while we vse to tender
Loue to our Maker, *in him to each* member.

Flete Hereuleos numina casus. *ibid.*

Thus if ye do, how low soere ye be,
Your actions make you noble, and shall liue
After your summons of Mortalitie,
And from your ashes such a perfume giue,
As shall eternize your blest memorie:
If otherwise ye liue, ye are at best
But guilded gulls, and by opinion *blest.*

The Argument.

Alcibiades a noble Athenian, whose glorious & renowned actions gained him due esteeme in his Country: at last by retiring himselfe frō armes, gaue his mind to sensuality; which so effeminated his once imparallel'd spirit, as he became no lesse remarkable for sensuall libertie, then he was before memorable for ennobled exploits of martiall chiualrie. From hence the *Satyre* deriues his subiect, inueying against the remisnesse of *such* as waine their affections from employment, exposing their minds (those glorious or resplendent images of their *Maker*) to *securitie*, rightly termed *the diuels opportunitie*. How perillous vacancie from affaires

Others are of opinion that he was drawne frō sensuall affections to the practise of vertue, by the graue instruction of Socrates: but it appeares otherwise by his much frequenting Timandraes *companie.* Vid. Plut. in vit. Alcib.

faires hath euer bene, may appeare by ancient and moderne examples, whose *Tragicall cataſtrophe* wold craue teares immix'd with lines. Let this ſuffice, there is no one motiue more effectually mouing, no Rhetoricke more mouingly perſwading, no Oratorie more perſwaſiuely inducing, then what we daily feele or apprehend in our ſelues. Where euery * houre not well employed, begets ſome argument or other to moue our corrupt natures to be depraued. Let vs then admit of no vacation, ſaue onely vacation from vice. Our liues are too ſhort to be fruitleſly employed, or remiſly paſſed. O then how well ſpent is that oyle which conſumes it ſelfe in actions of *vertue*

* Quot horæ (ſi male expenſæ) tot iræ. Quot horæ, tot vmbræ.

Whoſe precious ſelfe's a glory to her ſelfe!

May nothing ſo much be eſtranged frō vs as *vice*, which, of all others, moſt diſfigures *vs*; *Though our feete be on earth, may our minds be in heauen*: where we ſhall find more true glory then *earth* can affoord vs, or the light promiſes of fruitleſſe vanity aſſure vs. Expect then what may merit your attention; a rough-hew'd *Satyre* ſhall ſpeake his mind boldly without partiality, taxing *ſuch* who retire from *action*, wherein *vertue* conſiſteth, and lye ſleeping in *ſecuritie*, whereby the ſpirit, or inward motion of the ſoule wofully droupeth.

THE SATYRE.

AWake, thou noble Greeke! how ſhould deſire,
Of ſenſuall ſhame (ſoules ſtaine) ſo dull thy wit,

Or

Or cloud those glorious thoughts which did aspire,
Once to exploits which greatnesse might befit?
Where now the beamlins *of that sacred fire,*
Lie rak't in ashes, and of late do seeme
(So ranke is vice) as if they had not bene.

Can a faith-breaking leering * *Curtizan,*
Whose face is glaz'd with frontlesse impudence,
Depresse the spirit of a Noble man,
And make him lose his reason *for his* sence?
O span *thy life (for life is but a* span*)*
And thou shalt find the scantling is so small,
For vaine delights there is no * *time at all!*

Shall azur'd breast, sleeke skin, or painted checke,
* *Gorgeous attire, locks braided, wandring eye,*
Gaine thee delight, when thou delights should seeke
In a more glorious obiect? O relie
On a more firme foundation, least thou breake,
Credit with Him *who long hath giuen thee trust,*
Which thou must pay be sure, for he is iust.

O do not then admire, what thy desire
Should most contemne, if reason *were thy guide;*
Let thy erected thoughts extend farre higher,
Then to these wormelins that like * *shadowes glide,*
Whose borrowed beautie melts with heate of fire.
Their shape *from* * shop *is bought and brought; ô* art
What canst thou promise to a knowing heart!

A knowing heart, which plants her choicest blisse
In what it sees not, but doth comprehend

* Illa pictura vi tij est. *Ambros Hexam. l. 6. c. 8.*

* Sicut capillu non peribit de capite, ita ne momentum de tempore. *Bern*
* *All gorgeous attire is the attire of sinne.*

* Sunt ista pog matis vmbra.

* Quorum vul cum est officiū ab officina eli cere formam. Lecythum ha bet in malis. vid. viii. ad Se

By eye of faith! not what terrestriall is,
But what affoordeth * *comfort without end,*
Where we enioy whats euer we did wish;
Who then, if he partake but common sence,
Will ere reioyce, till he depart from hence?

* Ea vita beata est, quando quod optimum est, amatur & habetur. Sola eius visio, vera mentis nostræ refectio est. *Greg. in Mor. Expo. in Iob.*

Yet see the blindnesse of distracted man,
How he prefers one moment of delight,
(Which cheares not much when it does all it can)
Before delights in nature infinite,
Whose iuyce (yeelds perfect fulnesse, sure I am:)
O times! when men loue that they should neglect,
Disualuing that which they should most respect.

For note how many haue aduentured
Their liues (and happy they if that were all)
And for a * painted trunke *haue perished;*
O England, *I thy selfe to witnesse call,*
For many hopefull plants haue withered
Within thy bosome, cause whereof did spring,
Mearely from lust, and from no other thing!

* Quanta amentia est effigiem mutare naturæ, picturam quærere? *Cypri. de discip. & hab. virg.*

How many promising youths, whose precious blond
Shed by too resolute hazard, might haue done
Their gracious Prince and natiue Countrie good,
In heate of blond haue to their ruine gone,
While they on termes of reputation stood,
Preferring titles (see the heate of strife)
Before the loue and safetie of their life?

* Inanis gloriæ fucum propriæ saluti præponentes.

O Gentlemen, know that those eyes *of yours,*
Which should be piercing like the * Eagles *eyes,*

* Cunctarum quippe auium

Are

Are not to view these Dalilahs *of ours,*
But to eye heauen and sullen earth *despise,*
And so increase in honours *as in* houres.
O ye should find more happinesse in this,
Then spend the day in courting for a kisse!

visum acies aquilæ superat: ita vt solis radios fixos in se eius oculos nulla lucis suæ coruscatione reuerberans, claudat. *Greg. in Mor. Expos. in Iob.*

Were time as easie purchas'd as is land,
Ye better might dispense with losse of time;
Or 'twere in you to make the Sunne to stand,
So many points t'ascend or to decline,
I'de say ye had the world at command:
But as time past, is none of yours, once gone,*
So that time is not yours, which is to come.

* Quicquid de illo præteritum est, iam non est: quicquid de illo futurum est, nondum est. *Aug.*

Addresse yours selues then to that glorious place,
Where there's no time, no limit to confine,
No alteration: but where such a grace,
Or perfect lustre beautifies the clime,
Where ye'r to liue, as th'choisest cheerefullst face,
Ye ere beheld on earth, were't nere so faire,*
Shall seeme deformitie to beautie there.

* Videndo pulchra, cogita hæc omnia, & pulchriora, esse in cœlo: videndo horribilia, cogita hæc omnia, & horribiliora, esse in inferno. *Lausperg.*

But this shall serue for you: now in a word,
Heare me Timandra (for I must be heard;)*
Thou whose light shop *all vanities affoord,*
Reclaime thy sensuall life, which hath appear'd
As odious and offensiue to thy Lord,
As those lasciuious robes (robes suiting night)
Are in disgrace, when good men are in sight.

* In Timandræ gremio paululũ recumbens, perimitur. *Plut. in vit. Alcib.*

More to enlarge my selfe were not so good,
Perhaps this litle's more then thou wilt reade:

But

But if thou reade, I wish't may stirre thy blood,
And moue thee henceforth to take better heed,
Then to transgresse the bounds of womanhood:
Whose chiefest essence in these foure appeare,
In gate, looke, speech, *and in the robes you weare.*

The Argument.

Perillus an excellent Artificer (being then famous for excellent inuentions) to satisfie the inhumane disposition of the tyrant *Phalaris*, as also in hope to be highly rewarded for his ingenious deuice: made a *bull* of *brasse* for a new kind of torment, presenting it to *Phalaris*, who made triall thereof by tormenting *Perillus* first therein. From this Argument or subiect of *reuenge*, we may obserue two speciall motiues of Morall instruction or humane Caution. The first is, to deterre vs from humoring or soothing such, on whom we haue dependence, in irregular or sinister respects. For the vertuous, *whose comfort is the testimonie of a good conscience*, scorne to hold correspondence with vicious men, whose commands euer tend to depraued and enormious ends. The second is, a notable example of *reuenge* in *Perillus* suffering, & in *Phalaris* inflicting. Much was it that this curious Artizan expected, but with equall & deserued censure was he rewarded: for inglorious aimes

seconded by like ends. Hence the Satyre displayeth such in their natiue colours, who rather then they will lose the least esteeme with men of high ranke or qualitie, vse to dispence with faith, friend, and all, to plant them fitter in the affection of their Patron. But obserue the conclusion, as their meanes were indirect, so their ends sorted euer with the meanes. They seldome extend their temporizing houres to an accomplished age, but haue their hopes euer blasted, ere they be well bloomed: their iniurious aimes discouered, ere they be rightly leuelled: and their wishes to a tragicall period exposed, as their desires were to all goodnesse opposed. May all projectors or state-forragers sustaine like censure, hauing their natures so reluctant or opposite to all correspondence with honour. Longer I will not dilate on this subiect, but recollect my spirits, to adde more spirit to my ouer-tyred *Satyre*, who hath bene so long employed in the *Embassie of Nature*, and wearied in dancing the *Wilde mans measure*, that after *Perillus* censure she must repose ere she proceede any further; and take some breath ere I dance any longer.

THE SATYRE.

BRaue Enginer, *you whose more curious hand*
Hath fram'd a Bull of brasse *by choycest art,*
That as a Trophie it might euer stand,
And be an Embleme of thy cruell heart:
Hearke what's thy tyrant Phalaris *command,*

Whose will's a law; and hauing heard it well,
Thy censure to succeeding ages tell.

Thou must (as it is iust) be first presented
A sacrifice vnto the brazen Bull,
And feele that torture which thy art *inuented,*
That thou maist be rewarded to the full;
No remedy, it cannot be preuented.
Thus, thus reuenge *appeares which long did smother,*
He must be catcht, that aimes to catch another.

Iust was thy iudgement, Princely Phalaris,
Thy censure most impartiall; that he
Whose artfull hand that first contriued this,
To torture others, and to humour thee,
Should in himselfe feele what this torture *is.*
Which great or small, he must be forc'd to go,
May such * tame-beasts *be euer vsed so.*

Like fate befell vnhappie * Phereclus,
Who first contriu'd by cunning more then force,
To make once glorious Troy as ruinous
As spoile could make it: therefore rear'd a Horse,
Framed by Pallas *art, as curious,*
As art could forme, or cunning could inuent,
To weane his end, which art could not prevent.

See ye braue state-projectors, what's the gaine
Ye reape by courses that are indirect:
See these, *who first contriu'd, and first were slaine,*
May mirrors *be of what ye most affect!*
These labour'd much, yet labour'd they in vaine;

For

* *For so Diogenes the Cynicke tearmes all humering Timists or temporizing sycophants.* Laert.

* *Who built Pallas horse, and after perished in the siege of Troy.* Homer. in Iliad.

For there's no wit how quicke soere can do it,
If powers diuine shall make resistance to it.

And can ye thinke that heauen, whose glorious eye
Surueyes this Vniuerse, will daigne to view
Men that are giuen to all impietie?
You say, he will; he will indeed, 'tis true;
But this is to your further misery:
For that same eye which viewes what you commit,
Hath sight to see, and power to [b] punish it.

To punish it, *if hoording sin on sin,*
Ye loath Repentance, and bestow your labour,
Onely to gaine esteeme, or else to win
By your pernicious plots some great mans fauour;
O I do see the state that you are in,
Which cannot be redeem'd, vnlesse betime
With [c] sighs for sins, you wipe away your crime!

For shew me one, (if one to shew you haue)
Who built his fortunes on this sandie ground,
That euer went gray-headed to his graue,
Or neare his end was not distressed found,
Or put not trust in that which did deceiue!
Sure few there be, if any such there be,
But shew me one, and it sufficeth me.

I grant indeed, that for a time these *may*
Floorish like to a Bay tree, *and increase,*
Like Oliue branches, *but this lasts not aye,*
Their [d] Halcyon *dayes shall in a moment ceasse,*

a *Witnesse the matchlesse Poder plot, no lesse miraculously reuealed, then mischieuously contriued, no lesse happily preuented, then hatefully practised. Of which cruell Agents (being his owne subiects) our gracious Soueraigne might iustly take vp the complaint of that Princely Prophet Dauid.* My familiar friends, who I trusted, which did eate of my bread, haue lifted vp their heeles against me. *Psal.* 51. *and* 55.

Si non parcet, perder.

b Vbi non est per gratiam, adest per vindictam. *Aug.*

c Qui non gemit peregrinus, non gaudebit ciuis. *Aug.*

d Halcyonei dies ab Halcyonijs auibus dicti: neque boni maliue ominis aues hos esse arbitror; quantum tamen à Propheta dicitur, tantum à

me afferendum asserendumque esse puto. Etiam Ciconiain cœlo nodit stata tempora sua, & Turtur, gruisque, & Hirundo obseruant tempus aduentus sui. *Ierem.* 8. 7.

When night (ſad night) ſhall take their ſoules away.
Then will they tune their ſtrings to this ſad ſong,
Short was our ſun-ſhine, but our night-ſhade long

Ye then, I ſay, whoſe youth-deceiuing prime,
Promiſe ſucceſſe, beleeue't from me, that this,
When time ſhall come (as what more ſwift then time)
Shall be conuerted to a painted bliſſe,
Whoſe gilded outſide beautifide your crime;
Which once diſplaide, cleare ſhall it ſhew as light,
Your Sommer-day's *become a* winter night.

Beware then ye, who practiſe and inuent,
To humour greatneſſe, for there's one *more great,*
Par eſt culpa, ari pœna. *Who hath pronounc'd,* like *ſinne, like* puniſhment;
Whom at that day ye hardly may intreat,
When death and horror ſhall be eminent:
Then will ye ſay vnto the Mountaines *thus,*
And ſhadie groues, Come downe and couer vs.

But were ye great as earthly pompe could make ye,
* The priuiledge of greatneſſe, muſt be no ſubterfuge for guiltineſſe. *Weake is the* arme of fleſh, *or* * *mightineſſe,*
For all theſe feeble hopes ſhall then forſake ye,
With the falſe flouriſh of your happineſſe,
When ye vnto your field-bed *muſt betake ye;*
Where ye for all your ſhapes and glozed formes,
Might deceiue men, but cannot deceiue wormes.

The

The Statue of *Agathocles*.

The Argument.

Agathocles a tyrant of Syracusa, caused his *Statue* to be composed in this manner. *The* head of gold, armes of iuory, and other of the luniments of pureſt braſſe, but the feete of earth:* intimating, of what weake and infirme ſubſiſtence this *little-world, Man*, was builded. Whence we may collect, what diuine conſiderations the *Pagans* themſelues obſerued and vſually applied to rectifie their morall life: where inſtructions of nature directed them, not onely in the courſe of humane ſocietie, but euen in principles aboue the reach and pitch of *Nature*, as may appeare in many Philoſophicall Axioms, and diuinely inſerted ſentences in the Workes of *Plato, Plutarch, Socrates*; and amongſt the Latines in the inimitable labours of *Seneca, Boethius, Tacitus*, and *Plinius Secundus*. Vpon the Morall of this *Statue* of *Agathocles* inſiſts the Author in this *Poeme*, concluding with this vndoubted poſition: *That as foundations on ſand are by euery tempeſt ſhaken, ſo man ſtanding on feete of earth, hath no firmer foundation then mutabilitie to ground on.*

* Caput de aro innuendo regis dignitatem brachia de ebore intimando eius vetuſtatem, cætera liniamenta de ære denotãdo ſtrenuitatem, pedes vero de terra, indicando eius fragilitatem. *vid. Plut. Apoth.*

THE EMBLEME.

AGathocles, *me thinkes I might compare thee,*
(So rare thou art) to some chiue statuarie,
Who doth portray with Pencile *he doth take,*
Himselfe to th'image which he's wont to make;
How artfull thou, and gracefull too by birth,
A King, *yet shewes that thou art made of* earth,
Not glorying in thy greatnesse, *but would seeme,*
Made of the same would other men haue beene!
A head of gold, *as thou art chiefe of men,*
So chiefe of mettalls makes thy Deadem;
Victorious armes *of purest* iuorie,
Which intimates the persons puritie;
The other liniments *compos'd of* brasse,
Imply th'vndaunted strength of which thou was;
But feete *of* earth, *shew th'ground whereon we stand,*
That we're cast downe in turning of a hand.
Of which, that we might make the better vse,
Me thinkes I could dilate the Morall *thus.*
Man *made of* earth, *no surer footing can*
Presume vpon, then earth *from whence he came,*
Where firmenesse is infirmenesse, and the stay
On which he builds his strongest hopes, is clay.
And yet how strangely confident he growes,
In heauen-confronting boldnesse and in showes,
Bearing a Giants spirit, when in length,
Height, breadth, and pitch he is of Pigmeis *strength.*
Yea I haue knowne a very Dwarfe *in sight,*
Conceit himselfe a Pyramis *in height,*
Ietting so stately, as't were in his power

To mount aloft vnto the airie tower.
But when Man's *proud, I should esteeme't more meete*
Not to presume on's strength, *but looke on's feete:*
Which nature (we obserue) hath taught the * Swan,
And ought in reason to be done in Man.
Weake are foundations *that are rer'd on sand,*
And on as weake grounds may we seeme to stand,
Both subiect to be rnin'd, split and raz'd,
One billow shakes the first, *one griefe the* last.
Whence then or how subsists this earthly frame,
That merits in it selfe no other name,
Then * shell of base corruption! *it's not* brasse,
Marble, *or* iuory, *which when times passe,*
And our expired fates surceasse to be,
Reserue in them *our liuing memorie.*
No, no, this mettall *is not of that proofe,*
We liue as those *vnder a shaking roofe,*
Where euery moment *makes apparent show,*
For want of props of finall ouerthrow.
Thus then, me thinkes you may (if so you please)
Apply this Statue *of* Agathocles;
As he compos'd his royall Head *of* gold,
The pur'st of mettals, you are thereby told,
*That th'*Head *whence reason and right iudgement*
Should not be pester'd with inferior things; (springs,
And as his actiue sinnewes, armes *are said,*
To shew their pureneſſe, to be iuored,
Like Pelops *milke-white shoulders; we are giuen*
To vnderstand, our armes *should be to heauen,*
As to their proper orbe enlarg'd, that we
Might there be made the Saints of puritie;
*By rest of th'*parts *which were compos'd of* brasse,

* In cuius atrio res pedes lumen non citius figitur, quam in se ipso statim deijcitur. *Vid. Plin. in nat. Hist. Ælian. ibid. Sambuc. in Emblem. Alciat. ibid.*

* O quam contempta res est homo, nisi supra humana se extulerit!

(*Being of bigger* bone *then others was*)
We may collect, men made of ſelfe-ſame clay,
May in their ſtrength do more then others may.
Laſtly on earth, *as men ſubſiſtence* haue,
Their earthly * *feete do haſten to their graue.*

* Pes in terris, mens ſit in cœlo.

A ſhort Satyre of a corrupt Lawyer.

THE XIIII. SATYRE.

Naſo Iuridicus. NAſo *is ſicke of late, but how canſt tell?*
He hath a ſwelling in his throate *I feare;*
I iudg'd as much, me thought He *ſpake not well,*
In his poore clients cauſe: nay more I heare,
His tumour's growne ſo dang'rous, as ſome *ſay,*
He was abſolued *but the t'other day.*

And what confeſt He ? *not a ſinne I trow,*
Thoſe He *reſerv'd within a leatherne bag,*
And that's his conſcience; *did* He *mercy ſhow*
Vnto the poore? not one old rotten rag
Would he affoord them, or with teares bemoue them,
Saying, that — forma pauperis *had vndone them.*

Did He *not wiſh to be diſſolu'd from hence?*
No, when you talk'd of finall Diſſolution,

He

He with a ſea of teares his face would drench,
Wiſhing He might but make another motion,
And He would be diſſolu'd when He had done:
But His forg'd motion each teare me day begun.

Had He ſome matter laid vpon his heart?
Abundance of corruption, foule infection.
Did He no ſecret treaſure there impart?
Nought but a boxe containing his complexion.
What was it Sir, ſome precious oyle of grace?
No, but an oyle to ſmeare his brazen face.

Oleum gratiæ haurit.

I haue heard much of his attractiue noſe,
How He could draw white Riols with his breath;
It's true indeed, and therefore did He chooſe
To drinke Aurum potabile at his death,
Nor car'd He greatly if He were to loſe
His ſoule, ſo that He might enioy his noſe.

Aurũ palpabile & aurum potabile; Aurum obrizum & aurum adulterinum.

It was a wonder in his greateſt paine,
How He ſhould haue remorſe; for well I know,
In his ſucceſſiue fortunes nought could ſtraine
His hardned conſcience, which He would not do
For hope of gaine, ſo as in time no ſinne
So great, but grew familiar with him.

O Sir, the many fees He had receiu'd, (him,
And hood-winck'd bribes which at his death oppreſt
The forged deeds his wicked braine contriu'd,
And that blacke buckram bag which did arreſt him,
Commencing ſuite in one, ſurcharg'd Him ſo,
That He was plung'd into a gulph of wo.

O what a ſmoke of powder there appeared
At the diſſoluing of his vglie ſoule;
All *that were preſent there to ſee* Him *feared,*
His caſe vncas'd *did ſhow ſo grim, ſo foule:*
Yet there were ſome had hope He *would do well,*
Make but one motion, and come out of hell.

But others fear'd that motion *would be long,*
If it ſhould anſwer motions He *made here:*
Beſides, that place of motions *is ſo throng,*
That one will ſcarce haue end a thouſand yeare.
Then Naſo *fare thee well, for I do ſee,*
Earth ſends to hell thy mittimus with thee.

Two ſhort moderne Satyres.

In Ambulantem.
Hypocritam. } Pſeudophilia.

A *Walking* Hypocrite *there was, whoſe pace,*
Trunkhoſe, ſmall ruffe, deminutiue in forme,
Shew'd to each man He *was the* child of grace,
Such were the vertues *did his life adorne;*
Nought could He *heare that did of* lightneſſe *come,*
But He *would ſtop his eares, or leaue the roome.*

Diſcourſe (*thus would* He *ſay*) *of things deuine,*
Soyle *not your ſoules with ſuch laſciuiouſneſſe:*

Your vessels *should with precious vertues shine,*
As lamps *of grace and* lights *of godlinesse,*
But lasse for woe, sin's such a fruitfull weed,
Still as one dies another doth succeed.

Here *one doth beate his braine 'bout practises,*
There *is another plotting wickednesse;*
O how long Lord wilt thou blindfold their eyes,
In suffering them to worke vnrighteousnesse?
Well, I will pray for them, *and Syons peace,*
The prayers of Saints can no way chuse but please

Thus did this mirror of deuotion walke,
Inspir'd it seem'd with some Angelicke gift,
So holy was his life, so pure his talke,
As if the spirit of zeale had Ely *left,*
And lodg'd within his breast, it could not be,
Fuller of godly feruor then was He,

But see what end these *false pretences haue,*
Where zeale is made a cloke to couer sinne,
This whited wall *to th'eye so seeming graue,*
Like varnish'd tombes had nought but filth within,
For though of zeale He *made a formall show,*
In Fortune Alley *was his Rendeuow.*

There He *repos'd there* He *his solace tooke,*
Shrin'd neare his Saint, his female-puritan,
In place so priuate as no eye could looke,
To what they *did, to manifest their shame;*
But see heauens will, those eyes they least suspected,
First ey'd their shame, whereby they were detected.

Thus

Thus did his speech and practise disagree
In one exemplar, *formall, regular,*
In th'other loose *through carnall libertie,*
Which two when they da meete, so different are,
As there's no discord worse in any song,
Then twixt a hollow heart and holy tongue.

For He *that doth pretend, and think't enough,*
To make a shew *of what* He *least intends,*
Shall ere the period of his dayes run through,
Beshrew himselfe for his mischievous ends;
For he that is not good, but would be thought,
Is worse by odds then this plaine dealing nought.

In Drusum meretricium Adiutorem. } Poligonia.

DRusus, *what makes* thee *take no trade in hand,*
But like Hermaphrodite, *halfe man halfe woman*
Pandors thy selfe, and stands at whoores command,
To play the bolt for every Haxter common?
Spend not thy houres with whoores, lest thou confesse,
There is no life to thy obdurateneſſe.

Obdurate villaine hard'ned in ill,
That takes delight in seeing Nature naked,
Whose pleasure drawne from selfe-licentious will,
Makes thee of God, of men, and all forsaked;

Shame

Shame is thy chaine, thy fetters linkes of sinne,
Whence to escape is hard, being once lock'd in.

What newes from Babell, *where that purple whoore,*
With seared marrow charmes deluded man,
So lull'd a sleepe, as He *forgets heauens power,*
And serues that hireling-Neapolitan?
Ile tell thee Drusus; *sad and heauie newes,*
Death *vnto* Drusus *while he hants the stewes.*

An Admonition to the Reader vpon the precedent Satyres.

WHo will not be reprou'd, it's to be fear'd,
Scornes to amend, or to redeeme the time;
For spotlesse Vertue *neuer there appear'd,*
Where true Humility, *that fruitfull* vine
Hath no plantation, for it cannot be,
Grace should haue growth but by Humilitie.

Let each man then into his errors *looke,*
And with a free acknowledgement confesse;
That there are more Erratаes *in his booke,*
Then th'crabbedst Satyre can in lines expresse:
For this will better Him, *and make* Him *grow*
In grace with Vertue, *whom* He *knowes not now.*

These

These my vnpolish'd Satyres *I commend,*
To thy protection, not that I do feare
Thy censure otherwise then as a friend,
For I am secure of censure I may sweare,
But for forme sake: *if shou't accept them do,*
If not, I care not how the world go.

Thine if thine owne,

Musophilus.

Silentio culpa crescit.

THE SHEPHEARDS TALES.

Too true poore ſhepheards *do this Prouerbe find,*
No ſooner out of ſight then out of mind.

LONDON,
Printed for Richard Whitaker.
1621.

THE SHEPHEARDS TALES.

LONDON,
Printed for Richard Whitaker,
1621.

HIS PASTORALLS ARE HERE CONTINVED, WITH THREE OTHER TALES; hauing relation to a former part, as yet obscured: and deuided into certaine Pastorall Eglogues, shadowing much delight vnder a rurall subiect.

The Argument.

HEre Corydon proues,
That nothing can be sent,
To crosse loue more,
Thē friends vnkind restraint.

The second Argument.

Corydon coy *Celia* woes,
And his loue by tokens showes.
Tokens are those lures, that find
Best accesse to woman kind.
Long he woes ere he can win;

Yet at laſt ſhe fancieth him:
And ſo firme, as you ſhall heare,
Each to other troth-plight were;
But alas, where loue is moſt,
There it oft-times moſt is croſt.
For theſe two are cloſly pent,
Each from other by reſtraint;
He, vnto the plaine muſt go,
Loue-ſicke, heart-ſicke, full of wo,
Where he ſings ſuch cheareſull layes,
In his chaſt choiſe, *Celias* praiſe,
That ſteepe mountaines, rocks and plaines,
Seeme entranced with his ſtraines:
But alas, while he does keepe,
Helpleſſe ſhepheard, hapleſſe ſheepe,
Celia for to ſeeke her *make*,
From her *keeper* makes eſcape,
And vnto the mountaine goes,
Where her ſelfe, her ſelfe doth loſe;
While one of *Lauerna'es* crew,
Seizeth on her as his dew,
Where by force, by awe, by feare,
She was long detained there,
And in the end affianc'd ſo,
As ſhe ends her life in wo.

THE

THE SHEPHEARDS TALES.

The ſhepheards.

Technis. Dymnus. Dorycles.
Corydon. Sapphus. Linus.

THE FIRST EGLOGVE.

Corydons tale.

Nay ſhepheards ſtay, there is no haſt but good,
We three are ſhepheards, and haue vnderſtood
Both of your follies and your fancies too;
Dor. *Why tell vs* Corydon, *what thou wouldſt do!*
Cor. *Shew my misfortune Swaines, as you haue done,*
Tech. *Deferre it till to morrow* Corydon.
Cor. *No,* Technis *no, I cannot if I would,*
You'ue told your griefes, and now mine muſt be told:
What though the Sunne be drawing to the Weſt,
Where he intends to take his wonted reſt,
Tis Moone-light (lads) and if it were not light,
Welcome you are to lodge with me all night.
Dor. *Thankes* Corydon.
Cor. *Why thanke you* Corydon?
Simple and meane's the cottage where I won,
Yet well I wot, for cheſtnuts, cakes, and creame,
If you'le accept my welcome as I meane,
You ſhall not want, but haue ſufficient ſtore,
With hearty welcome ſwaines, what would ye more?
Dym. *More* Corydon! *t'is all that we can wiſh,*
But to thy tale, *let's heare now what it is.*
Dor. *Yes, do good* Corydon; *and we will ſtay;*

Cor. *Attend then shepheards, heare what I shall say.*
Sap. *And when you've done, I will begin with mine;*
Lin. *Which I'le continue in the euening time.*
Cor. *Well said, good shepheards, we are iustly three,*
To answer their three tales, *and here for me.*
There was a Maid, *and well might she be said,*
So chast, so choice she was, to be a Maid,
Where lillie white mixt with a cherrie red,
Such admiration in the shepheards bred,
As well was he that might but haue a sight
Of her rare beauty mirror of delight.
Oft would she come vnto a siluer spring,
Which neare her fathers house was neighboring,
Where she would eye her selfe as she did passe,
For shepheards vse no other looking-glasse.
Tech. *True* Corydon.
Cor. *But which may seeme more rare,*
This Maid *she was as wise as she was faire;*
So as discretion did so moderate
The safe condition of her low estate,
As enuie neuer wrong'd her spotlesse name,
Or soild her matchlesse honour with defame.
Dor. *Vnder a happie Planet she was borne,*
Cor. *She was indeed; nor did she euer scorne,*
The company of any country maid,
How meane soere or sluttishly araid:
But she would be their play-fare, to make chuse,
Of such poore simple sports as wenches vse.
Yea in their wakes, shroues, wassel-cups, or tides,
Or Whitson-ales, or where the country brides
Chuse out their bride-maids, as the custome is,
She seld or neare was seene to do amisse:
But so respective of her name and fame,

That though she blusht, she neuer blusht for shame
Of any act immodest, but retain'd
That good opinion which her vertues gain'd.
Dyn. *Sure* Corydon *this was a Saintly woman;*
Cor. *Indeed such Saints 'mongst women are not cõmon:*
But to my story; her did many swaine,
By fruitlesse suite endeuour to obtaine,
As young Spudippus, *rich* Archymorus,
Actiue Amintas, *youthfull* Hirsius.
Dor. *It seemes sh'ad choice.*
Cor. *Yes* Dorycles, *she had:*
And some of these were good, and some as bad,
But neither good nor bad, nor rich nor poore,
Could her content, though she had daily store.
Yet from Pandoras *box did nere proceed,*
More hatefull poyson vpon humane seed,
Then from these forlorne louers, whose report,
(But iust is heauen, for they were plagued for't,)
Aspers'd this scandall on faire Celia,
That she had made her choice some other way.
Tech. *Unworthy louers.*
Cor. *True indeed, they be*
Unworthy th'loue of such an one as she;
For Linus *you do know them;*
Lin. *Yes, I do,*
But specially Spudippus, *whom I know,*
To be the notedst cot-quean that's about him.
Tec. *Sure* Linus *the she could not chuse but flout him.*
Cor. *Perhaps she did, yet with that modestie,*
As she did shadow it so couertly,
That he could scarce discouer what she ment.
Lin. *How ere* Spudippus *would be patient.*

Dor. *Then he's some gull.*
Lin. *No he's a wealthy man,*
And such an one as rightly, sure I am,
Knows how much milke crummock *his cow will giue,*
And can discerne a riddle *from a* siue.
Cor. Linus, *it seemes thou knowes him passing well.*
Lin. *Las if I would, some stories I could tell,*
Would make you laugh: for as it chanc'd one day,
Some with my selfe did take his house by th' way,
Where we an houre or two meant to remaine,
To trie how he his friends would entertaine.
Dor. *And pray thee how?*
Lin. *I'le tell thee* Dorycles:
Hauing an houre or two taken our ease,
And readie to depart (I pray thee heare)
He sent one of his Sculletie *for some beare,*
Which though long first, came in an earthen cup,
Which being giuen to me, I drunke it vp;
Which drunke.
Cor. *How then good* Linus, *pray thee say?*
Lin. *The rest were forc'd to go a thirst away.*
Dor. *Had he no more?*
Cor. *Thou vs'd him in his kind.*
Lin. *May all be vsed so that haue his mind:*
But much I feare me, I'ue disturbed thee,
Now Corydon *shew what th' euent may be!*
Cor. *Long did these woe, but* Celia *could approue*
Of nothing lesse then of these swainlings loue,
Yet would she faine to fancie one of these,
Whereby she might her bedrid *father please.*
Tech. *Had she a father?*
Cor. *Yes, a surly Lout,*

Who long had laine decrepit with the gout,
And lin'd for all the world, and so did die
Like to a hog, *that's pent vp in a* stie.
Dor. *Some cancred crewig.*
Cor. *True, a very elfe,*
Who car'd not who starued, so he fed himselfe,
He, as the want of one sense is expreste,
By giuing more perfection to the reste,
For euen his sense of feeling *did decline,*
Though he had bene a nigglar *in his time,*
Yea all those mouing, active faculties,
Which in the heate of youth are wont to rise,
Gaue way vnto suspition, lest his daughter
Through those loue-luring gifts which many brought her
Should set her Maiden honor at whole sale,
Tech. *Age h'as an eare indeed for euery tale.*
Cor. *True,* Technis *true, for no affection can*
Haue more predominance ore any man,
Then iealousie *a selfe-consuming rage,*
Is said to haue ore men of doting age,
Dor. *Thy reason* Corydon?
Cor. *That disesteeme*
Of being now more weake then they haue bene,
Makes them repine at others now that may,
And are as able to beget as they.
Tech. *Tis rightly noted* Corydon.
Lin. *Yes, he*
Knowes by obseruance whence these humors be,
Cor. Linus *I do, and better had I bene,*
If I had neuer knowne what these things meane,
But shepheards you shall heare the reason why
I should this Dotards humours thus discrie.

Sap. *Yes, do good Swaine.*
Cor. *It chanc'd vpon a night,* (*bright,*
A Moone-light night, when Moone and starres shine
That I with other shepheards did repaire
*To th'*old-mans *house, and found faire* Celia *there,*
Whom I in curtsie with a kind salute,
Kist, & with speaking heart though tongue was mute,
Wish'd; ô what wishes do possesse a mind,
That dare not vtter how his heart's inclind!
She might be mine, thrice blest in being mine.
Dor. *Why didst not woe her Swaine, for to be thine?*
Cor. *Yes,* Dorycles *I woed her, though not then,*
For Maidens they are bashfull amongst men,
And dare not well in modestie impart,
What they could gaue consent to with their heart;
So as to tell thee truly Dorycles,
We past that night in making purposes,
Singing of catches, *with such knowne delights,*
As young folke vse to passe ore winter nights.
And at that time, I may be bold to tell thee,
For such conceits I thought none could excell me.
For well you know, I was in Hyble *bred,*
And by the sacred sisters *nourished,*
So as being stor'd by Nature, help'd by art,
There was no straine I bore not in some part:
Which gaue faire Celia *such entire content,*
As she discouerd after, what she ment.
Though I may sweare, for fiue months I came to her,
And with some termes of art assaid to woe her:
During which time, all th'answer I could get,
Was this; she did not meane to marrie yet.
Tech. *That's all the answer these young women haue,*

While they reiect what after they receiue.
Cor. Technis, *indeed I did perceiue as much,*
Though all young wenches humours be not such:
But th'greatest cause of Celias *distaste,*
Which made me many times the lesser grac't,
Proceeded from that chrone *her dogged father,*
As after by coniectures I did gather:
Perswading her, that she should plant her loue
On such whose hopefull meanes might best approue
Her discreet choice: and that was not to be
Affianced to such an one as me. (*saith,*
Dor. *Alas poore Swaine; 'tis true what th'Prouerbe*
We aske not what he is, but what he hath.
Cor. *And yet perswasions which her father vs'd,*
Could not preuaile with her, for she had chus'd,
In heart I meane.
Tech. *Whom did she dote vpon?*
Cor. *Will ye beleeue me!*
Tech. *Yes.*
Cor. *Twas* Corydon.
Lin. *Thrice happie swaine.*
Cor. *Thrice happie had I bene,*
If I had slept still in this golden dreame;
But afterwards occurrences there were,
Which thus abridg'd my hopes, as you shall heare.
Such deepe impression had affection made,
As there remained nothing vnassaid,
To consummate our wishes, but the rite.
Tech. *Yes something else.*
Cor. *What* Technis!
Tech. *Marriage night.*
Sap. *They had enioyed that, you may suppose.*

Cor.

Cor. No, Sapphus no, she was not one of those:
So modest, chast, respective of her name,
Pure and demure, as th'sweetnesse of her fame,
Aboue the choisest odors that are sent
From spicie Tmolus flowrie continent,
Sent forth that fragrant and delightfull sauour,
As none ere heard, and did not seeke to haue her.
For sundrie choise discourses haue we had,
And I nere knew that ought could make her glad,
Which had least taste of lightnesse.
Tech. Sure thou art,
So much thy praises relish true desert,
Worthy such vertuous beautie.
Cor. Technis no,
Albeit Celia esteem'd me so,
As long and tedious seem'd that day to be,
Which did deuide her from my companie.
So as in silent groues and shady launes,
Where Siluans, water-nimphs, fairies, and faunes,
Vse to frequent, there would we sit and sing,
Eying our beauties in a neighbour spring,
Whose siluer streamlings with soft murmuring noise,
To make our consort perfect, gaue their voice.
And long did we obserue this custome too,
Though her consent did bid me ceasse to woe:
For now I was no woer, but her loue,
And that so firmely linkt, as nought could moue,
Alter or sunder our vnited hearts,
But meagre death, which all true louers parts.
Tech. Then Corydon, to me it doth appeare,
That you were troth-plight.
Cor. Technis so we were.

But

But see (good shepheards) what succeeded hence:
This loue she bore me did her sire *incense,*
So as discurteously he pent his daughter
In such a vault, I could not see her after.
Which when my friends perceiu'd, they grieued were,
That th'loue which I his Celia *did beare,*
Should be rewarded with contempt and scorne,
Being for parentage equally borne,
With best of his, as most of you can tell.
Lin. *Proceed good* Corydon, *we know it well.*
Cor. *For was I not of* Polyarchus *line,*
A noble shepheard!
Sap. *True, who in his time*
Solemniz'd many wakes *on this our* downe,
And ere he dide was to that honour growne,
As all our plaines resounded with his laies,
Sung by our Swaines in Polyarchus *praise.*
Cor. *It seemes thou knew him* Sapphus: *but attend*
For now my storie draweth neare an end.
My friends distasting this repulse of mine,
Forc'd me from th'course whereto I did incline:
So as my hopes confin'd, I'me driuen to go
From Adons *vale vnto a mount of wo.*
Lin. *Vnhappie shepheard.*
Cor. *And vnhappie sheepe,*
For ill could I my heards from worrying keepe,
Though to that charge my friends enioyned me,
When I could scarcely keepe my owne hands free,
From doing violence vpon my selfe:
So as one day vpon a ragged shelfe,
Wreath'd round with Iuie, as I sate alone,
Descanting Odes of sorrow and of mone,

I chanc'd on my mishap to meditate,
Celias *restraint, and my forlorne estate;*
Which done, I vow'd if speedy remedy
Gaue no relefe vnto my maladie,
That very cliff where I repos'd that day,
Should be the meanes to take my life away.
Tech. *O* Corydon *this sounds of despaire.*
Cor. *It does indeed: but such a watchfull care,*
Had gracious Pan *of me, that in short time,*
These motiues to despaire 'gan to decline,
And lose their force: so as when griefes grew ripe,
I vs'd to take me to my oaten pipe.
Dor. *But ere thou proceed further, tell vs Swaine,*
Where all this time thou vsed to remaine.
Cor. *A broad-spread* oake *with aged armes & old,*
Directs the passenger the way he would,
Neare Cadmus *rising hillocks, where the spring*
Of golden Tagus *vseth oft to bring*
Such precious trafficke to the neighbour shore,
As former times through blindnesse did adore
Those eurled streames, wherein they did descry
Their loue to gold, by their Idolatrie:
That shady oake *I say, and that blest spring,*
In my distresse, gaue me such harboring;
As night and day I did not thence remoue,
But waking mus'd, and sleeping dream'd of loue.
Tech. *Who euer heard the like!*
Dor. *How didst thou liue?*
Cor. *On hope.*
Tech. *Weake food.*
Cor. *Yet did it comfort giue,*
To my afflicted mind, which did desire,

Euer

Euer to ſinge her wings in fancies fire.
For many weekes in this diſtreſt eſtate,
Wretched, forlorne, helpleſſe and deſolate,
Sate I dieCted, muſing on deſpaire,
And when thoſe drerie clouds would once grow faire:
But las the more I did expect reliefe,
The leſſe hope had I to allay my griefe,
So as in th'end, as you ſhall after heare,
All meanes for my redreſſe abridged were.
But that you may perceiue what loue can do,
And how effectually her paſſions ſhow,
I who before I lonely Celia *kent,*
*Knew not what th'*Heliconian *Muſes ment,*
Addreſt my ſelfe;
Lin. *To what good* Corydon?
Cor. *To write of loue, and thus my Muſe begun.*
Tech. *Pray thee kind Swaine let's heare what thou didſt write.*
Dor. *Yes do: for well I know it will delight*
Sepheards to heare, of ſhepheards amorous toyes;
Sap. *On then good* Corydon.
Cor. *Haue at ye Boyes.*

Celia ſpeake, or I am dombe,
Here I'le ſoiorne till thou come,
Seeke I will till I grow blind,
Till I may my *Celia* find.
For if *tongue-tide*, ſtring would breake,
If I heard but *Celia* ſpeake;
And if *blind*, I ſoone ſhould ſee,
Had I but a ſight of thee;
Or if *lame*, loue would find feete,
Might I once with *Celia* meete;

Or

Or if *deafe*, ſhould I but heare
Loues ſweete accents from thy eare:
Thy choice notes would me reſtore,
That I ſhould be *deafe* no more.
Thus though *dombe*, *blind*, *deafe*, and *lame*,
Heard I but my *Celias* name,
I ſhould *ſpeake*, *ſee*, *heare*, and *go*,
Vowing, *Celia* made me ſo.

Tech. *Beſhrow me* Corydon, *if I had thought*,
That loue *ſuch ſtrange effects could ere haue wrought*,
Cor. *Yes* Technis, *yes*, loue's *ſuch a wondrous thing*,
That it will make one plunged in ſorrow ſing,
And ſinging weepe, *for griefe is wont to borrow*
Some ſtrains of ioy, *that ioy might end in ſorrow*.
For what is woe (*as we muſt needs confeſſe it*)
Hauing both tongue and teares for to expreſſe it,
But a beguiling griefe, *whoſe nature's ſuch*,
It can forget, *leſt it ſhould grieue too much*.
Dor. *Indeed ſuch ſorrow ſeldome laſteth long*,
But ſay good Swaine, *heard* Celia *of thy ſong?*
Cor. *I know not*, Dorycles: *but twas her lot*,
That from her keeper *afterwards ſhe got*.
Tech. *Happie eſcape*.
Cor. *Ah* Technis, *ſay not ſo*,
For this eſcape gaue new increaſe to wo;
Lin. *How could that be?*
Cor. *Heare but what did enſue*,
She was preuented by a ruffin-crue,
As ſhe vpon the mountaines rom'd about,
Through deſart caues to find her ſhepheard out.
Tech. *Alas poore wench*; *what were they* Corydon?
Cor. *Such as did haunt there*, *and did liue vpon*

Rapine

Rapine and violence, triumphing in
Impunitie, ſole motiue vnto ſin.
In briefe, they were, for ſo they did profeſſe,
Of braue Lauerna's *crue, that patroneſſe*
Of all diſorder, and each euening time
Offer'd ſtolne booties to her godleſſe ſhrine.
Tech. *Miſhap aboue miſhaps.*
Cor. *True, ſo it was;*
My laſſe ſhe loſt her lad, the lad his laſſe.
And ſundry daies, this rout *did her detaine,*
While hapleſſe, helpleſſe ſhe did ſore complaine
Of their inhumane vſage, but her griefe,
Sighs, ſobs, teares, throbs, could yeeld her ſmall reliefe:
For in the end one of this forlorne crew,
Seiz'd on my long-lou'd Celia *as his dew,*
To whom eſpouſd whether ſhe would or no,
She ends her life, her tedious life, in wo.
Lin. *A ſad euent: but can ſhe not be freed?*
Cor. *To what end* Linus, *ſhe's diſhonoured!*
Tech. *Vnhappie fate.*
Cor. *Beſides, ſhe now is tide,*
And by enforcement, made another's Bride.
Come ſhepheards come, and ſay if euer time,
Made heardmens woes ſo ripe, as't hath done mine.
Sap. *Yes* Corydon, *though thou thy griefes haſt ſhowne,*
Which makes thee thinke none equall to thine owne,
I haue a Tale *will moue compaſſion too,*
If Swaines haue any pittie.
Dym. *Pray thee how?*
Sap. *Nay I will not be daintie; but attend,*
And then compare our ſtories to the end,

And

And you'le conclude that neuer any Swaine
Did loue ſo well, and reape ſo ſmall a gaine.

The Argument.

Apphus *woes* Siluia,
Yet he thinks it ill,
To take to that,
Which he did neuer till.

The ſecond Argument.

He, whoſe ſweet and gracefull ſpeech,
Might all other ſhepheards teach:
She, whom countries did admire,
For her preſence and attire:
She, whoſe choiſe perfections mou'd,
Thoſe that knew her to be lou'd.
She, euen *Siluia*, for ſaue ſhe,
None ſo faire, and firme could be;
When ſhe ſhould be *Sapphus* Bride,
And their hands were to be tide
With their hearts in marriage knot,
Sapphus heares of *Siluias* blot.
Whereby *Sapphus* doth collect,

How

How hard it is for to affect,
Such an one as will reioyce,
And content her in her choice;
He concludes, since all things be
Certaine in vncertaintie,
Who would trust what women say,
Who can do but what they may.
„ Forts are won by foes assault,
„ If Maids yeeld, it is Mans fault.

THE SECOND EGLOGVE.

Sapphus tale.

I Had a Loue as well as any you,
And such an one, as had she but her due,
Deseru'd the seruice of the worthiest swaine
That ere fed sheepe vpon the Westerne *plaine.*
Dym. *Good* Sapphus *say, what was thy lasses name?*
Was it not Siluia?
Sap. *The very same;*
It seemes thou knew her.
Dym. *Yes exceeding well,*
And might haue knowne her, but I would not mell,
In more familiar sort.
Sap. *Vnworthy Swaine,*
Did her affection merit such a staine?
Suppose she threw some looser lookes vpon thee,
And thou collected thence she would haue won thee,
Is this th'requitall of the loue she bore?
Dym. *Nay on good* Sapphus, *I'le do so no more.*
Sap. *No more! why now I sweare, and may be bold*
That Dymnus *would haue done it if he could.*

Why ſir, what parts were euer in you yet,
That ſhe on you ſuch fancie ſhould haue ſet?
Tech. *Fie, ſhepheards fie, we come not here to ſcold:*
Come Sapphus, *tell thy tale as we haue told.*
Sap. Dymnus *doth interrupt me.*
Lin. Dymnus *ceaſſe.*
Dym. *Nay I haue done, ſo he will hold his peace.*
But to vpbraid me, that I had no part
To gaine her loue, I ſcorne it with my heart:
For Ile auouch.
Tech. *Nay then the ſtrife's begun.*
Dor. Dymnus *for ſhame.*
Dym. *Nay ſhepheards, I haue done.*
Dor. *Pray then proceed good* Sapphus.
Sap. *Willingly:*
Though I can hardly brooke this iniury.
Dym. *Why* Sapphus, *I am ſure thou know'ſt all this,*
That ſhe was light.
Sap. *I know ſhe did amiſſe,*
Yet I muſt tell you Dymnus, *'t had bene fit,*
That rather I then you had noted it:
For it concern'd me moſt.
Dym. *Pray let it reſt,*
I did not know ſo much, I may proteſt.
Sap. Dymnus, *enough: and thus I do proceed;*
Vpon a time when I my flocks did feed,
Her father Thyrſis *chanc'd to come that way,*
And to obſerue me more, a while made ſtay
Vpon the Downe, *where I did feede my ſheepe:*
Who eying me, how duely I did keepe
My woollie ſtore (as I had care) from worrien,
Scab, ſought, the rather any kind of murren:

Tooke

Tooke such a liking on me, as to say
The very truth, vpon next holy day,
He did inuite me to his house, where I
Found what was loue in louely Siluia's *eye.*
In briefe, I lou'd her, I may boldly tell,
And this her father notes, and likes it well:
For oft vs'd he to say, right sure I am,
A penny in a man then with a man,
He did esteeme more of, which he applide
Vnto that care which he in me descride:
Dym. *A iolly Swaine he was.*
Sap. *He was indeed,*
And on these Downs *more frolicke* rams *did breed,*
Then any Swainling that did dwell about him,
And truth to say, they would do nought without him.
Dor. *Tis said that* Thirsk *fro* Thirsis *tooke her name,*
Who thither with his heards a grazing came,
And plaid vpon his pipe such pleasant straines,
As he yet liues vpon the neighbour plaines.
Sap. *This know I* Dorycles, *that in my hearing,*
He pip'd so sweete, that many shepheards fearing
Th'melodious straines which issued from his reed,
Would so amaze their flocks they could not feede:
Ioyntly together in a secret caue,
Where Palms *and* Mirtles *their increasing haue,*
They so contriu'd an harbour *for the nonst,*
That he might from the scorching Sunne be sconst,
And sing at pleasure, while his accents raising,
Heard'smen were hearing, and their beards were gra- (zing.
For curious seats hewne from the solid stone,
Were aptly fram'd for Swaines to sit vpon,
Who in his voice conceiu'd such choice delight,

As a whole Sommer day from morne to night,
Seem'd but an houre, so sweetly did he sing,
While euery day he found out some new spring.
But all too long digression haue I made;
Falling in loue with Siluia *as I said,*
I saw and perish'd, perish'd, *for it cost*
My libertie, which I by seeing lost.
Dor. *Deare was that sight.*
Sap. *Yet dearer may I sweare,*
Was she to me, then any senses were:
For other obiects I did wholly shon,
Chusing her selfe for me to looke vpon.
Neither was I hope-reft, for she did seeme
To fancie me, how's'euer she did meane;
And I deseru'd it, as I thought that day,
For clothed in my suite of shepheards gray,
With buttond cap and buskins all of one,
I may assure you (heardsmen) *I thought none*
On all our Downe *more neate or handsome was,*
Or did deserue more kindnesse from his lasse.
Dym. *A good conceit doth well.*
Sap. *And truth was this,*
She shew'd me all respect that I could wish,
And vndissembled too, I am perswaded,
Though afterwards all that affection faded.
For on a day, (this I thought good to tell,
That you may thence perceiue she lou'd me well)
In a greene shade harbour *I repos'd,*
With Sycamours *and* Iunipers *enclos'd,*
She priuately into the harbour *crept,*
Which seene, I fain'd a sleepe, but neuer slept.
Tech. *A faire occasion!*

Lin *How did she reueale*
Her loue?
Sap. *If you had felt, what I did feele,*
You neuer would awake, but wish to die,
In such a soule-beguiling phantasie.
For first she eyed me, nor contented so,
With nimble pace she to my lips did go:
And calls, and clings, and clips me round about,
Using a soft-sweete dalliance with her foote,
Not to awake me from my cheare full dreame,
But to impart what she in heart did meane;
Wherewith I seem'd to wake.
Tech. *Why didst thou so?*
Sap. Techmis, *I thought she trod vpon my toe,*
But as I wak'd, she without further stay,
Dying her cheekes with blushes, stole away.
Dym. *This shew'd she lou'd thee.*
Sap. *So I know she did,*
But who can perfect what the fates forbid?
For long we lined thus, and loued too,
With vowes as firme as faith and troth could do,
That nought should ere infringe that nuptiall band,
Confirm'd betwixt vs two with heart and hand,
So as with Thirsis *knowledge and consent,*
After so many weekes in loue-toyes spent,
It was agreed vpon by either side,
That I should be her Bridegroome, *she my* Bride.
And th' day of Solemnization was set downe,
So as the choisest youths in all the towne,
Addrest themselues, for I was valued then
Amongst the chiefest Swaines, to be my men.
Lin. *I know it* Sapphus, *both thy wealth and worth.*

Were both of power enough to set thee forth.
Sap. *In briefe, for I your patience might wrong,*
To stand upon these marriage rites too long;
To th'Church we went, suspecting I may sweare,
No such euents as after did appeare.
Tech. *What sad euents, good* Sapphus?
Sap. *Being now*
Come to do that which we could nere vnde,
The Priest pronounc'd a charge, whereby was ment,
If either of vs knew impediment,
Why we should not be ioyned, then to speake,
That we in time might such a wedlocke breake;
Or any one there present should shew cause,
Why we might not be married by the lawes:
There to declare, in publicke one of these,
Or else for euer after hold their peace.
God speed them well, said all, saue onely one,
Who stood from thence some distance all alone,
Crying, aloud in open audience,
Sapphus *forbeare, there is no conscience,*
That thou should ioyne thy hand to one *defil'd*
At least prouide a father *for her* child.
Which she kind pregnant wench is great with all,
And, who ere got it, will thee father *call.*
Tech. *This was a strange preuension.*
Sap. *I confesse it,*
But if y'ad heard how Mevius *did expresse it*
(For so his name was) you would haue admir'd
His frontlesse impudence,
Dym. *Sure he was hir'd,*
To frustrate these solemnities.
Sap. *Ah no.*

Beleeue me Dymnus *it was nothing so:*
For she was ſinnefull *long before her time,*
But th'fault was hers, it was no fact of mine:
So as her neighbours iudg'd and cenſur'd on her,
That ſhe begun by time to take vpon her.
But this ſhall be in ſilence paſt for me,
Onely ſhe's ſhadowed in my Oumphale,
And ſo characired, as the time may come,
Siluia *ſhall be as* Flora *was in* Rome.
Dor. *But what ſucceeded hence?*
Sap. *Vpon this voice*
There ſtreight aroſe a ſtrange confuſed noiſe,
Some Meuus *taxed, and ſaid he was to blame,*
To blemiſh any modeſt Maidens name;
Others were doubtfull, leſt it ſhould be true,
And thus they thought, and thus it did enſue,
I now ſuſpicious of this foule diſhonour,
Which Meuus *publickly had laid vpon her:*
Reſolu'd thoſe ſolemne eſpouſals to delay,
And put them off vntill another day:
Meane while, (attend me Swains) when th'day came on
That I ſhould marrie, Siluia *had a ſonne.*
Cor. *God bleſſe the boy.*
Dym. *Who might the child begit?*
Sap. *Nay* Dymnus *ſure, who euer fathered it.*
Dym. *What!*
Sap. *Nay bluſh not man, for you haue told,*
You might oft-times haue done it if you wold;
But I do wiſh her all the good I can,
And praiſe her choiſe, though I be not the man.
Tech. *Vnhappie choice!*
Dor. *Hard fate!*

* *A Poem entitled* Omphale.

T'is nothing so,
You'le heare a choise more fatall ere you go,
These were but toyes to entertaine the time,
Prepare your handkerchers *if you'le haue mine.*
All. *What, must we weepe?*
Lin. *Shepheards a while forbeare,*
And if there be no cause, iudge when you heare.

The Argument.

LInus *doth* Lesbia *loue,*
And woe, and win,
And after by her
Lightnesse wronged him.

The second Argument.

LOuely *Lesbia*, who might be,
For birth, beauty, quality,
Styled Natures Paragon,
Fram'd for *Swaines* to dote vpon;
In a word for to expresse,
Feature of this *Shepheardesse*,
If you would her stature know,
She was neither high nor low;

But

But of such a middle size,
As if Nature did deuise,
(For as't seemeth so she ment)
To make her, her president;
With a Sun-reflecting eye,
Skin more smooth then iuory;
Cherrie lip, a dimple chin,
Made for loue to lodge him in;
A sweete chearing-chasing sent,
Which perfum'd ground where she went;
A perswasiue speech, whose tongue
Strucke deepe admiration dombe.
She, euen she, whom all approu'd,
Is by lirely *Linus* lou'd,
And at last (what would ye more)
Though she was betroth'd before
To *Palemon*, that braue Swaine,
Who quite droupes through her disdaine,
Is with rites solemnized,
Vnto *Linus* married;
Whom he finds (as heauen is iust)
After, staind with boundlesse lust,
So as he laments his state,
Of all most vnfortunate,
That he should in hope of pelfe,
Wrong both others and himselfe.

THE

THE THIRD EGLOGVE.

Linus tale.

I Lou'd a lasse, alas that ere I lou'd,
Who as she seem'd to be, if she had prou'd,
A worthier Swaine the countrey nere had bred,
And her I woing won, and winning wed.
Tech. I like thee Linus, thy preamble's short;
Lin. Technis, indeed I am not of that sort,
Who for a thing of nought will pule and crie,
And childishly put finger in the eye;
The burden of my griefe is great to heare.
Dor. What is it Linus, pray thee let vs heare?
Lin. The Maid I got, and Lesbia was her name,
Was to another troth-plight ere I came.
Cor. How should she Linus then be got by thee?
Lin. It was my fate, or her inconstancie.
Hows'ere I haue her, and possesse her now,
And would be glad to giue her one of you.
Tech. Art wearie of thy choice?
Lin. Technis, I am,
For I'me perswaded she'd wearie any man.
So seeming smooth she is and euer was,
As if she hardly could say Michaelmas:
But priuately so violently fierce,
As I'me afraid her name will spoile my verse.
Cor. This is some hornet sure.
Lin. A very waspe,

Whose

Whose forked tongue who euer should vnclaspe,
Would find't a taske to charme it.
Dym. *Is't so tart;*
Lin. *O* Dymnus, *that thou didst but feele a part*
Of my affliction, thou wouldst surely mone,
And pittie me, that's matcht to such an one;
For tell me shepheards was there ere so rare,
A crime, wherein my Lesbia *doth not share?*
Proud, (though before as humble to the eye
As ere was Maid) so as one may descrie,
Euen by her outward habit what she is,
And by her wanton gesture gather this:
If thou be chast, thy body wrongs thee much,
For thy light carriage saith, thou art none such.
Sap. *Some fashion-monger I durst pawne my life.*
Lin. Sapphus *'tis true, such is poore* Linus *wife,*
Though ill it seemes a country Shepheardesse,
Such harsh fantasticke fashions to professe:
One day vnto a Barber *she'de repaire,*
And for what end but this, to cut her haire,
So as like to a Boy *she did appeare,*
Hauing her haire round cut vnto her eare.
Cor. *Good* Linus *say, how lookt that* Minx *of thine?*
Lin. *Like to a fleecelesse Ewe at shearing time.*
So cowd she was, as next day she did show her
Vpon the Downs, *but not a Swaine could know her;*
So strangely clipt she seem'd, and in disguise,
So monstrous ougly, as none could deuise
To see one clad in lothsomer attire:
And this she knew was farre from my desire,
For I did euer hate it.
Tech. *Pray thee Lad*

Tell

Tell vs in earnest how she might be clad!
Lin. *There is a fashion now brought vp of late,*
Which here our country Blouzes imitate,
The cause whereof I do not thinke it fit,
If I did know't, for to discouer it,
But sure I iudge, some rot's in womans ioynts,
Which makes them faine to tye them vp with points.
Dym. *With points!*
Lin. *Yes* Dymnus, *that's the fashion now,*
Whereof I haue a tale, *right well I know,*
Will make you laugh.
Dor. *Let's heare that* tale *of thine,*
Lin. *Shepheards you shall, it chanc'd vpon a time,*
That Lesbia, *whose spirit euer would*
Obserue the fashion, do't what I could,
Bearing a part far higher in a word,
Then my ability could well afford:
That she I say into this fashion got,
(As what was th'fashion she affected not)
Of tying on with points *her looser waste,*
Now I obseruing how her points *were plast,*
The Euen before she to a wake *should go,*
I all her points *did secretly vndo,*
Yet there with all such easie knots did make,
That they might hold till she got to the wake,
Which she not minding.
Cor. *On good* Linus, *on.*
Lin. *She hyes her to the* wake *(my* Corydon*)*
Where she no sooner came, then she's tane in,
And nimbly falls vnto her reuelling,
But see the lucke on't, while she scuds and skips,
Her vnderbody falls from off her hips,

Whereat

Whereat some laught, while others tooke some ruth,
That she vncas'd, should shew the naked truth.
But heare what happen'd hence, ere th'setting Sunne
Lodg'd in the West, she heard what I had done;
So as resolu'd to quite me in my kind,
Next morne betime, she Hylus *chanc'd to find.*
Sap. *Who,* Clytus *boy!*
Lin. *Yes* Sapphus, *selfe-same Lad,*
Who was a good boy, ere she made him bad.
Tech. *Pray* Linus *how?*
Lin. *Through her immodestie,*
She him allur'd for to dishonour me.
Tech. *Disloyall* Lesbia; *but pray the shew,*
Did Hylus *(harmelesse youth) consent thereto?*
Lin. Technis, *he did;*
Dor. *How shouldst thou know as much?*
Lin. *She did display't her selfe.*
Dor. *Is her shame such?*
Lin. *Yes, and withall deride me to my face,*
With such iniurious speeches of disgrace,
As patience could not beare.
Tech. *And didst thou beare them?*
Lin. *Yes,* Technis *yes, & smild when I did heare them*
For this is my conceit, it seemeth no man,
To shew his violence vnto a woman.
Dym. Linus *sayes well, but womans nature's such,*
They will presume if men do beare too much.
For if the tongue vpon defiance stand,
The tongue should be reuenged by the hand.
Lin. *Some would haue done it* Dymnus, *but I thought*
If I reuenge by such base meanes had sought,
The woreld would condemne me; she could blind

Most

Most men with an opinion, she was kind,
But in a modeſt ſort: for on a time,
Rich Amphybæus *offring to the ſhrine*
Of Panaretus *(as there went report)*
Sought for her loue in a diſhoneſt ſort,
With price, with prayer, yet nere attain'd his aime,
To ſoile her honour, or her vertues ſtaine;
Sap. *Women are nice when ſimple heard-men craue it,*
And will ſay nay, when they the fainſt would haue it.
Lin. *'Tis right; and now good ſhepheards tell me true,*
Haue I not cauſe, for I'le be iudg'd by you,
To mone my hard miſhap?
Tech. *Thou haſt indeed.* (*bleed,*
Cor. *Thy woes, friend* Linus, *make my heart-ſtrings*
Lin. *I thanke you all; but will you heare a ſong,*
Penn'd in the meditation of my wrong!
Dor. *For loues-ſake do!*
Lin. *Iudge if the* deſcant *fit*
The burden *of my griefe, for this is it;*
As for the note *before I further go,*
My tune *is this*, and who can blame my woe?

If *Marriage* life yeeld ſuch content,
What heauie hap haue I,
Whoſe life with griefe and ſorrow ſpent,
Wiſh death, yet cannot die:
She's bent to ſmile when I do ſtorme,
When I am chearefull too,
She ſeemes to loure, then who can cure,
Or counterpoize my woe?

My marriage day chac'd you away,

For

For I haue found it true;
That *bed* which did all loyes display,
Became a *bed* of rue;
Where *aspes* do brouze on fancies floure,
And beauties blossome too:
Then where's that power on earth may cure,
Or counterpoize my woe?

I thought *loue* was the *lampe* of life,
No *life* without *loue*,
No *loue* like to a faithfull *wife*:
Which when I sought to proue,
I found her birth was not on earth,
For ought that I could know;
Of good ones I perceiu'd a dearth,
Then who can cure my woe?

Zantippe was a iealous shrow,
And *Menalippe* too,
Faustina had a stormie brow,
Corinna'es like did show;
Yet these were Saints compar'd to mine,
For mirth and mildlesse too:
Who runs diuision all her time,
Then who can cure my woe?

My *boord* no dishes can afford,
But *chasing dishes* all;
Where selfe-will domineres as Lord,
To keepe poore me in thrall;
My discontent giues her content,
My friend she vowes her foe:

How

How ſhould I then my ſorrowes vent,
Or *cure* my endleſſe woe?

No *cure*, no *care*, farewell all ioy,
Retire poore ſoule and die,
Yet ere thou die, thy ſelfe employ,
That thou maiſt mount the skie,
Where thou may moue commanding *Ioue*,
That *Pluto* he might go
To wed thy *wife*, who end's thy life,
For this will cure thy woe.

Dym. *I iudge by this, that thou wouldſt faine forſake*
And freely giue her any that would take her.
Lin. Dymnus *I would, but I my croſſe muſt beare,*
As I haue done before this many yeare;
But ſince our griefes are equally expreſt,
Let's now compare which is the heanieſt!
Tech. *I loſt my* Amarillida;
Dor. *But ſhe*
Was nothing to Bellina.
Dym. *No, nor ſhe*
Like to my faire Palmira.
Cor. *Nor all three*
Equall to Celia;
Sap. *Let* Siluia *be*
The onely faire.
Lin. *Admit, they all were faine,*
Your griefes with me, may haue no equall ſhare,
For you are free, ſo as perhaps you may
Make choice of ſome, may be as faire as they;
But I am bound, and ſhut in ſuch a kinde,

As onely death may it vnloose, or not.
Tech. *To* Linus *must we yeeld; but who are these?*
Dor. *Two iollie shepheards, that do hither prese,*
With ribbon fauours, and rosemary sprigs,
Chanting along our Downes *their rurall iigs.*
As to some wedding boun;
Sap. *You may presume,*
For Iohn vnto the May-pole *is their tune,*
And that's their bridall note.
Lin. *Let vs draw neare them,*
Close to this shadie Beech, *where we may heare them.*

The shepheards holy-day, reduced in apt measures to Hobbinalls Galliard, or Iohn to the May-pole.

Forth of a curious Spinet *graced with the best rarities of* Art *and* Nature, Mopsus *a shepheard, and* Marina *a shepheardesse, singing a Nuptiall hymne in the way to the Bridall.*

MOpso. *Come* Marina *let's away,*
For both Bride *and* Bridegroome *stay.*
Fie for shame are Swaines so long,
Pinning of their head-geare on?
Pray thee see,
None but we,
Mongst the Swaines are left vnreadie,
Fie, make hast,
Bride *is past,*
Follow me and I will leade thee.

Mar. *On my louely* Mopſus, *on,*
I am readie, all is done,
From my head vnto my foote,
I am fitted each way to't;
Buskins gay,
Gowne of gray,
Beſt that all our flocks do render,
Hat of ſtroe,
Platted through,
Cherrie lip and middle ſlender.

Mop. *And I thinke you will not find*
Mopſus *any whit behind,*
For he loues as well to go,
As moſt part of ſhepheards do.
Cap of browne,
Bottle-crowne,
With the leg I won at dancing,
And a pumpe
Fit to iumpe,
When we ſhepheards fall a prancing.

And I know there is a ſort,
Will be well prouided for't,
For I heare, there will be there
Liueliеſt Swaines within the Shere:
Ietting Gill,
Iumping Will,
Ore the floore will haue their meaſure:
Kit *and* Kate,
There will waite,
Tib *and* Tom *will take their pleaſure.*

Mar.

Mar. *But I feare;*
Mop. *What doest thou feare?*
Mar. Crowd *the fidler is not there:*
And my mind delighted is,
With no stroake so much as his.
Mop. *If not he,*
There will be
Drone *the piper that will trounce it.*
Mar. *But if* Crowd,
Strucke aloud,
Lord me thinks how I could bounce it!

Mop. *Bounce it* Mall, *I hope thou will,*
For I know that thou hast skill,
And I am sure thou there shalt find,
Measures store to please thy mind;
Roundelayes,
Irish-hayes,
Cogs and rongs and Peggie Ramsie,
Spaniletto,
The Venetto,
Iohn come kisse me, Wilsons fancie.

Mar. *But of all there's none so sprightly*
To my eare, as tutch me lightly:
For it's this we shepheards loue,
Being that which most doth moue;
There, there, there,
To a haire,
O Tim Crowd, *me thinks I heare thee,*
Young nor old,
Nere could hold,
But must leake *if they come nere thee.*

Mop. *Bluſh* Marina, *fie for ſhame,*
Blemiſh not a ſhepheards name;
Mar. Mopſus *why, is't ſuch a matter,*
Maids *to ſhew their yeelding nature?*
O what then,
Be ye men,
That will beare your ſelues ſo froward,
When you find
Vs inclin'd,
To your bed *and* boord *ſo toward?*

Mop. *True indeed, the fault is ours,*
Though we tearme it oft-times yours;
Mar. *What would ſhepheards haue vs do,*
But to yeeld when they do wo?
And we yeeld
Them the field,
And endow them with our riches.
Mop. *Yet we know,*
Oft-times too,
You'le not ſticke to weare the breches.

Mar. *Fooles they'le deeme them, that do heare them*
Say, their wiues are wont to weare them:
For I know there's none has wit,
Can endure or ſuffer it;
But if they
Haue no ſtay,
Nor diſcretion (as tis common)
Then they may
Giue the ſway,
As is fitting to the woman.

Mop.

Mop. *All too long* (deare loue) *I weene,*
Haue we ſtood vpon this theame:
Let each laſſe, *as once it was,*
Loue her Swaine, *and* Swaine *his* laſſe:
So ſhall we
Honor'd be,
In our mating, in our meeting,
While we ſtand
Hand in hand,
Honeſt Swainling, *with his* Sweeting.

Dor. *How ſay you* ſhepheards, *ſhall we all repaire*
Vnto this wedding, *to allay our care?*
Dym. *Agreed for me.*
Tech. *And I am well content.*
Cor. *On then, let's make our life a merriment.*
Sap. *See where they come!*
May Hymen *aye defend them.*
Lin. *And far more ioy then I haue had God ſend them.*

FINIS.

OMPHALE,
OR,
THE INCONSTANT SHEPHEARDESSE.

Perïssem, niſi periſſem.

LONDON,
Printed for RICHARD WHITAKER.
1621.

To her in whose chast breast
choiseſt vertues, as in their
Abstract, are seated:

The accomplisht Lady P. W. *wife to the*
Nobly-descended S. T. W. Knight:
and daughter to the much
honoured, S. R. C.

All correspondence to her worthiest
wishes.

OMPHALE,

OR,

THE INCONSANT SHEPHEARDESSE.

IN bondage free, in freedome bound
I am,
A hopeleſſe, hapleſſe, loue-ſicke,
life-ſicke man;
When I write ought, ſtreight loue
preuenteth me,
And bids me write of nought but Omphale:
When I ride Eaſt, *my heart is in the* Weſt,
Lodg'd in the center of her virgin-breaſt.
The homelieſt cell would cheare full ſeeme to me,
If I in it might line with Omphale.
My youth growes ag'd, for though I'me in my prime,
Loue hath made furrowes in this face of mine;
So as laſt day (aye me vnhappie elſe)
Looking in th'glaſſe, I ſcarce could know my ſelfe.
And I, from whom theſe ſharpe extreames did grow,
Was not content, but I muſt tell her *too,*
Which made her *proud, for few or none there are,*
(If women) but they'r proud if they be faire.
All this laſt Sommer hath it bene my hap,
To ſport, toy, play, and wanton in her lap,

And

And euer th'more I plaid, if so I could,
Or strength admitted meanes, the more I would:
For truth *confirmes that* Maxime, *where we find*
A louing, loyall, well-disposed mind,
Prest for encounter, there we loue to plant,
Feeding on Loues delights in midst of want;
For Loue contemnes all want, and counts't a gaine,
To purchase one houres ioy with two yeares paine.
Alas how oft (too oft thou well may say)
Haue I in priuate spent with her *the day,*
Inuoking th'Sunne, plants, heauen, and earth and all,
If fall I should, she did procure my fall?
And still she vow'd, and bit her lip, and stept
Apart from me, and wip'd her eyes and wept,
And stood and chid, and call'd me most vniust,
To harbour in my bosome such distrust.
And I (too credulous I) as one dismaid,
Was forced to recant what I had said,
Swearing I was resolu'd that th'constancie,
Of *Hypemnestra *match'd not* Omphale.
Thus did I gull my selfe to sooth my loue,
Who prou'd a Serpent, *though she seem'd a* Doue:
For vowes, protests, and all that she had spoken,
Were by her light affection quickly broken.
And whence came this? not frō me, heauen thou knowest,
But from my loue who triumphs in my woes;
My loue; *raze out that name: she was indeed,*
When thou *and* she *your lambkins vs'd to feede*
On Arnus *flowrie banks, being wont to make*
Posies and nosegaies for her shepheards sake,
And bind them to his hooke; *but let that passe,*
She *is not* she, *nor time the same it was.*

*Or Hypermnestra, one of the fifty daughters of Danaus, who out of a tender nuptiall affectiō, saued her husband Lynceus from that great slaughter which was committed by her sisters, in slaying their husbands.

For

For then (ô then) ſuſpicious eyes were free,
And none but heauenly bodies looke on thee;
(Too faire ſpectators,) *though we now and then*
Diſpence with Gods ſight rather then with men.
And can ſhe thinke on this and not relent,
Or thinking not of this, can ſhe conſent
To leaue Admetus? *Yes, why can ſhe not!*
Now loues ſhe Cloris, *and I feare his lot*
Will proue as fatall, for her very eye
Tells me ſhe meanes to tread her ſhoe awry.
And this I ſaw before, and durſt not ſee,
For th'loue I bore to her, perſwaded me
She could not be ſo thankeleſſe, as requite
My faithfull ſeruice with ſuch ſtrange deſpite:
Yet I perceiu'd, not by ſuſpicious feare,
But by the Organs both of eye and eare,
That loue was fained which to me ſhe bore,
Reſeruing others *to ſupply her ſtore.*
And I confeſſe in th'end I iealous grew,
For ſome *had many fauours, I but few;*
Others *had ſmiles, I frownes, ſo as I ſay,*
I found her former fancie fall away,
Which gaue increaſe to griefe, cauſe to my eye
To looke into her ſteps more narrowly;
So as poore foole (ſo vainely did I erre)
I thought each buſh *did play th' Adulterer,*
So violent was this paſſion; which to ſhow,
Though of Actæons *there be ſtore enow,*
I briefly meane, (and let all others paſſe)
To tell you how my iealous humour was.
Each thing I ey'd, did repreſent to me,
The louely feature of my Omphale,

Yet

Yet ſo, as ſtill that precious forme I ſaw,
Did by attractiue power another draw,
To make her forme more complete, for we know,
Number can ne're conſiſt of leſſe then two.
Streight did I ſee, (ſuſpition made me ſee)
My ſelfe made cuckold in a phantaſie,
Which in my thoughts ſuch deepe impreſſion tooke,
As now and then I threw away my booke,
Calling my ſelfe an Aſſe, to pore on that
Which gaue my wench time to cornute my pate;
And to confirme the height of my diſgrace,
Suffer the rifling of her common place.
Sometimes in ſilent nights, when hoarie care
Is charm'd aſleepe, and men exempted are
From day-bred paſſions, would I ſtart from bed,
And ſweare, the night *had me diſhonoured;*
While ſhe *(ſleepe-lulled ſoule) did thinke no harme,*
But lay entwining me with arme in arme:
Yet hearing me ſhe wakt, and chid me too,
For doing (humerous foole) *what I did do,*
And as ſhe chid I wept, yet inward faine,
My dreames prou'd falſe, I went to bed againe.
If I but found her in diſcourſe with any,
I ſtreight renounc'd her loue, and ſwore too many
Were factors in my Pinnace, *yet one frowne*
Sent from her brow, ſubdude me as her owne.
If ſhe receiu'd a letter from a friend,
I ſtreight coniectur'd what it did intend;
Suppoſing (vaine ſuppoſe) where th'place ſhould be,
That witneſſe might the ſhame of Omphale:
To which I vow'd reuenge, though nothing were,
But my owne thoughts that miniſtred this feare.

Oft

Oft would I faine (for what were all my thoughts,
But fictions meerely) that she played nought
With her owne shadow, *and* Narcissus-*like,*
That in her forme she tooke such quaint delight,
As forced now to surfet on her store,
She prou'd this true: Much plentie made her poore.
Thus did her presence cause me to admire her,
Her absence like occasion to desire her;
Without whose presence, though the Sunne shone faire,
All seemed darke, because she was not there.
Last time we parted with teare-trickling eye,
Hand ioyn'd in hand right ceremonially,
I calld the heauens and sacred powers aboue,
To witnesse with me my vnfained loue,
And vow'd withall, if ere it should appeare,
I broke the faith which I had plight to her,
Or entred any bed lasciuiously,
Intending to play false with Omphale,
Or entertain'd least thought of disrespect
To her *or* hers *in nature of neglect,*
*Or euer cancell'd th'*deed, *which (heauens you know,*
Was seal'd and was deliuer'd twixt vs two)
Or euer chang'd my fancie, to deuide
My shared loue vnto another Bride,
Or ere disclaim'd what I in secret vow'd,
Or disallow what Hymen *had allow'd;*
If this or that, or any of these all,
Should censure me of lightnesse, that my fall
Might recompence my (hame (which heauens forbid)
And this I vow'd to do, and this I did.
Nor did she *spare to second me in this,*
But wish'd if ere she chanc'd to do amisse,

With

With an intent of ill, or violate
Thoſe ſolemne heſts our loues had conſummate,
Or ſtain'd that ſpouſall reſt, *that* bleſt repoſe,
Where two encountred, yet were neither foes;
Or diſeſteem'd my loue, or prized it
Leſſe then a conſtant louer did beſit,
Or let one day or night paſſe careleſly,
Without recalling me to memory,
Or giue occaſion to the world to ſay,
She loues another when her loue's away,
Or entertaine a ſauour, *or deſcry*
Leaſt of affection by alluring eye,
Or riot in my abſence, or conſort
With any that might blemiſh her report,
Or frequent publicke preſence, which might moue
A ſubiect *for varietie of loue:*
If this *or* that, *or any ſhould begin*
To taxe her life, might vengeance plague her ſinne.
Thus we both vow'd, and thus we parted too,
But heare how ſoone my loue infring'd her vow;
No ſooner had the region *of the* West,
Remou'd me from my loue, and reſt me reſt,
Where ſteepie mountaines ragged and vneuen,
Oſſa *and* Pelion-*like do menace heauen,*
Where ſcalpie hils and ſandie vales imply,
The ploughmans toile's requited ſlenderly;
Where their courſe feeding and their homely fare,
Makes their wits lumpiſh, and their bodies ſpare:
Then ſhe (inconſtant ſhe) forgot me cleane,
And all her vowes, as if I had not bene.
Diſtance of place, made diſtance in our loue,
And as my body mou'd, her loue did moue

From

From her first center: thus euen in my Prime,
Did my loue change, when I did change my clime.
Thus like blind Cupids *ball (by fancie crost)*
Was I to euery hazard strangely tost;
Thus was my seruice guerdon'd with disgrace,
While Cloris *crept into* Admetus *place:*
And can her height of sinne be thus forgot?
No, wanton no, who is it knowes it not?
So as thy crime thy nature will display,
And make thy storie worse then Cressida,
Who in contempt of faith, (as we do reade)
Reiected Troilus *for* Diomede!
Canst thou make shew of loue to me or any,
That art expos'd to louing of so many?
Canst thou haue heart to vow, when thou forsooke,
And didst infringe the oath which thou first tooke?
Canst thou haue face to come in open light,
That hast incurr'd reuenge in his pure sight,
Whose vengeance thou inuok't? canst thou repaire
Vnto thy sex, or taste the common ayre,
Hauing, (by making of thy faith so common)
*Infected th'*ayre, *impeach'd the* Sex *of women?*
Canst thou looke on that faithlesse hand of thine,
And giue it to another being mine?
Canst thou, and see that face, not blush to see
Those teares thou shed, and vowes thou made to me?
Or canst embrace another in thy bed,
Hearing thy first espoused friend not dead?
Suppose I should surprize thee, could I long
Restraine my hand, and not reuenge my wrong?
Could I allay my passion vnexprest,
Or see th' Adulterer *sleepe within thy brest?*

Could

Could I endure my bed *should be abus'd,*
Or see her *strumpeted, whom I had chus'd?*
Could I content my selfe to see my shame,
And coward-like, not to redresse the same?
No, no insatiate thou, soener could time
Leaue his gradation, or the Sunne *to shine,*
Light bodies to ascend and leaue their center,
Riuers their downeward course, then I should venter
My patience on that odds: but foolish I,
That gaue no credit to mine eare or eye,
But made my senses *all* Cassandra's, *where*
Mine eare *presag'd, yet I'de not trust mine* eare:
Such strange distempers doth this Circe *breed,*
This phrensie-*fancie in a louers head,*
That though he heare, see, taste, *and* touch, & smell
His loues vnkindnesse, yet he dare not tell,
But must renounce th'instruction of all these,
Yea, (euen himselfe) that he his wench may please.
O why should man tearme woman *th'weaker kind,*
Since they are stronger, *as we daily find,*
In will, *and* head, *although their husbands browes,*
Oft to a harder kind of temper *growes?*
So as for all that we do style them weaker,
They oft become to be their husbands maker!
But now Admetus, *wilt thou pine and die,*
And waste thy selfe for her inconstancie?
Wilt thou lament the losse of such an one,
As hath resolu'd to keepe her faith with none?
Or canst thou dote on her, *that longs to be*
Affected of each youth that she doth see?
No, no Admetus, *since she proues vntrue,*
Shed not one teare nor sigh, for none is due,

But

But offer Pan *the chiefe of all thy flocke,*
That thou art rid of ſuch a weathercocke.
Now maiſt thou pipe vpon thy oaten reede,
Whileſt thy Mug-ſheepe *on* Arnus *paſtures feede:*
Where bonnie Clytus *will attend on thee,*
And Mopſus *too will keepe thee companie.*
There the late-freed Capnus *will repaire,*
And ioy to taſte the freedome *of the ayre;*
Where he will deſcant on no rurall theame,
But on Ambitions *curbe,* the golden meane.
And ioy he may, for who did euer heare
Such alterations as in him *appeare?*
Where long reſtraint hath labour'd to reſtore
That loue *to* him, *which he had loſt before.*
With whom Admetus *may in conſort ioyne,*
Comparing of your fortunes one by one;
He *to regaine the* loue *which he had loſt,*
Thou *to forget her loue that wrong'd* thee *moſt.*
And well would this beſeeme Admetus *ſtraine,*
For ſhepheards ſhould not laugh at others paine,
But in compaſſion of their grieues and them,
To imitate their paſſions *in the ſame.*
And this's a better courſe, and ſafer too,
Then to do that which thou ſo late didſt do,
Pining and puling, wiſhing death *appeare,*
Which for thy wiſhes was no whit the neare.
"For death (whē we are happie) will come nie vs, Iole in Oet. Her.
"But if we wretched be, then death will flie vs.
How oft hath my experience made this good,
When wiſhing death, I was by death withſtood?
For ſtill I thought my woes would haue an end
If * Death *arriu'd, afflictions welcome friend.*

* Mors ſola portus, dabitur ærumnis locus. *ibid. Deian.*

But th'more I ſought, the more he *fled from me,*
To make me riper in my miſerie:
"For griefe is of that nature, as it growes
"In age, ſo new effects it daily ſhowes.
Yet now thou *liues (and thanks to th'powers aboue)*
Haſt neare by this, ſuppreſt the thoughts of loue.
Now canſt thou feed, *and* ſleepe, *and* laugh, *&* talke,
Sport, *and tell tales, refreſh thy ſelfe, and walke*
In flowrie Meedes, whileſt thou ſeeſt Cloris *hing*
His iealous head to heare the Cuckow ſing.
Alas (poore man) what bondage is he in,
To ſerue a Swaine that's cauteriz'd in ſin,
Expos'd to ſhame, and proſtitute to luſt,
In whom nor's grace, nor faith, nor loue, nor truſt?
And heauen I wiſh, ſhe may in time reclaime
Her former courſe, and rectifie the ſame:
But th' Pumice ſtone will hardly water yeeld,
Or grace appeare in ſuch a barren field:
For ſuch light mates *encompaſſe her about,*
As Vertue's choak't before it can take roote.
O Cloris, *if thou knew* Admetus *mind,*
And th'hard conceit he h'as of womankind,
Whoſe faireſt lookes, *are* lures, affections, baits,
Words, wind, vowes, vaine, *and their* proteſts deceits,
Songs, charms, teares, traines *to trace vs to our end,*
Smiles, ſnares, frowns, fears, *which to our ruine tend:*
*Then wouldſt thou (*Cloris*) cenſure* Omphale,
The pregnant mirror of inconſtancie,
And curbe thy fancie, ere it haue leaſt part
In one *can vow ſo often with one heart.*
*For heare me (*Cloris*) ſhe did neuer ſhow*

More

More loue to thee, *then she to others too:*
Yet what art thou (if man) maist build thee more
Vpon her faith then others *did before?*
What art thou canst perswade thy selfe of this,
She'le not tread right, h'as trod so long amisse,
Or that she'le now proue constant, that h'as prou'd,
So faithlesse to the most, that she has lou'd?
No, Cloris *no, the* Prouerbe *it is true,*
And is confirm'd in her whom thou doest sue;
" To wash the Moore, is labouring in vaine,
" For th'colour that he h'as, is di'd in graine.
So th'more thou striues to make her blacknes white,
Thou drawes heauens curtaine to display her night.
Her night *indeed, saue that no starres appeare,*
(No lights of grace) within her hemi-sphеare,
But th changing Moone, whose lightnesse doth expresse
That light-inconstant mind of Omphales:
" *Where* Vertue *seemes at* Nature *to complaine,*
" *That* vice *should be at* full, *and she at* waine,
Yet Nature answers, she h'as done her part,
And that the fault is rather in her heart,
That is so spacious, to entertaine
The wauering loue of euery wanton Swaine.
And I assent to Nature, for it's showne,
By her rare workemanship, what she h'as done,
In giuing beautie lustre, her *content;*
In forming her, *her selfe to represent.*
And reason good; for when I thinke vpon,
That Zeuxes, Phydias, *and* Pigmalion,
(Those natiue artists) *who indeed did strиne*
To make their curious statues *seeme aliue,*
Reducing art *to* Nature; *then I find,*

Nature had cause to satisfie her mind
In something aboue art, *that after-time*
Might moue her *to reioyce,* art *to repine.*
And what more moning patterne *could there be,*
Then the admired forme of Omphale,
Whose feature equall'd Nature, *and did show*
The very Spring *whence fancie's said to flow?*
For first her stature's *seemely, which I call,*
Neither too dwarfish low, nor giant-tall;
Her front *a rising mount, her* eyes *two lamps,*
Which, whereſoere ſhe lookes impreſſion ſtamps;
Her cheeke *twixt roſie red and ſnowie white,*
Attracts an admiration with delight;
Her noſe *nor long nor ſhort, nor high nor low,*
Nor flat, nor ſkarpe, the token of a ſhrow;
Her mouth *nor ferret-ſtraite, nor callet-broade,*
But of an apt proportion, as it ſhould;
Her breath *the fragrant odour, which loue ſips*
From theſe two cherrie portels of her lips;
Where thoſe two iuory pales or rowes of teeth,
Accent her ſpeech, perfumed by her breath;
Her chin *th'inclining vale, deuided is,*
By th' daintie dimple of loues choiſeſt bliſſe,
Which, as maine ſtouds from ſmalleſt currents flow,
Deriues her ſweets to th'riuelings below;
Her necke *a rocke enazur'd with pure veines*
Of orient pearle, which with amorous chaines
Of lou's deſir'd embraces, charmes the eye,
And tyes it to her obiect, *when ſhe's by;*
Her breaſts *two Orbs or Mounts, or what you will*
That may include perfection, which to fill
The world with admiration, are layd out,

To

To worke the feate her lightneſſe *goes about;*
Two prettie nipples, one oppos'd gainſt t'other,
Challenge the name of Nurſe aſwell as Mother:
Though ſome (for ſtate makes loue to children worſe)
Scorne, being mothers to become their nurſe.
In briefe her *all, (becauſe I'le not deſcend,*
In praiſe of that, *where praiſes haue no end)*
Is beauties faire Idæa, *which implies*
Height of content, to loues amazed eyes.
And yet this ſhe, *the modell of delight,*
Though outward faire, ſeemes to my inward ſight,
As ſpotted as the Ermine, *whoſe ſmooth skin,*
Though it be faire without, is foule within.
For what more foule then vice? *but chiefly that*
Which makes a woman to degenerate,
From her more ſhamefaſt Sex, where modeſtie
Should ſit vpon her cheeke, *to verifie* (reſt,
*What th'*Comick *ſaid:* * ſtraid thoughts find neuer
" But ſhamefaſt lookes become a woman beſt.
Indeed they do; for there is greater ſence,
That ſhame *ſhould moue man more then* impudence;
For baſhfull lookes adde fuell to loues fire,
While th' ſpirit *of* luſt *doth with her flame expire.*
Which makes me wonder, that th'interiour light
Whence man reſembles God, ſhould loſe his ſight,
By doting on an Idoll, that can take
To charme loues dazled eyes a Syrens *ſhape,*
Making Art *vye with* Nature *for the beſt,*
And ſoiling that which ſhould ſurpaſſe the reſt.
For what is faire, *if that be all there is,*
But an eye-pleaſing thing, that yeelds no bliſſe,
Wanting that inward faire, *which who enioyes,*

* Errant, nec ſedem repetunt ſerenam Quæ petulanti corde reſurgunt, &c.

Esteemes all outward ornaments as toyes,
Compared to that beauty, which no Art
Could euer equall, or expresse in part?
Indeed the grace of vertue is more rare,
And exquisite, when she *that's* good *is faire,*
For she *becomes most complete well we know,*
That's grac'd with vertue and with beautie too.
Socrates. *Whence that experienst* Morall vs'd to reach*
A looking glasse to such as he did teach;
Wherein, if such were faire themselues did eye,
He would exhort them rather to apply
Their minds *to* vertue, *for great pittie twere,*
Foule soules (*quoth he*) should haue a face so faire:
But if deform'd, he streight would counsell them,
With wholesome precepts to supply the same;
For fit it were (*quoth he*) a face so foule,
Should be prouided of a beauteous soule.
But rare's this composition, for we find,
Seldome that double blisse in woman-kind,
Where she *that's* faire *can soone admire her owne,*
And knowes what Nature for her selfe hath done:
Yea she by this can learne another straine,
Put on coy looks, *and th'fashion of* disdaine, (breath,
Minst-speech, huff-pace, sleeke-skin, *and* perfum'd
Goats-haire, brests-bare, plume-fronted, fricace-
All which infuse new motions into man, (teeth,
Late borrow'd of th' Italian Curtezan.
But now to thee *thou wanton, will I come,*
To taxe, not visit that polluted tombe,
Of all infection, which to giue it due,
Is now become no Temple *but a* stue;
Tell me, disdainfull faire, if I ere wrong'd,

Or

Or thee, *or any that to* thee *belong'd!*
Haue I incurr'd dishonour, or denoted
My loue to many, whereby I am noted?
Haue I bene too profuse in my respect,
To others some, and blancht thee with neglect?
Haue I incurr'd a merited disgrace,
In begging loue when thou was out of place?
Haue I by courting any, ere exprest,
My selfe ought lesse then what I still profest?
Didst euer see a fauour worne by me,
But that poore bracelet *I receiu'd of thee,*
Twisted with gold, and with thy faithlesse haire,
Which now I'ue throwne away *with all my care?*
Did I ere vow and breake, as thou hast done,
Or plight my faith (saue thee) *to any one?*
Why then shouldst thou infringe that sacred oath,
Which with a kisse was sealed to vs both,
When scarce one houre *did vs occasion giue,*
(So short was time) to take our lasting leaue?
But I can guesse where thou wilt lay the blame;
Not on thy selfe, *but on* them *whence thou came,*
That lustfull stocke *I meane, which gaue beginning*
To thee of being first, and then of sinning.
It's true indeed, we know a poisoned spring,
Can seld or neuer wholesome water bring,
Nor can we looke that any barren field,
Should ought saue tares *or fruitlesse Darnell yeeld:*
For this from Scripture may collected be,
"Such as the fruite is, such is still the tree.
Too late I find this true, and heauens I wish,
My former harmes may caution me *of this;*
For what is ill descendeth in a blood,

Sooner and surer too, then what is good.
" For th'fathers vertues still attend his bere,
" And being dead, with him lie buried there;
" But th'vices which he had are not content
" To die with him, but liue in his descent.
So natiue is thy ill, hauing her birth
From that corrupted stock *which brought thee forth,*
As sooner may the Æthiope *become white,*
*Th'*Cymmerian *pitchie shade transparent light,*
The Tiger *leaue his nature, th'*Wolfe *his prey,*
The Sunne *to guide the chariot of the day,*
*The** Pellican *her desart, or the** Craine,
That nat'rall loue which in her doth remaine
Vnto her parents; then thy parents *shame,*
Got by their sinne, *be wiped from thy* name.
No wanton, no, thy darknesse is displayd,
Which can by no meanes re-disperse her shade,
But shall suruiue all time; for it's the will
Of Powers aboue, there should be life in ill,
As well as good: *that th'*memory *of the first*
Might make succeeding ages count her curst.
For I haue red (and thou was cause I red)
Some fickle Dames *in stories mentioned,*
Whose small respect to th'honour of their name,
Hath made them since the lasting heires *of shame:*
And such were Messalina, Martia,
Faustina, Lays, Claudia,* Portia,
Two of which name there were of different kind,
In th'various disproportion of their mind;
" *One good, one ill, one light, one constant prouing,*
" *One spousall-lothing, one her honour louing.*
But which of these *can equall* Omphale?

* Queis pario perio; quod acerbæ prolis imago Extitit, & teneræ nota parentis erit. *vid. Alcyat.*

* Quæ parenti confecto ætate consulit, eique prestando natale officium, proprijs alis gerit. *vid. Basil. in Homil.*

* *Portia the famous Curtizan, and that noble Ladie, an eminent patterne of modestie, wife to Port. Cato the Senatour.*

Or

Or which of these *liue more licentiously?*
All patternes in their time (as well they might)
And cautions too, to moue vs tread aright
That do succeed them: yet obserue this staine,
This wedlocks-blemish, and you will complaine,
Of th'present times, that they'r more ripe in sinne,
And breach of faith, then former times haue bin.
More ripe *indeed, for where's that age become,*
"Folke da'd for loue, as we haue red of some,
Who their affections so implanted haue,
As nought could bury fancie but their graue?
But these were childish times; indeed they were,
For rather then for her I'de shed one teare,
That disesteemes my loue, or send one grone,
Or sigh, or sob, or pule, or make a mone,
Or fold my armes, as forlorne louers vse,
Or grieue to lose, when she doth others chuse,
Or breake my sleepe, or take a solemne fast,
I wish that taske *might be* Admetus *last.*
No Omphale, *though time was when I mourn'd,*
That time is chang'd, and now my humour's turn'd;
So as I scarce remember what thou art,
That once lay neare and deare vnto my heart.
Now is my Pasture *greene and flourishing,*
And poore Melampus *which was wont to hing*
His heauie head (kind curre) for's maisters sake,
Begins his sullen humour to forsake.
Now is my bottle mended, and my hooke,
My bag, my pipe, so as if thou should looke,
And see Admetus *with his woollie store,*
Thou'd say, he were not th'man he was before;
And indge him too, (to see him now reuiue,

And

And change his note) the happiest man alive.
And so I am, to liue and leaue to loue,
(Though faithfull mates would flinty natures moue)
Whose rare effects the Poet *seemes to show,*
When wiues expresse th' affections which they owe.
" * Turtle with Turtle, husband with his mate,
" In distinct kindes one loue participate.
But since affection is so rare to find,
Where th'face weares not the liuerie of the mind,
And womans vowes (as * *th'* Satyre *rightly saith)*
Be rather made for complement then faith;
Be free from loue Admetus: *if not free,*
At least from loue of such as Omphale.

* Turture sic turtur iungit amanda suo.

* Sic iurare solent, sed non seruare puellæ. *Lucian.*

FINIS.

A Poem describing the leuitie of a woman: reseruing all generous respect to the vertuously affected of that Sexe.

FIrst I feare not to offend,
A very thing of nothing,
Yet whom thus farre I commend,
She's lighter then her clothing:
Nay from the foote vnto the crowne,
Her very Fan will weigh her downe:
And marke how all things with her Sexe agree,
For all her vertues are as light as she.

1.

She chats and chants but ayre,
A windie vertue for the eare,
T'is lighter farre then care,
And yet her songs do burthens beare.

2.

She dances, that's but mouing,
No heauie vertue here she changes,
And as her heart in louing,
So her feete in constant ranges.

She softly leanes on strings,
She strikes the trembling lute and quauers:

These

These are no weightie things,
Her strokes are light, so are her fauours.
Those are her vertues fiting to her kind,
No sooner showne, but they turnd all to wind.

Then to you, O Sexe of fethers,
On whose browes sit all the wethers,
I send my Passion weau'd in rimes,
To weigh downe these light emptie times.

Descript.

WHat are you, O heires of scorning,
But like Dew that melts each morning;
Euening vapours, and nights prize,
To answer our voluptuous eyes:
And but to screene that sinnes delight,
I thinke there neuer had bene night.

Nor had we bene from vertue so exempt,
But that the tempter did leaue you to tempt.
You bit the Apple first that makes vs die,
Wheret'ere we looke the apple's *in our* eye,
And death must gather it; for your turn'd breath,
And mortall teeth e'en to the core *strucke death.*

FINIS.

HIS ODES:
OR,
PHILOMELS
TEARES.

Odes *in ſtraines of ſorrow tell*
Fate and fall of euery fowle,
Mounting Merlin, Philomel,
Lagging Lapwing, Swallow, Owle;
Whence you may obſerue how ſtate
Rais'd by pride, *is raz'd by* hate.

LONDON,
Printed for Richard Whitaker.
1621.

TO THE GENEROVS, INGENIOVS, AND IVDICIOVS PHILALETHIST, *Thomas Ogle* Esquire: the *ſucceeding iſſue of his diuineſt wiſhes.*

VNknowne *to* you *I am, yet knowne I am*
*To th'*better *part of* you, *your vertuous name;*
Which like a precious odour *hath infus'd*
Your loue *ſo much in* me, *as I haue chus'd*
Your ſelfe, to patronize what I haue writ,
Whoſe name I thought had power to ſhelter it.
I grant indeed, Smooth * Eagle *for your* name,
Includes that Sun-reflecting (Anagram)
Theſe birds *which in my* Odes *their fates diſplay,*
Are ſome *night-birds, as* others *of the day;*
Which in my iudgement, tenders more delight,
To ſee how ſin's orecurtained by night,
Whereas the day *ſends forth his golden raies,*
And ſhewes ſuch birds *as chant their* makers *praiſe.*
Which Morall, *as it ſuites theſe times of ours,*
I do diſclaime my right in't, it *is yours,*
If you eſteeme it worthie to obtaine
Your approbation: This is all our ayme.

R. B.

* Sic tereti curſu repetit ſpiracula montis
Aquila, quæ valles ſpernit, vt alta petat.
Sol radios mittit, radioſq; reflectit ocellis;
Aquila ſis vita ſemper (Amice) tua. *Alcyat. in Emblem. Sambi. ibid. Plin. in Nat. Hiſt. Ælian. ibid. Greg. in Mor. expo. in Iob.*

THE TRAVELLOVR, DILATING VPON THE sundrie changes of humane affaires, *most fluctuant when appearing* most constant.

AN ODE.

TEll me man, what creature may
Promise him such safe repose,
As secure from hate of foes,
He may thus much truly say,
Nought I haue I feare to lose,
No mischance can me dismay,
Tell me, pray thee (if thou can)
If the *worelde* haue such a man?

Tell me, if thou canst discerne
By thy reasons excellence,
What man for his prouidence,
Of the *Pismire* may not learne:
Yet that creature hath but sense,
Though she do her liuing earne,
Spare, not costly, is her fare,
Yet her *granar* shewes her care!

Tell me, canst thou shew me him,
That exact in each deuice,
Is at all times truly wise,
And is neuer seene to swim
(For in this his iudgement lies)
Gainst the current of the streame,
But seemes to haue full command,
Of each thing he takes in hand!

Tell me, was there euer knowne
Such a man that had a wit,
And in some part knew not it,
Till at last conceited growne,
He grew prowder then was fit,
Euer boasting of his owne;
For that *Maxime* true we know,
"*He that's wittie, knowes him so!*

Tell me, is that *man* on earth,
Whose affaires so stable are,
As they may for all his care,
Fall not crosse and crabdly forth,
And of sorrowes haue no share,
Which descend to man by birth;
What is he can promise rest,
When his mind's with griefe oppresst!

Tell me, is there ought so strong,
Firmely-constant, permanent,
Or on *earth* such true content,
As it fadeth not ere long;
Is there ought so excellent,

As it changeth notherſong,
And in time that all deuoures,
Mixeth ſweets with ſharpeſt loures!

Tell me, who is he that ſhines
In the height of Princes loue;
Sitting minion-like with *Ioue*,
Glorying in thoſe golden times,
But he feares ſomething may moue
His diſtaſt by whom *He* climbes:
Wherefore he that feares to fall,
Should forbeare to climbe at all!

Tell me, where is *Fortune* plac'd,
That ſhe may not men beguile,
Shrowding frownes with fained ſmile;
Where is *He* ſo highly grac'd,
Shewing greatneſſe in his ſtile,
Hath not bene in time out-fac'd,
By ſome *riuall*, where ſtill one
Striues to put another downe!

Tell me, then what life can be
Moreſecure, then where report
Makes vs onely knowne to th' Court,
Where we leade our liues ſo free,
As we're ſtrangers to reſort,
Saue our priuate familie;
For I thinke that *dwelling beſt*,
Where leaſt cares diſturbe our reſt!

THE NIGHTINGALL.

ODE.

IVg, IVg; faire fall the *Nightingall*,
Whose tender breast
Chants out *her* merrie *Madrigall*,
With *hawborne* pleft:
T'u, T'u, thus sings she euen by euen,
And represents the melodie in heauen;
T'is, T'is,
I am not as I wish.

Rape-defiled *Philomel*
In her sad mischance,
Tells what she is forc'd to tell,
While the *Satyres* dance:
Vnhappie I, quoth she, vnhappie I,
That am betraide by *Tereus* trecherie;
T'is, T'is,
I am not as I wished.

Chast-vnchast, defloured, yet
Spotlesse in heart,
Lust was all that *He* could get,
For all his art:
For I nere attention lent
To his suite, nor gaue consent;
T'is, T'is,
I am not as I wish.

Thus hath faithlesse *Tereus* made
Heartlesse *Phylomele*
Mone her in her forlorne shade,
Where griefe I feele:
Griefe that wounds *me* to the heart,
Which though gone, hath left her smart;
T'is, T'is,
I am not as I wish.

THE LAPWING.

ODE.

VNhappie I to change my *aerie* nest,
For this same *marish* dwelling where I rest,
Wherfore my song while I repeate,
I'le close it vp;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Euery Cowheard driuing his beasts to graze,
Disturbs my rest, *me* from my *nest* doth raise,
Which makes my young take vp this song,
To wreake my wrong;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Thou subtile *Stockdoue* that hast cheated me,
By taking vp thy *nest* where I should be,
Hast me and mine in perill set,

Whose song is fit;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Solely-retired, see I liue alone,
Farre from recourse or sight of any *one*;
And well that life would suite with me,
Were I but free;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Young ones I haue, that thinking I am fled,
Do leaue their *nest*, and run with *shell on head*,
And hauing found *me* out we cry,
Both they and I;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Creſt-curled mates why do you beare so long
The *Stockdoues* pride, that triumphs in your wrong,
Let vs our signals once display,
And make him say;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Too tedious hath our bondage bene I wis,
And onely patience was the cause of this,
Where if we would contract our power,
We'de sing no more;
Rue yet, rue yet.

March on then brauely, as if *Mars* were here,
And hate no gueſt so much as *ſlauiſh feare*,
Let the proud *Stockdoue* feele your wing,
That he may sing;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Let none escape, though they submissiue seeme,
Till you haue spoil'd and quite vnfether'd them,
So you shall make them vaile the wing,
And henceforth sing;
Rue yet, rue yet.

THE OWLE.

4. ODE.

I A Kings daughter, see what *pride* may do,
In fatall *jewe* takes vp my forlorne seate,
The cause whereof was *this*, if you would know,
I would haue better bread then grew on wheate,
Though now a *Mouse* be all the food I eate,
And glad I am when I can feed of it.

Ruff-curled necke, see I reserue some show
Of what I was, though far from *her* I was,
Wherein my boundlesse *pride* so farre did grow,
That as in place I did the rest surpasse,
So in the purest *beautie* of my face,
Courting my selfe in fancies looking-glasse.

Milke-bathed skin, see *wantons* what I vs'd,
To make my *skin* more supple, smooth, so sleeke,

Wherein my native hue by *Art* abus'd,
I lay a new *complexion* on my cheeke,
Sending my *eyes* abroad spyers to seeke,
And vying fashions with each day i'th weeke.

Nought I affected more then what was rare,
"Best things (if common) I did discreete,
Seld was I breath'd on by the publike ayre,
"*For those are most admir'd are seldome seene*,
Which is, and hath a custome euer bene,
"Such as come oft abroad, we vulgar deeme.

Thus selfe-admir'd I liu'd, till thus transform'd,
I got a *feature* fitting with my *pride*.
For I that scorned others now am scorn'd,
Had in disgrace, and in pursuite beside,
May the like *fate* like spirits aye betide,
So worthlesse honour shall be soone deceide.

For *ruff* thick-set, a curle wreathed *plume*,
Round hour my necke I weare, for *iewes* of gold,
A downie *tuft* of *feathers* is my crowne,
For *fan* in hand my clawes a pearch do hold,
And for those rates and dainties manifold,
"*A mouse I wish, but want her when I would.*

Be well aduis'd then *Minions*, what you do,
"Portray my *feature*, and make *vse* of it,
What fell to *me* may likewise fall to you,
And then how daring-high so ere you sit,
Nought but dishonour shall your *pride* begit,
"Dead in report of *Virtue* as is fit.

THE MERLIN.

5. ODE.

Hence *Nisus*, whence,
Is this the fate of kings,
For arme on Scepter,
To be arm'd with wings?
Poore speckled *bird*, see how aspiring may
Degrade the high, and their estate betray.

Once Fortune made
Nisus her favorite,
And rer'd his throne
To such vnbounded heighe,
That forreine states admir'd what *he* possest,
Till slie *ambition* nestled in his breast.

Till then how blest,
And after see how base
His *greatnesse* fell,
When reft of Princely grace;
Those many fleering *Parasites* he gain'd,
In his successe, not one in want remain'd

Chesses he weares
Now on his downie feete,

Where

Whose once guilt spurs,
With store of pearle set
Adorn'd his nimble heeles, and hooded now,
His bower wants: this can ambition do.

Vp still he mounts,
And must a pleasure bring,
That once was king;
To meaner then a king;
Where he, who once had Falkners at command,
Is faine to picke his meate from Falkners hand.

Imperious fate,
What canst not thou effect,
When thou perceiues
In man a dis-respect
Vnto thy honour, which we instanc'd see,
In no one Nisus better then in thee!

But stow bird stow,
See how the game's a foote,
And white-thaild Nisus,
He is flying to't;
Scepter, Crowne, Throne & all that Princely were
Be now reduc'd to feathers in the ayre;

THE SWALLOW.

ODE.

Ou chatt'ring *Fleere*, you *Faune*,
you *fommer-friend*,
Not following vs, but our ſucceſſe,
Will this your flatt'ring humour
here haue end,
Of all other meritleſſe?
Flie I ſay, flie, be gone,
Haunt not here to *Albion*:
She ſhould be ſpotleſſe, as imports her *name*,
But ſuch as *you* are borne to do her ſhame.

How many faire proteſts and ſolemne vowes,
Can your hatefull conforts make,
Wheras (heauen knows) theſe are but only ſhowes
Which you do for profit-ſake?
O then leaue our coaſt and vs,
Blemiſh'd by you ſlouie abuſe,
Vertue can haue no being, nor could euer,
Where th'*Paraſite* is deem'd a *happy liuer*.

Tale-tattling goſſip, prone to carrie newes,
And ſuch newes are euer worſt,
Where falſe report finds matter, and renewes
Her itching humour till it burſt,

Where each euen findes cates enough,
All the gloomie winter through,
To passe the night away, and oft-times dines,
That *truth* gets friendship seldomer then *lies*.

Spring-time when flowers adorne the chearefull mede,
And each *bird* sings on her spray,
When flowry groues with blossoms checkered,
And each day seemes a marriage day,
Chattring *Swallow* thou canst chate,
Then a time to visit vs;
Such are these fained friends make much vpon vs,
When we are *rich*, but being *poore* they shun vs.

The stormie *winter* with his hoarie locks,
When each branch hangs downe his head,
And icie flawes candies the ragged rocks,
Making *fields* discoloured,
Driues *thee* from vs and our coast,
Where in *spring-time* thou repos'st;
Thus thou remaines with *vs* in our delights,
But in our discontent th'art out of sight.

Time-seruing *humorist* that faunes on Time,
And no merit doest respect,
Who will not loath that sees that vaine of thine,
Where deserts are in neglect,
And the *good* is priz'd no more
Then the *ill*, if he be poore?
Thou art the rich mans claw-backe, and depends
No more on him, then as their *trencher-friends*.

Go turne-taile go, we haue not here a *Spring*
For such temporizing mates,
Pan's in our Ile, and he scornes *flattering*;
So those *Guardians* of our States,
Who are early vp and late,
And of all, this *vice* doth hate:
Flie tell-tale, flie, and if thou wilt, complaine thee
That Albyon's harsh, and will not entertaine thee.

THE FALL OF THE LEAFE.

7. ODE.

TEll *Lora* where's thy beauty now,
Thou was while om wont to show?
Not a *branch* is to be seene,
Clad in *Adons* colour *greene*;
Lambkins now haue left their skipping,
Lawn-frequenting *Fauns* their tripping;
Earths bare breast feeles winters whipping,
And her brood the North-winds nipping.

Though the *Boxe* and *Cypresse* tree,
Weare their wonted liuerie,
And the little *Robin* scorne
To be danted with a storme,
Yet the *Shepheard* is not so,
When *He* cannot finde for snow,
Nor the *flocks* which he doth owe,
And in drifts are buried low.

Nor

Nor the *Grazier*, discontent
That his fodder should be spent,
And when winter's scarce halfe-done,
All his stacks of hay are gone;
Nor the *Lawyer*, that is glad
When a *motion's* to be had,
Not poore *Tom*, though he be mad;
"Cold makes *Tom* a *Bedlam* sad.

Nor the *Webster*, though his feete
By much motion get them heate,
Nor the knaue that curries leather,
Nor the cross-ledgg'd *Taylor* neither,
Nor at *glasse-worke*, where they doubt
Left their *costly fire* go out,
Nor the carefull carking *Lout*,
That doth toyle and trudge about.

No, nor th' *Ladie* in her coach,
But is muff'd when *frosts* approach,
Nor the crazie *Cutizen*,
But is furrd vp to the chin,
Oister-taller, slie *Vpholster*,
Hooking *Huxster*, merrie *Malster*,
Cutting *Haxter*, courting *Roister*,
Cunning *Sharke*, nor sharking *foister*.

Thus we see how *Fall of th'leafe*,
Adds to each condition griefe,
Onely two there be, whose wit
Make hereof a benefit;
These, conclusions try on man,

Nor *Surgeon*

" *Surgeon* and *Physician*,
While it happens now and than,
Kill then *cure* they sooner can!

Now's their time when trees are bare,
Naked *scalps* haue lost their haire,
Teeth drop out and leaue their gummes,
Head and eyes are full of rheumes,
Where if *Traders* strength do lacke,
Or feele *aches* in their backe,
Worse by odds then is the racke,
They haue *drugs* within their packe.

Thus the harshest seasons come
In good *season* vnto some,
Who haue knowne (as it is meete)
Smell of gaine makes labour sweet:
But where labour reapeth losse,
There accrews a double crosse,
First, fond cares his braine doth tosse,
Next, his gold resolues to drosse.

FINIS.

To my knowing and worthie esteemed friend AVGVSTINE VINCENT, all meriting content.

Augustinus Vincentius. Tute vincas ingeniosus.

MAy you be in
Your actions prosperous,
And as *ingenious*,
So victorious;
So may your *fate*,
Smile on your happie name,
And crowne you with,
A glorious *Anagram*:
While *Vertue*,
(Mans best lustre) seemes to be,
That *style*, which stamps
You deepe in *Heraldrie*.

BRIT.

BRITTANS BLISSE.

A Pean of thanksgiuing for our long enioyed peace vnder a gracious Soueraigne.

PEace, Plentie, Pleasure,
Honour, Harbour, Health,
Peace, *to encrease*
In substance and in wealth;
Plentie, *to praise*,
Heauens Soueraigne the more,
Pleasure, *to solace vs*
Amidst our store,
Honour, *to guerdon*
Merit in our time,
Harbour, *to sit*
Each vnder his owne vine,
Health, *to enioy*
A blessing so deuine,
Deriu'd from Iesses *roote*
And Dauids *line*.

S Health,

Health, Harbour, Honour,
Pleasure, Plentie, Peace,
Which from our Soueraigne
Haue their prime increase;
Health, *to performe*
Our distinct offices,
Harbour, *to shroud vs*
From extremities,
Honour, *to crowne*
The temples of desert,
Pleasure, *to cheare*
The intellectuall part,
Plentie, *to store*
Our hopes *with all successe,*
Peace, *to accomplish*
Our full happinesse.

All which, by heauens hand powr'd on *Albyen,*
Make vp a Catalogue to looke vpon:
That for so many quiet *Halcyon* dayes,
Her preciousst *prize,* might be her Makers praise.

Pacis, honoris, amoris, Edena Britannica nostri,
Rege regente bono, læta trophæa gerit.

Vpon

Vpon the worthie and sincere Proficients and Professants of the common Law; an Encomiastick Poem.

Law is the *line*,
Whose leuell is dispatch,
A *lampe*, whose light shewes
Iustice what is right;
A *larke*, whose vnseal'd eyes
Keepes early watch,
A *loome*, whose frame
Cannot be sway'd by might,
A *list*, where truth
Puts iniury to flight;
Streight *line*, bright *lampe*,
Sweete *larke*, strong *loome*, choice *list*,
Guide, shine, shield, guard,
And liue truths Martialist.

Law is the *sterne*,
Which steares the ship of state,
The glorious *stem*,
Whence *Iustice sciens* spring,
The chearefull starre,
Which early shines and late,

The *ſtaffe*, whoſe ſtay
Supports the languiſhing,
The *ſtreame*, whoſe ſpring
Is euer cherriſhing;
Rare *ſtemme*, rich *ſtem*, cleare *ſtarre*,
Firme *ſtaffe*, pure *ſtreame*,
Steere, cheare, direct, ſupport,
Refreſh the *meane*.

Bleſt then are *you*,
Who labour to redreſſe
The poore mans caſe,
And meaſure your contents
By ſhielding th'weake
From awfull mightineſſe,
Like graue *Profeſſants*,
Good *Proficients*,
Clozing with *equitie*
Your ioynt conſents,
'Tis you, 'tis you,
Who in this blemiſhd time,
Send out your lights
While other ſtarrs decline.

When Greece in glory flouriſh'd,
She did reare
Some *Images* neare
Iuſtice ſacred throne,

Which to be *lame* and *blind*
Portrayed were,
As proper obiects
To be look'd vpon,
Implying what
In *Iuſtice* ſhould be done;
Blind to diſtinguiſh
Friend or foe, and *lame*,
From taking bribes,
To ſtaine *Aſtraas* name.

Cleare *lights*, pure *lamps*,
Rare *ſtemms*, rich *ſtreames* of life,
Who ſhine, beame, ſpring,
And draine your chriſtall courſe
From *Iuſtice* throne,
To coole the heate of ſtrife,
By curbing *aw* with *law*,
With *cenſure*, force,
To chaſtiſe with *reſtraint*,
Cheare with *remorſe*;
Long may *you* liue,
Since by your life *you* giue
Iuſtice new breath,
And make *her* euer liue.

Salus ciuitatis ſita eſt in legibus.

IN MOMVM.

QVid carpendo premis tua viscera ferrea Mome?
Momus, Mimus *eris dum mea scripta premis.*
Haud curo inuidiam, mea spes tenuissima tuta est,
Nam tuta est tenuis vena, sed alta minus.
Anguis es, & viridi latitans sub fronde, venenum
Eijcis, exiguo tempore inermis eris.
Non sum cui fortuna nocet, vel fata iuuabunt,
Fata canunt magnis, non cecinere meis.
Non cecinere meis, licet ista poemata magnis
(Si mihi vota fauent) sint relegenda locis.

Me paucis mal le à sapientibus esse probatum.

IN ZOILVM.

TExit vt exiguam subtilis Aranea *telam,*
* Zoile *sic scriptis tela retorque meis.*
Torque, retorque, manet mea laus, mea gloria maior,
Quo magis exhausta est gloria maior erit.
Vlciscar scriptis: tua mens tuus vltor adibit,
Inuidiæ stimulis mens tua puncta tuis.
Pone miser miseræ monumenta miserrima vitæ,
Vixisti misero more, miserq; mori.

* Mercurium in lingua, non in pectore geris.

IN PARONEM.

PAro parem, nec habet nec habere optat,
Impar est præmijs, impar & laboribus;
Opera carpit mea studijs assiduis,
Tacet, attamen aliena carpit;

Inuisurum faci bus quam imi- tatum. Zenxes.

O

O quantæ tenebræ tenuere locum,
Tuum, *Cymmerijs* inuolutum vmbris?
Vt minus afflares aliorum operibus,
Opera corrigis, emendare nequis;
Oleum & operam perdidit *Paro*
Per aurea secula transeat *Maro.*
Non plura referam, reticere iuuat,
Si tu maleuolam reprimes linguam,
Sin maledicendo pergas dispergere
Hisce teterrima crimina scriptis,
Scribam, liuorem irritare magis
Torquendo rigidi viscera *Paronis.*

Vid. Martial. Lib. 3. Epigr. in Zoilum. Conuiua quis quis Zoili potest esse, &c. —— rumpant ilia Cedæ mandia.

Crescant & crepant. Vid. Apolog.

AD INVIDVM.

Exeat Menippus.

INuidus vlciscens vltor sibi maximus esset,
Nam stupet ille malis sic periendo suis.

AD SEIPSVM.

Intret Aristippus.

TVtibi res solitus non te subiungere rebus,
Me peritura doces spernere, spreta pati.

FINIS.

Dam'd [illegible] Measures, now I must repose,
(Retire at least) and laugh at vertues foes,
Who let them frowne, fume, fret, this is my Mot,
My spiti[illegible] *above their* spite; *I feare them not.*

Faults are as obuious to bookes in Presse, as misconstruction after. Do me the fauour to correct such escapes with thy *pen* as are past in the *Print*: for *such* as are more consequent they are here noted, for the impertinent they are to thy discreeter iudgement referred.

Errata.

Pag. Tab. for subject, reade in same [illegible] subject. pag. 48. line vlt. for line 2. leaue. pag. [illegible] l. 5. for that, 1. that p. 68. l. 16. for suppressed, 2. suppress. p. 79. l. 14. for heare, 1. feare. p. 110. l. vlt. for marks, marts. p. 160. l. 8. for excellent, 1. exquisite. p. 161. l. 1. adde are euer to be. p. 164. for eminent, 1. imminent. ibid. [illegible] p. 209. in marg. adde, issue.